WOMEN'S HEALTH UPDATE
a citywide checkup

J.D. SALINGER'S WOMEN: LIFE IMITATES ART

FEBRUARY 9, 1998

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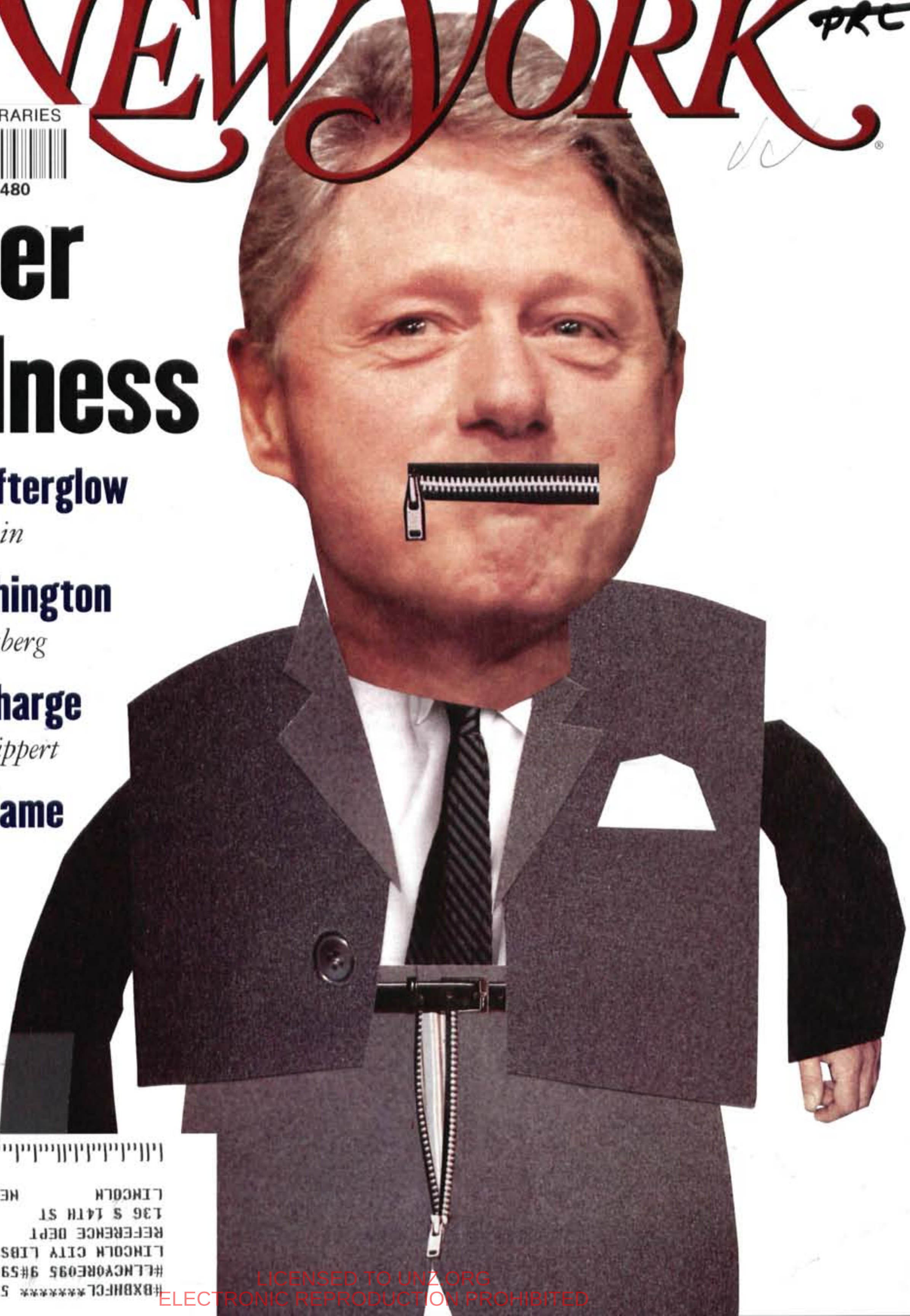

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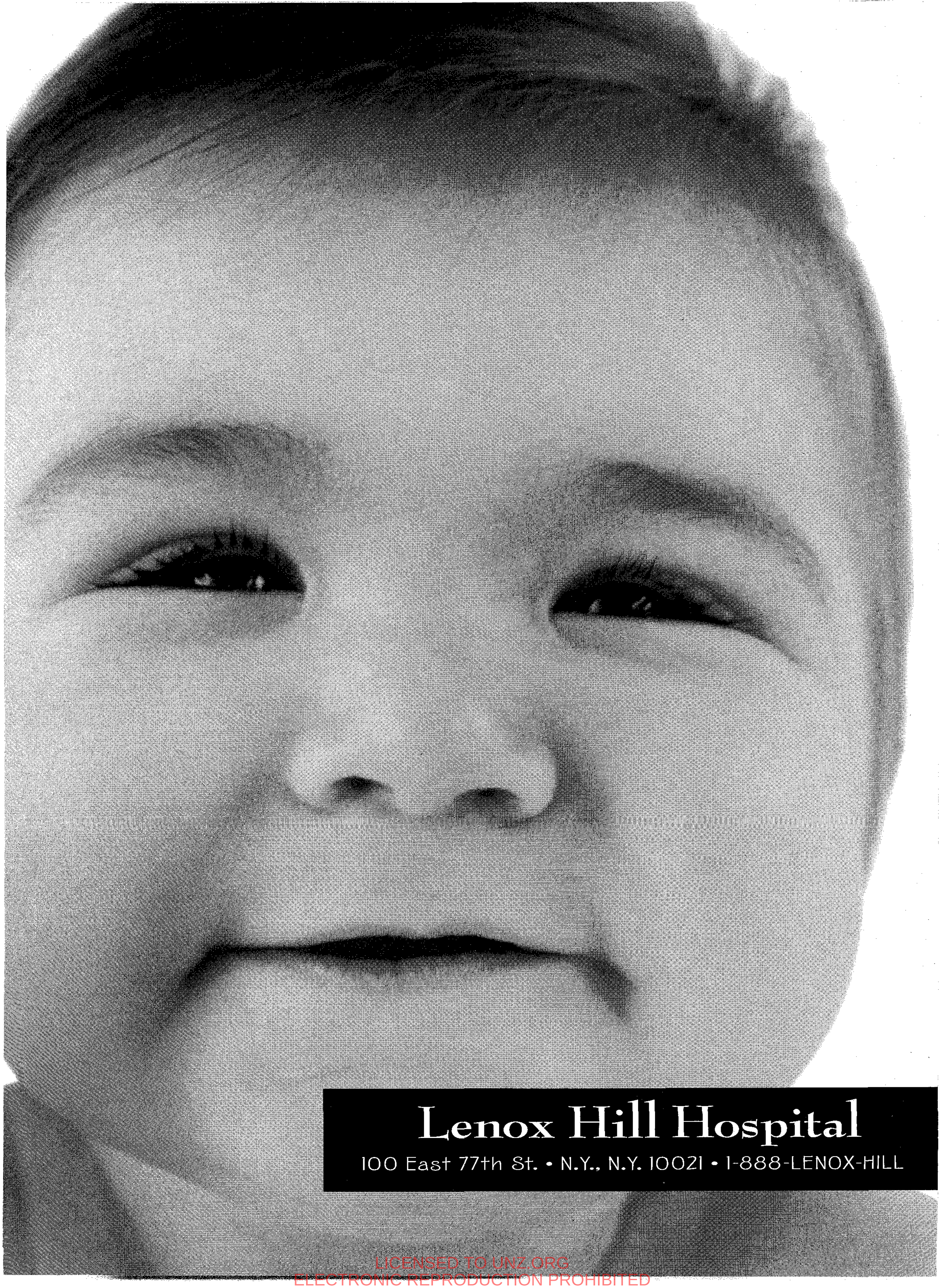

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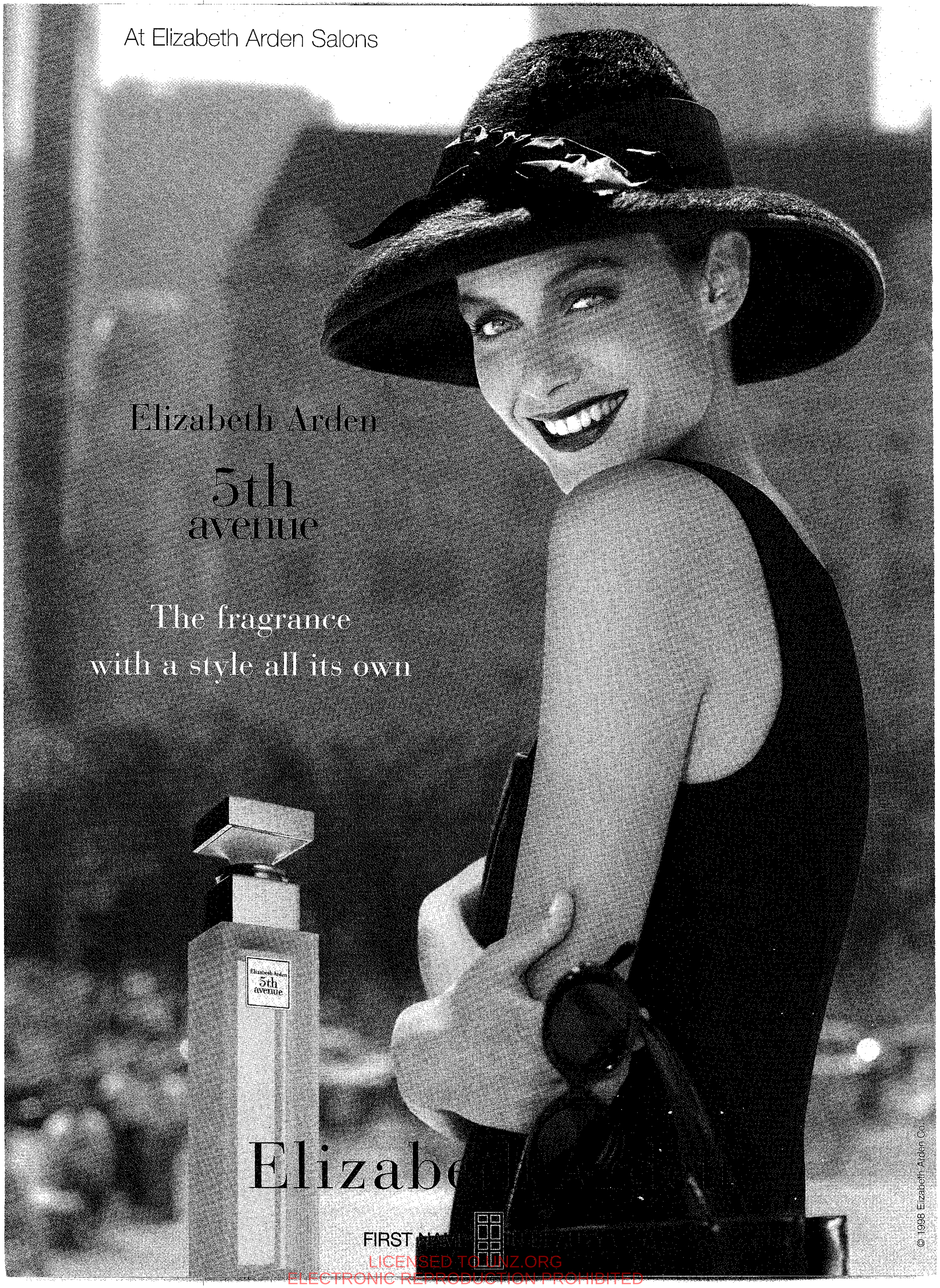
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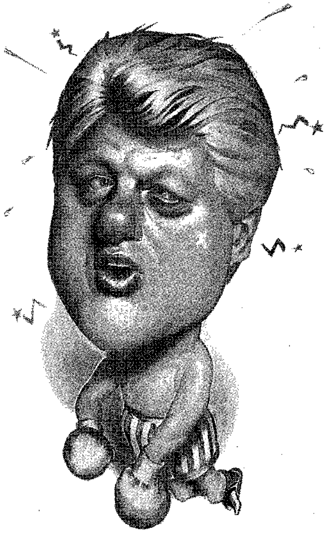

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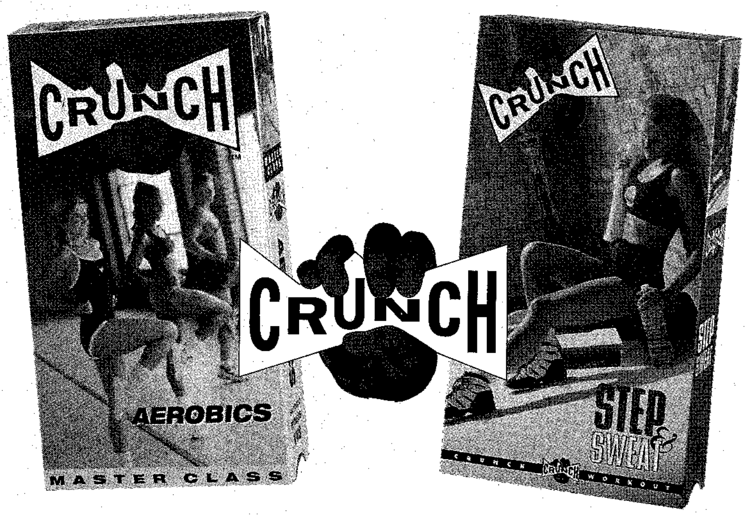

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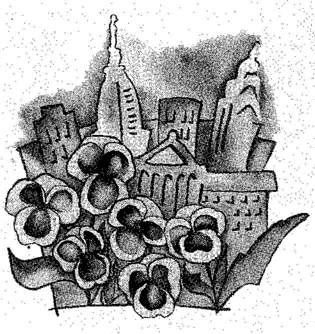

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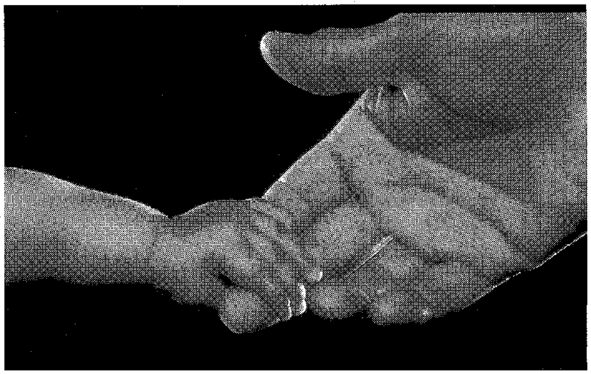

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LETTERS FEBRUARY 9, 1998

Mother vs. Mother

Responsibility trumps biology when a child's happiness is the priority; can a nondivisive reverend lead the black community?; hearts are broken every day.

AFTER BEING A FOSTER PARENT FOR several years and dealing with the most incompetent, narrow-minded people you would ever want to encounter, I have come to one conclusion: The child's best interest is rarely with his or her biological parents ["Biological Warfare," by Peter Hellman, January 26]. There are *no* second chances when it comes to children. If you give birth to a drug-addicted baby, you have already shown your priorities. There are no excuses, period. Behavior makes you a fit parent, not biology. The ACS should be severely reprimanded for what it's doing to Selena. She has only one mother: the one who acts like one.

Gabriel Grumer
THE BRONX

I AM OUTRAGED BY THE CUSTODY BATTLE for 4-year-old Selena. I wish somebody could explain to me just where the ambiguity lies. A baby is born with cocaine in her system, and there's a chance that she will be given back to the person who put it there? If I put rat poison in my daughter's Cheerios, should I be allowed to continue feeding her breakfast? I'm sure that any reasonably intelligent and moral person would agree that if you do cocaine (or any drug, for that matter) while you are pregnant, you forfeit your right to that baby forever. No questions asked. No second chances. Smith and Pierce, quit your whining—a generous woman is taking care of the child you shouldn't have had to begin with.

Tom Cohen
MANHATTAN

IT IS NOTHING SHORT OF A CRIME TO TAKE a 4-year-old out of her home and return her to virtual strangers. Leave the girl alone, and let her return to the life that she so clearly needs and wants.

Stephanie Stein
BROOKLYN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Lead or Leave

LEADERSHIP IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY has often been represented by outspoken and belligerent clergymen, Louis Farrakhan and Al Sharpton being prime examples ["The Anti-Sharpton," by Craig Horowitz, January 26]. By extracting, mutating, and grandstanding isolated incidents, they foster sympathies among the easily influenced. All they are really doing is pouring their synthesized fuel of contempt and hatred for would-be oppressors into an incendiary situation. Far be it from me to question the methods of any leader who makes an earnest effort to heal as well as to inspire with humble leadership. We can only hope that Calvin Butts's true agenda is that of nurturing, healing, and inspiration. If Sharpton, Farrakhan, and others like them don't maintain the level of racial agitation that is their basic platform, they will be out of a job.

Plex Barnhart
MANHATTAN

Thanks for Your Support

THE PIECE IN THE JANUARY 26 "INTELLIGENCER" stating that Chase Mishkin will no longer donate to EMILY's List because she supports Chuck Schumer, not Geraldine Ferraro, made no sense to me ["A Ferraro Fan Gets Listless"]. EMILY's List supports the efforts of women in the voting process. We educate and empower women to vote in elections; we encourage qualified women to run for office; and after careful analysis, we recommend that individuals donate directly to the campaigns of specific female Democratic candidates. Many of us who are members of EMILY's List have been known to support the better man. We do not intend to be divisive, but to support women who might not have Old Boy connections—women who will, in our opinion, make excellent elected officials.

Gail Melhado
MANHATTAN

Clean Sweep

SO THERE IS ANOTHER NEW AGE SHTICK marketed to those who, with wallets wide open, must try the latest craze ["The Body Politic: Loss Leaders," January 26]. David France could lose a few pounds the same way and save $1,000—and a lot of embarrassment as well. The treatment he had can be purchased at any pharmacy for $3 or $4. Thousands of people, especially bulimics, regularly lose weight this way. Whether someone told him that the water hose inserted into his rectum is "colonic hydration," "irrigation," or an "intestinal scrub," it's really just a plain old enema.

Cheryl Rosenberg
PRINCETON, N.J.

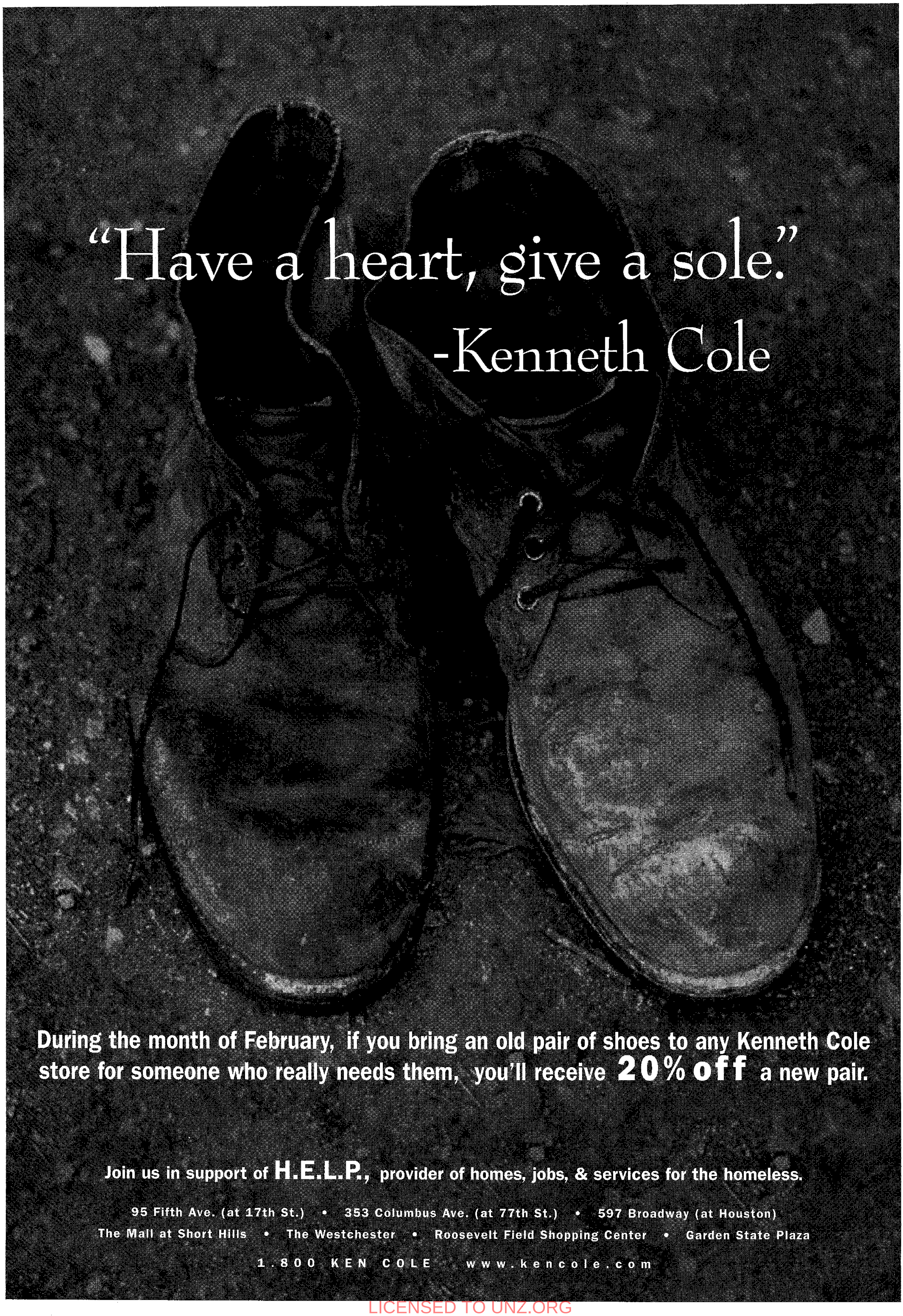
Love Lost

WHILE I WAS SORRY FOR JONATHAN FARKAS that his proposal, ring, and subsequent serenade-of-sorts did not lead to the altar, I was delighted to read of his chivalrous efforts ["Intelligencer: Somers Romance," January 19]. The spoiled men I encounter won't even *ask* me for a date. The ones who do ask are immediately put off by the fact that I had, have, and always will have a life *without them,* and they don't ask again. As it appears that Mr. Farkas is the proverbial knight in shining armor, I'm sure his spirit remains undaunted. Surely he will find his princess.

Name Withheld
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

SANDY DENISE WRITES, "I AM SO SICK OF THE fact that every guy I meet expects that I should sleep with him on the first date" ["Letters," January 19]. It would probably shock Ms. Denise even more to know that I lost two successive girlfriends because I would not sleep with them within the first few dates. In fact, it has gotten increasingly difficult to find any women who do not expect me to go to bed with them within less than an absolute minimum of a few weeks. Do not despair, Ms. Denise: There are men out there—not just Orthodox Jews but also Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, atheists, and others—who have traditional values about relationships and sex. And we are just as frustrated at not finding women like you as you are at not finding men like us.

Ian Alterman
MANHATTAN



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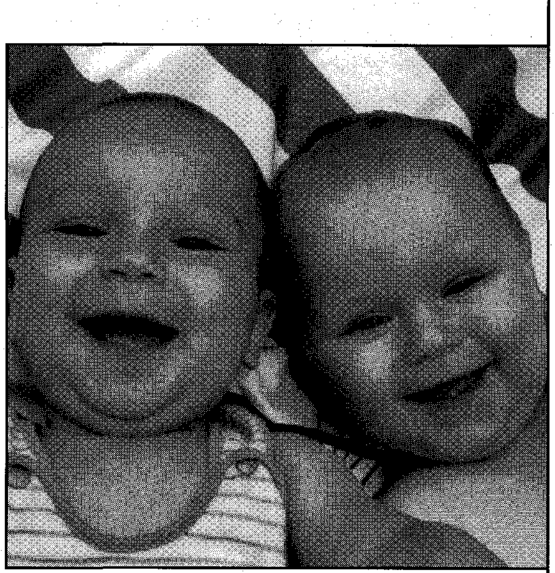
Other doctors said they couldn't have a baby. Dr. Rosenwaks gave them two.



In Vitro twins - Evan and Trevor.

Renee was 33 when she married Eric. Not too young, and certainly not too old to have a baby. But after two years of trying, Renee and Eric decided to see a doctor.

The first had no success. The second said it was hopeless.

Finally, Renee's brother, a doctor himself, recommended Dr. Rosenwaks at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

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NEW YORK CORNELL

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

APRÈS LE DRUDGE CAME THE LAWYERS

Journalists weren't the only ones to raise their eyebrows when **Tim Russert** put cyber-gossip **Matt Drudge** on his *Meet the Press* panel alongside New York *Times* columnist **William Safire,** *Newsweek's* **Michael Isikoff,** and *National Journal's* **Stuart Taylor.** After the January 25 broadcast, Russert and NBC News president **Andy Lack** promptly got a letter from attorney **William McDaniel,** who represents **Sidney Blumenthal.** (The journalist turned Clinton aide is suing Drudge for $30 million over a story that the natty Net-worker quickly retracted—namely, the erroneous report that Blumenthal was once charged with wife-beating.) "You introduced Mr. Drudge as offering '[e]xpert insight and analysis' when you introduced him on *Meet the Press,* and you then offered Mr. Drudge to your audience as though you believed him to be a reputable journalist," wrote McDaniel. "The Blumenthals are interested in learning whether you intend to testify on behalf of Mr. Drudge . . . to vouch for his credentials as a journalist. If you do, we wish to take your deposition." Russert headed off the not-so-thinly-veiled threat of a subpoena by calling McDaniel directly. "I said, 'I don't vouch for *anyone,*' " explains Russert. "So that's it; case closed."

SANDY HILL'S LONG GOOD-BYE

Anatoli Boukreev, the hero who carried **Sandy Hill Pittman** and several others to safety after a storm hit Everest last year, died in a Christmas Day avalanche on Nepal's Annapurna. Before leaving on what would be his final trip, the great climber—and author of his own Everest book, *The Climb*—was visited in Santa Fe, New Mexico, by the ex–Mrs. Pittman. "She flew out specifically to see Anatoli, and it was touching to him that she would make the effort," says **Linda Wylie,** Boukreev's grieving girlfriend, a nurse-practitioner. They had a quiet dinner at home, "where we laughed and where Anatoli was able to tell her, 'You know, Sandy, you did achieve the summit, and you should be proud of that.' She was able to say that she was grateful that he was there. . . . She thanked him, but she had done that before." Relations among the survivors of the Everest expedition had been strained in the glare of publicity that came down particularly hard on Hill, whom some accused of giving new meaning to the term *social climber.* Anatoli "felt that the way Sandy had been treated was unfair," Wylie says.

Sandy Hill:
A trip in time

Matt Drudge:
Beats the press

TALK ISN'T CHEAP FOR MOLINARI

People may not be tuning in to her talk show for free, but it seems somewhere out there someone is willing to pay plenty to hear perky former congresswoman **Susan Molinari** speak. Molinari now rakes in a whopping $20,000 fee for speaking engagements, which must be comforting given the less-than-spectacular ratings of her CBS program, *Saturday Morning.* "While that figure doesn't rank her with the big boys—say, **George Bush** or **Henry Kissinger**—it's definitely a substantial sum," says a well-placed industry insider. "This puts her in the same league as a **George Stephanopoulos** or **James Carville.**" But Molinari, who declined to comment on the figure, may leave the speaker's circuit for the campaign trail. According to Albany's *Times Union,* Molinari is being touted as a "dream candidate" for comptroller this year, a position that would rescue her from the flailing *Saturday Morning.* "Susan knows to make this money while she can. She is concerned for herself and her daughter," her father, **Guy Molinari,** says cryptically. "She doesn't yet know what the future will hold." Sadly, the Nielsens may provide a clue.

RUDOLF NUREYEV'S FAMILY FEUD

At least one party involved in the battle for Rudolf Nureyev's estate has reconciled with the late ballet star's combative family. **Rosa Noureeva** and daughter **Gouzel,** Nureyev's sister and niece, have been embroiled in a lengthy legal battle over his will, in which the dancer requested that all $7 million of his American assets go to create the Rudolf Nureyev Dance Foundation. Now the European counterpart of that organization has settled with Rosa and Gouzel. "The European Foundation felt it would be better to settle the matter quickly than deal with dragging it through the French courts," explains Nureyev's lawyer, **Barry Weinstein.** The women received an undisclosed sum, and a source close to Rosa claims the two got Nureyev's Paris apartment in addition to cash. "They received a substantial amount of money," says the friend. The women plan to continue their battle against the U.S. foundation.

AS THE (GOLDEN) GLOBE SPINS . . .

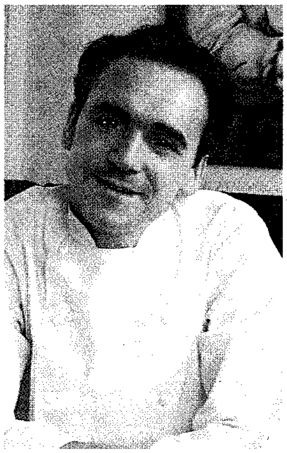
What do actors do with their Golden Globes? Well, if you're **Michael J. Fox,** who just

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Michael Caulfield/AP/Wide World; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos

Michael J. Fox:
Globe-trotter

JEAN-GEORGES' DINNER WITH ANDRÉ

After eleven years in New York, it looks like **Jean-Georges Vongerichten** has finally landed a downtown outpost. Now that the long-awaited Mercer Hotel in SoHo is partially up and running, its restaurant, the 120-seat Mercer Kitchen, is not far behind, and owner **André Balazs** is close to sealing a partnership deal with the famed chef-owner of Jean Georges, Jo Jo, and Vong; and with chef **Kerry Simon,** who for the last year has been opening Vong offshoots throughout the world. Vongerichten says the new restaurant will be "very homey," with an open kitchen, a rotisserie and some communal tables. The hotel is slated to open officially in April, according to Balazs.



Jean-Georges:
Have Mercer

won one for *Spin City,* you play hide-and-seek with it. Pranksterish writers decided to play a little game with Fox's new toy while taping "Deaf Man Walking," an episode that will air this spring. The show's warm-up comedian, **Mike Royce,** initiated a game of "Where's Waldo?" with the oddly shaped statue, which balances a globe on a marble pedestal. Royce told the audience that the globe would be hidden in a different place on the set whenever Fox was in the scene and asked them to find the wandering globe during breaks in the taping. "You could hear oohs and aahs as people spotted it," reports one of the globe watchers. "Anyone with an eagle eye could track it from set to set." Wonder whether they'd be as cavalier with a People's Choice.

CUOMO AT FOX; VALERIA ON A BOX

BROADCAST NEWS: There's another Cuomo-Kennedy pairing in the works, but this one probably won't lead to wedding bells. **Christopher Cuomo,** one of *Playgirl*'s "10 Sexiest Men," will soon be sharing screen time with his brother-in-law **Douglas Kennedy** (Cuomo's brother **Andrew** is married to Kennedy's sister **Kerry**). The 27-year-old Cuomo, a lawyer at the finance group Cassandra Partners, has just been hired as a news analyst by the Fox News Channel, where Kennedy is currently a reporter. There has been speculation that the network lured Cuomo and Kennedy onboard to help counter its right-wing image. Responds Cuomo: "I believe that my being hired is indicative of the channel's commitment to doing things differently, and having analysis come from people other than rank-and-file party members."

MERGER & ACQUISITION: Love triumphed over experience yet again last Thursday, when one of the city's top divorce attorneys got married. **Robert Stephan Cohen,** who handled divorces for **Ivana Trump** and **Joni Evans,** got married to Wall Streeter **Stephanie Stiefel.** The newlyweds celebrated with a family dinner at the St. Regis.

DO-IT-YOURSELF DINER: When he quietly opened the intimate bistro 131 Duane Street only two weeks ago, chef **Henry Meer** was merely testing the waters for a larger TriBeCa venture. Meer, the man behind SoHo's Cub Room, is already planning to combine 131 Duane with a defunct restaurant next door, creating an enlarged emporium in the heart of **David Bouley** and **Drew Nieporent's** turf. Meer will unveil the grand space, tentatively called City Hall, this May. The expanded restaurant will feature what Meer calls "market restaurant fare," with customers creating their own entrées. "We don't want to plan the plate for our customers," explains Meer. "They'll chose their own destiny."

PRIME SELECTION: Forget Balthazar. The best spot for celebrity-watching these days is the gritty waiting room where prospective Manhattan jurors go to serve their time. Last week, a ponytailed **Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg** made an appearance. **Woody Allen, Henry Kissinger, Roone Arledge,** and even Mayor **Rudy** have recently made the scene as well.

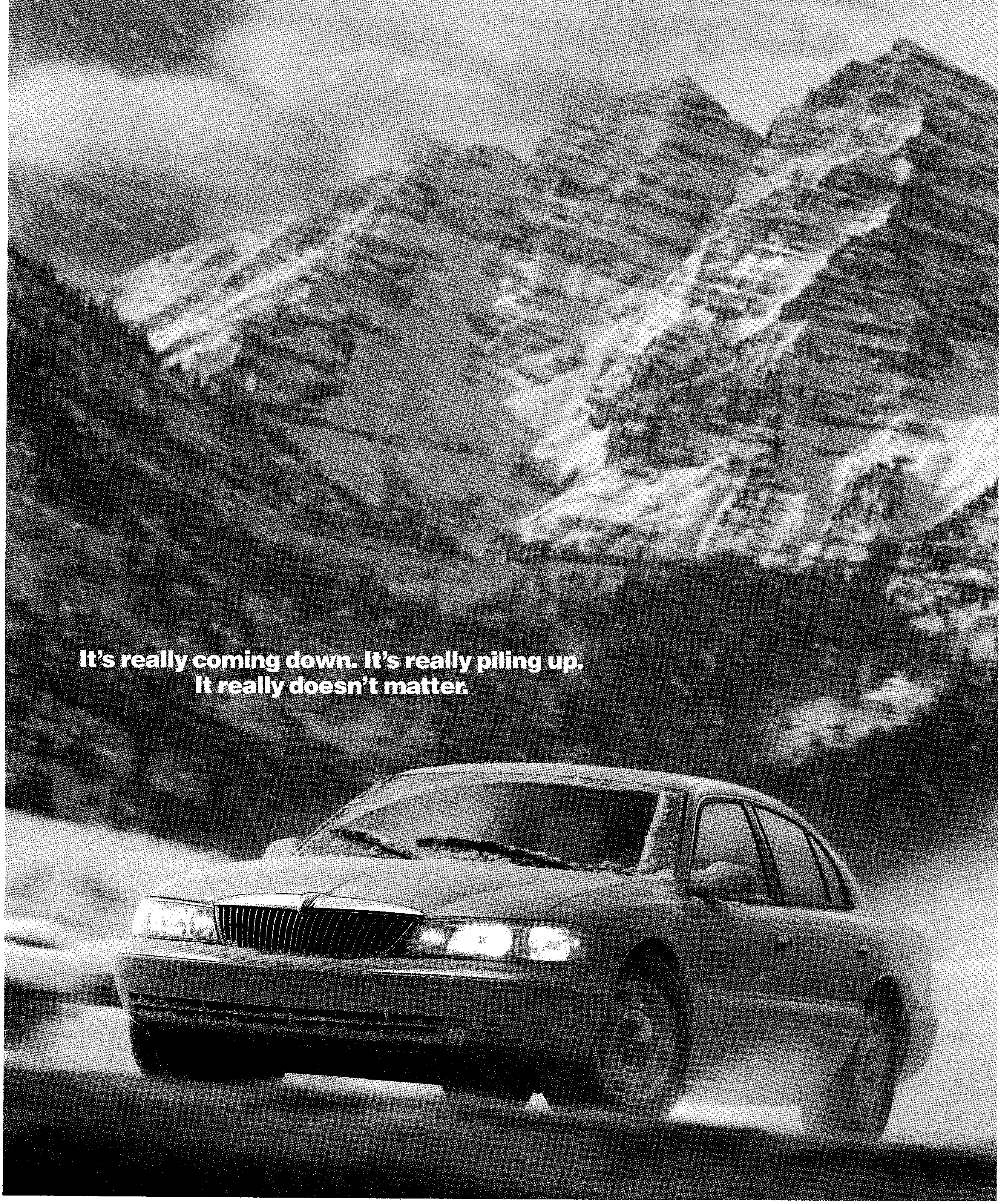
SCENT OF A WOMAN: Does **Valeria Mazza** smell as good as she looks? The world will soon find out, as the Argentine supermodel joins the ranks of **Cher, Elizabeth Taylor,** and **Cindy Adams** as she becomes the first mannequin to launch her own fragrance. The perfume, cleverly named Valeria, has been in the works for over a year and should hit stores this summer. "The fragrance really gives you a sense of who I am," explains Mazza. "It's fresh and floral." But perfume may be just the first step in Mazza's ventures off the catwalk. "I have a lot of ideas," she enthuses, freshly and florally. "Clothing or lingerie could be next!"

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Emily Spilko.

A-SAG-UPON-HIS-WALLET?

Whoever says that size doesn't matter hasn't told **Ira Rennert.** Rennert, head of the Renco Group in Manhattan, a privately owned holding company, is about to make his mark—a 63-acre one—in Sagaponack. He plans to construct Fair Field, the largest house in Hamptons history. The 66,000-square-foot mansion will be equipped with a separate 10,000-square-foot "playhouse" that will include a gym, a squash court, a billiard room, and a bowling alley. Six ancillary buildings will surround the estate. "I don't know what would be worse, having eight houses built on that land or one 66,000-square-foot one," says one dismayed local. According to **Paul Houlihan,** Southhampton's chief building inspector, though plans for Fair Field have been approved by the architectural-review board, the town's building department has yet to issue a permit. "After all," sneers one local, "that land may not be properly zoned for theme parks."

Photographs: left to right, Montfort/Sipa; Stan Godlewski/Gamma Liaison.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GOTHAM

The New Cash Crop

Could Clinton's scandal enrich both *parties?*

'BEFORE I TALK ABOUT the Democratic Party, let me talk about this nation," said Roy Romer, the governor of Colorado and general chairman of the Democratic National Committee. The name Monica Lewinsky had just hit the radar screen. Everyone was wondering whether the Democratic fund-raising machine was about to conk out for good. And Romer—on CNN at the time—pulled an obvious dodge. Meanwhile, off-camera, party stalwarts were in full crisis mode. "DNC people are beginning to look for jobs," a fund-raiser at a liberal interest group said last Monday. "The party faithful right now are running for the hills."

Monica Lewinsky couldn't have come along at a more vulnerable time for the Democratic Party, which was already $30 million behind the Republicans in fund-raising for 1997. Last year alone, the DNC was socked with $5.2 million in legal bills stemming from investigations into the very methods it had used to raise money in the first place. But by the beginning of 1998, the financial picture was starting to brighten; they had actually reduced their total debt from $20 million to $9 million. There will be no more $100,000 sleepovers in the Lincoln bedroom, that's for sure, but at least the party could still count on its charismatic commander-in-chief, a man who could get the likes of Leonardo DiCaprio to pay $5,000 for the chance to eat chili in the Dakota. "The only person who's been successful raising money in the Democratic Party is the president," said a veteran fund-raiser. "And he's out of the loop until this is resolved."

It wasn't long, however, before money fears were dispelled by an almost cultish outbreak of positive thinking, especially in New York City, which has the greatest concentration of deep-pocket Democrats outside the executive offices of DreamWorks SKG. By Tuesday, it seemed, donors were lining up to take one for the team. "We have a big campaign to run. It's important that we beat Pataki and D'Amato, and if this means people are going to penalize the Democratic Party, then I think I'll have to shoulder the burden," said Melvyn Weiss, a lawyer who contributed $274,500 in the 1995–96 election cycle.

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Broadway Unbound

- "We are all competing for the same entertainment dollars in a climate where theater isn't always first on the list."
  —*Margo Lion, lead producer of* Triumph of Love

- "*The Lion King* may be roaring like thunder but . . . it cannot drown out the lively buzz these days in . . . downtown playhouses."
  —*New York* Times

- "Not since the 1992 flop *Nick and Nora* has such a high profile show tumbled as often as *The Capeman* has."
  —*New York* Daily News

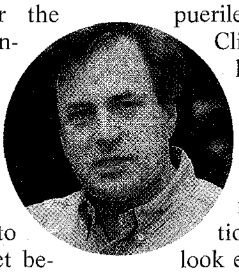
- "The show's producers announced that [*The King and I*] will close. . . . Ticket sales . . . have dipped during Broadway's traditional winter doldrums."
  —*New York* Post

- "New York is a different kind of beast. . . . Audiences here . . . have this attitude of 'Been there, done that.' "
  —*Brian Stokes Mitchell, Coalhouse Walker in* Ragtime

- "Broadway is breaking records and is well on its way to the highest total gross in history."
  —Variety

CAMEO

Super Dick to the Rescue!



IN WHAT SEEMED AT TIMES LIKE SOME PATHETIC, nation-wide contest to utter the dumbest, sleaziest, most ill-informed comment about the latest White House mess, Dick Morris produced like an all-star player. There he was, the architect of President Clinton's family-values platform and an equally accomplished sex addict, confiding to an audience of millions the secret behind the scandal: Maybe, just maybe, *Hillary's a lesbian!* It seemed like a move of puerile desperation. But was it? Morris is Clinton's friend, or wants to be, and heaven knows he can be shrewd. So perhaps his was not a regrettable blunder at all, but rather, part of *a left-wing conspiracy.* The president's willing-of-spirit if weak-of-flesh servant was diverting the nation's attention by making himself look even more disgraceful than Clinton ever could. Brilliant, Dick, positively brilliant.

Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Tannen Maury/AP/Wide World.

Clinton *continued from page 13*

"Some damage has been done," admitted Victor A. Kovner, who spearheaded Clinton's New York campaign in 1996. "I work hard for the party, and I contribute within my means. My commitment to it is undiminished." Howard Rubin, a market researcher who gave $126,000, said, "This may shake a different tier of supporters, but my guess is that people who have interacted with the president will have more faith. The high-level supporters will continue to be there." (Except maybe for Walter Kaye, the now infamous New York insurance executive who gave $171,510 and arranged Monica Lewinsky's White House internship.)

Even the rank-and-file seemed to be stepping up. According to Judith Hope, the aptly named head of the New York State Democratic Committee, telemarketing pledges soared from 32 percent to 52 percent. "My first reaction was one of great concern," she said. "But it seems New Yorkers and Americans are rallying behind the president."

By Wednesday, the day after the State of the Union address, Democrats were practically buoyant. "People are sick of how the president is being treated, and we will use it as a rallying cry," said Terry McAuliffe, the chief fund-raiser for Clinton's '96 re-election campaign. "I've talked to these donors, and they are ready to be activated. I'd say the conservative coalition has made a big tactical error."

"I think they're whistling past the graveyard there," counters Terry O'Brien of the New York Republican State Committee. "We expect our fund-raising for the next year to reflect Clinton's troubles."

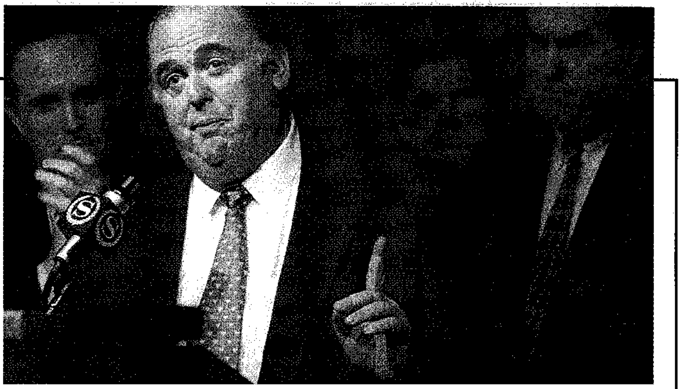
Whatever happens with the DNC, financial concerns might, counterintuitively, be an incentive for Clinton to hang on. Just before the Lewinsky scandal broke, his legal bills were $3 million and counting. And however hard it is for an embattled president to raise cash, doing it as a deposed president has got to be impossible.

RUTH G. DAVIS

UNIONS

The Boss

Gus Bevona's labor pains



Gus Bevona, embattled chief of the building workers' union.

WHEN DOORMEN, JANITORS, elevator operators, and handymen vacate their posts this Wednesday and assemble at polling sites around the city, they'll be voting on more than just the usual union issues. They will be sending a strong message about Gus Bevona, president of Service Employees International Union Local 32B-32J, whose lavish salary and unusual sense of democracy haven't been seen since the old days of cigar-chomping labor bosses.

Technically, the union's members voted last year on this slate, which includes an initiative that would cut Bevona's salary from $412,000 to $125,000, and one that would put all new contracts up for ratification. But the circumstances under which that vote was cast were highly suspect: In a room crowded to overflow, union officials wearing stickers saying VOTE NO stood guard and watched as members filled out their ballots, right at the registration table. And on those ballots, just above the proposed reforms, were the less-than-subtle words "The joint executive board has unanimously rejected them and recommends that you vote no." A U.S. district judge threw out the results and ordered Wednesday's referendum.

Over the course of his sixteen years at the helm of the 61,500-member union, Bevona has become famous as not only the highest-paid union leader in America but also the most autocratic. At a press conference he called to endorse Giuliani's re-election bid, he ended up stepping in front of the podium and shouting at reporters who asked a few too many questions. A few months earlier, he told a crowd that he would shoot President Clinton if he were in the room.

To some members, his strong-arm tactics are just the way the game is played. "The salaries are a little high," concedes Henry Hart, a doorman. "But they've done well over the years getting us a fair shake." Many others, however, are fed up. "He does a good job—for Gus Bevona," says a Greenwich Village doorman who, not surprisingly, is reluctant to give his name.

An increasingly active faction within the union is trying to change the rules by which the game is played. In addition to their ballot initiatives (which Bevona's spokesman dismisses as having "no other purpose but to serve the blind ambitions of those who proposed them"), last March the group filed a federal suit to recover $2.4 million in union funds it says was spent, improperly, on campaign expenses. Most of that figure represents the legal fees generated when a rival sued Bevona for having him tailed; the remaining $600,000 went to a hardbound history of the local that devotes an inordinate number of pages to praising Bevona—and denouncing his critics.

Bevona, as usual, refuses to comment on the matter. But if he loses the suit, the local's parent union could fire him and place the local in trusteeship. A decision is expected any day now; until that time, Dominick Bentivegna and his fellow dissidents are going building to building, trying to rally support for the upcoming referendum. Says Bentivegna: "Gus Bevona is busting his own union."

JONATHAN MAHLER

THE FINE ARTS

Outside In

FOR THOSE TALENTED NAÏFS known as "outsider artists," New York was a warm and wonderful place this past weekend. The Outsider Art Fair drew 8,200 gallerati to the Puck Building, all happy to pay $10 at the door for a crack at the raw, unschooled beauty that lay within. "An outsider is somehow outside the mainstream in general," said Stephen Romano, a director at the Ricco/Maresca Gallery, "and the best of this work reflects this isolation." Nevertheless, the business being conducted looked an awful lot like "insider" art-world dealings. Prices were steep ("Sixty thousand dollars for this shit!" complained a bald German in a black turtleneck), and everywhere people were trying to figure out just how far "out" was in. "There are all sorts of distinctions that we as dealers make," said Romano, "in terms of determining whether something's authentically outside." Either way, being inside the fair seemed a good deal cozier than being out on the street doing it the hard way. "Yeah, I've heard about 'outside art' " said Larry Meyser, a pudgy 37-year-old from Queens selling his watercolors for $10 to $40 a few blocks away. As snowflakes began to fall, he was asked whether he considers himself an outsider artist. He shrugged. "This is art, and this is outside, so, uh, there you go."

ZEV BOROW

The scene at the Outsider Art Fair.

Photographs: top, Kathy Willens/AP/Wide World; bottom, Richard L. Cummings.

PUBLISHING

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FOR YEARS, FLAT SALES, SKY-rocketing celebrity advances, and the growth of discount chains have squeezed the book industry's profit margin to the point where many editors are reluctant to publish anything short of a megaseller. So while Stephen King does just fine, authors with less mass-market appeal have a hard time seeing print.

But writers and readers are about to receive a rare bit of good news. The Xerox Corporation has developed a new technology that's making it possible—and profitable—to print single copies of paperback books in a matter of minutes. One day soon, you may walk into a bookstore, ask for a copy of John Barth's long-forgotten first novel (the one about suicide on a riverboat), and wait while a gothic-looking clerk prints you one behind the counter.

Though the project is in its infancy, its implications could be far-reaching: If it takes off, books need no longer be consigned to the out-of-print graveyard just because they don't sell in the millions. "It is a revolution in the industry," says Xerox's Ashley Shemain. "You don't have to overprint . . . and you cut out warehousing and distribution costs. And if you take mid-list books, where you can sell 5,000 books in two years but don't want to store them over that time, you have a big opportunity to do print on demand."

The new system will never diminish the appeal of a nice juicy celebrity memoir, but by lowering production costs and eliminating storage costs, it could even out the business's currently lopsided economics. Several publishers are already trying to make the most of the opportunity. Simon & Schuster, one of the few major publishers that still print their own books, has purchased six of the machines and is experimenting with them. "I don't think it will have an impact on the sales of books in the general market," says Jack Romanos, the company's president, "but it's pretty exciting that it does give us the ability to keep more books in print." And two large distributors—Ingram Book Company in La Vergne, Tennessee, and Baker & Taylor in North Carolina—have established new printing services to provide out-of-print books on demand.

Ingram, which is currently negotiating printing rights with about 25 New York publishers, including McGraw-Hill, Random House, and Perseus Books, has already begun filling orders from Barnes & Noble and Amazon.com. But Larry Brewster, Ingram's vice-president, has been reluctant to trumpet the development before it's fully under way. "We want to make sure we can execute in high volume before we take this on the market in full force," he says. Because who knows? Barth's *Floating Opera* could be the next *Giles Goat-Boy*, and everyone would want one. ALICIA PHILLEY

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART XIV

Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur, is still combing the city for a Jewish bride, but his search has taken a strange turn toward the paranormal.

● Jay was apprehensive about seeing a redheaded psychic who has already sent away to the Alaskan Chamber of Commerce for relocation brochures. "She may mind-meld with me and find out my darkest secrets," he worried. Perhaps she did: By the end of the evening, Jay was surprised to hear himself offering a guided tour of Fairbanks.

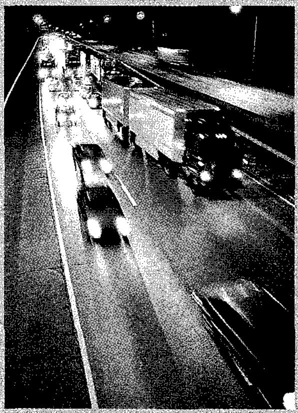
● Days later, his quest took him to the West Coast for dinner at the Magic Castle theme restaurant. Though the evening was fittingly "enchanted," the distance seemed insurmountable. The very next night, however, Jay dated another woman with "psychic gifts," who predicted he'd soon move to L.A.

TRANSPORTATION

E-Z Does It

LAST WEEK, THE PORT AUTHORITY PROUDLY announced that those handy windshield-mounted cartridges that allow drivers to pay tolls electronically can soon be used to pay the parking-lot charges at Kennedy, La Guardia, and Newark airports.

Meanwhile, transportation officials have been less forthcoming about another expansion of E-ZPass technology. Unbeknownst to most E-ZPass subscribers, antennas placed along twenty miles of the New York State Thruway and the New Jersey Turnpike have been quietly picking up their I.D. numbers and clocking their speed and location.



E-ZPass knows where you go.

Until now, it's been a modest test program, soft-pedaled by transportation officials as something about which the driving public need not be alarmed. But the test has been so successful that starting next month, Transcom (a consortium of fourteen local transportation agencies) will install antennas along all major arteries—more than 150 miles of road—leading in and out of New York. "We're doing this so we can track patterns and definitely *not* to issue speeding tickets," insists Transcom's Peter Dwyer, adding that the tracking system can't identify individual drivers. "We scramble the I.D. numbers and assign each a random code. Then we delete the information at the end of the cycle."

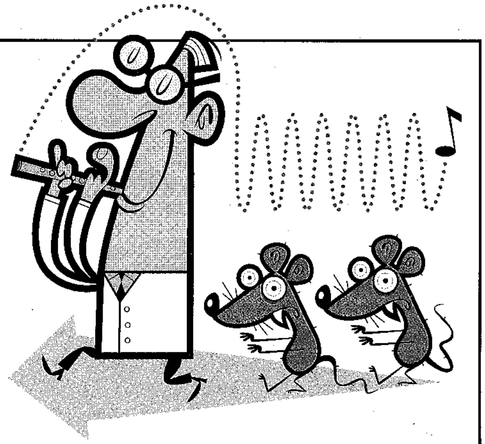
Critics are not impressed by these protective measures. "I've seen this over and over again," says Evan Hendricks, the editor of *Privacy Times*. "First, when they want to implement the technology, they promise they won't use it for anything else. But once they start collecting this kind of data, sooner or later it's too hard to resist." NORMAN VANAMEE

Illustration by Von R. Glitschka. Photograph by Keyvan Behpour/Photonica.

RAT CITY

PERIODIC DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR ON VERMIN

The Pied Professor



I FIRST HEARD OF DR. AUSTIN M. Frishman from an exterminator. “The guy is a rat guru,” said Adam Vasquez. “He knows everything about them.” Most academics can't claim such a devoted following among rat men, but Dr. Frishman's not like most academics.

He's a man with a singular mission: to understand everything about, and ultimately to conquer, the insurgent vermin population. “I respect rats,” he says. “I'm amazed at their ability to adjust, learn, and survive. But I despise them when they're living with people. They are terrible animals.” He has set new records of expertise in his field: Since receiving the third-ever Ph.D. in structural pest control, he founded a department in a similar discipline at SUNY-Farmingdale, then went into business. He now answers the cries of farmers, government agencies, shop owners, and independent contractors overwhelmed by their rat problems. These missions have taken him over 2 million miles.

After all he's seen, he still has a special appreciation for New York's plague of rats. The city's structure, he says, is their best ally. “You've taken 7½ million people and pushed them together with their food and water and waste. If you have a field of corn and you put rats in there, they'll take over. And that's what Manhattan is, except we grow buildings and garbage.”

Some need-to-know rat facts, according to Dr. Frishman: Rats can climb out of toilets. They can scale buildings. They mature sexually at three months, and one litter can contain 22 babies—which they'll eat if hungry enough. Their urine contains salmonella. (“But so many things do,” he says with a sigh.) And worst of all, they grow bolder with age. “They'll chew on an invalid because the person can't move. If a child has food on his face, they'll lick it off. And when they bite, they gnaw to the bone.”

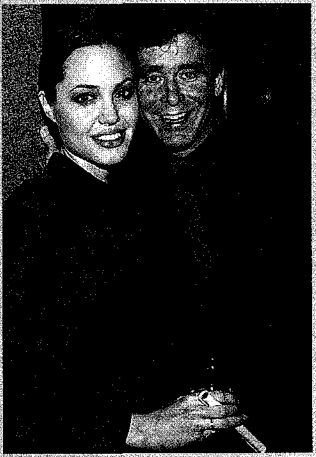
Despite the odds, he's impressed by the city's recent extermination efforts, adding, “The mayor's done a lot to help.” But he knows that time favors the rats. “Money is put towards pest control when the wrong rat shows up in the wrong spot. And then when you have a program going well, they pull the funds and the rats rebound,” he says. “You can't evaluate the success of a rat program by how many you kill, but by how many you leave.” KATE AURTHUR

THE SCENE

Models, Inc.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan
Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

“IT'S SOOOO SAD,” LITTLE Christina Ricci was saying, her eyes widening from saucers to soup bowls. “I just got so emotional I couldn't stop bawling! Modeling is *horrible*.” That's the way it is these days: the women whose beauty once served as an example of human perfection are now the objects of pity and scorn. And nowhere more so than at the party for *Gia*, HBO's movie about the least exemplary model of all. “No one would ever even accuse me of being a model,” said Jay McInerney, who has been accused of many other things. He was with onetime model Candace Bushnell, more recently known for chatting onscreen with Peter Jennings about oral sex. “I felt really exposed and picked apart and poked at, as Gia must've felt,” said Angelina Jolie. She ought to know: She's not a model, but she plays one on TV.



Angelina Jolie and Jay McInerney at the premiere of HBO's *Gia*, held at the Equitable Center.

At the World Financial Center, David Westin and Sherrie Rollins attending an Operation Smile benefit.

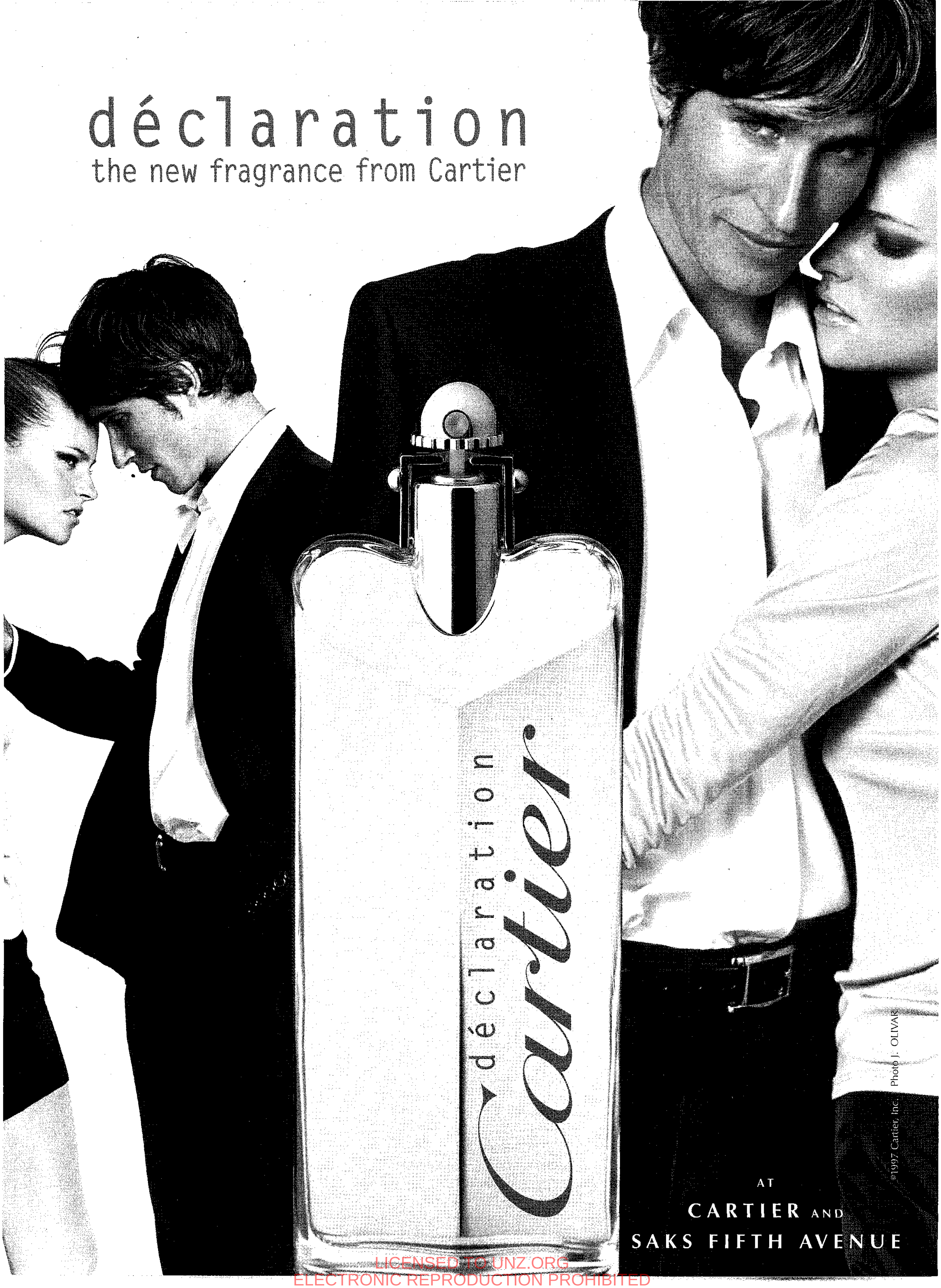
Joanne Woodward, Nell Newman, Sam Shepard, and Paul Newman celebrating Shepard's new play, *Eyes for Consuela*, produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club.

At Match Uptown, Renee Zellweger celebrating the premiere of MGM's *Deceiver*, hosted by the Gap.

At The Pierre, F. Murray Abraham attending the Drama League's dinner in honor of Terrence McNally.

Jane Alexander is welcomed back to New York at a MOMA luncheon.

Illustration by Chip Wass.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GOTHAMSTYLE

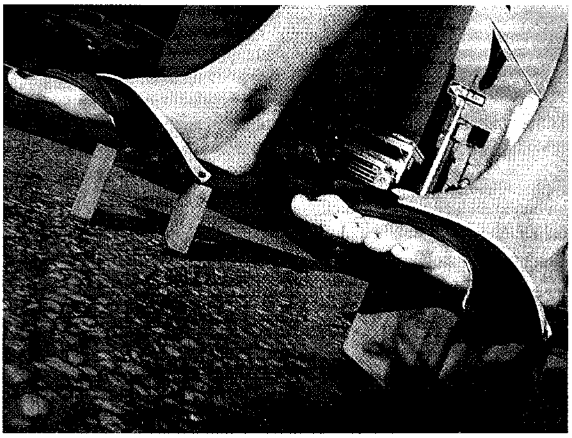
EDITED BY DANY LEVY

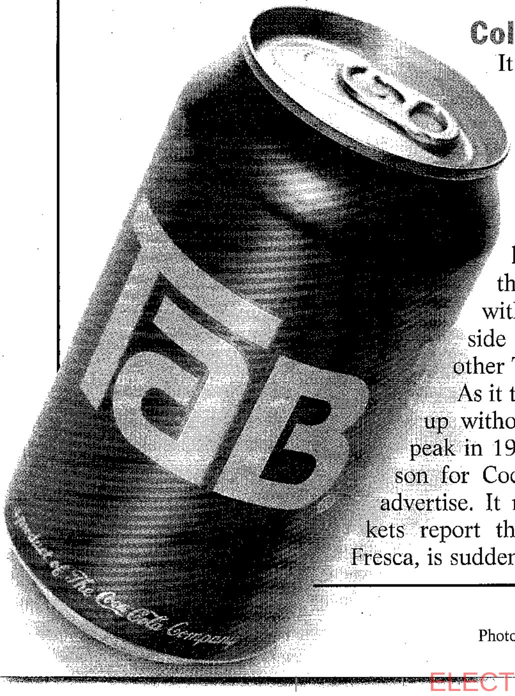
I Do. Do You?

Consider it Vera Wang meets Home Depot: Tati, the Parisian chain store that manages to be chic despite its rock-bottom merchandise, is coming to New York to open America's first bridal superstore. Its gigantic new home at 41st Street and Fifth Avenue will offer everything from comparatively inexpensive dresses (about 150 styles, $94.99 to $450) to cake decorations to invitations to rice. The store opens April 1; before then, call 481-8284 for information. KATE COYNE

Geta Life

For all those who thought the sheer impracticality of the past couple of footwear dicta (first platforms, then stilettos) would never be topped, here come getas. The traditional Japanese sandals, which are the latest item to dot the windows of Eighth Street's trendoid shoe shops such as Wheels of London, require wearers to take tiny, careful steps—difficult for all but the three little maids from school.



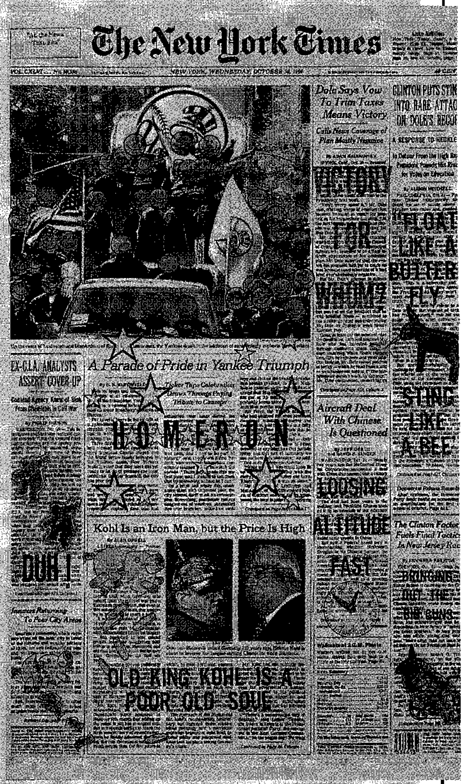


Tab
The Coca-Cola Company

Cola Nuts

It may never be a serious player in the cola wars, but it seems that Tab—after years of a dusty existence in the back of the soda aisle—is creating some fizz again. "There are catfights in the supermarket," says confessed junkie Andrew Phillips, a 41-year-old real-estate broker. "We all know when the shipments come in. And the other day this woman tried to make off with a whole cart full. So I came up alongside her and said, 'Have a little pity on the other Tab-a-holics out there.' "

As it turns out, the Tab resurgence has bubbled up without any big marketing push. "It had its peak in 1982," explains Diana Garza, a spokesperson for Coca-Cola. "We don't market it; we don't advertise. It runs itself." Meanwhile, local supermarkets report that another all-but-defunct soda brand, Fresca, is suddenly flying off the shelves, too.



The New York Times
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VICTORY FOR WHOM?
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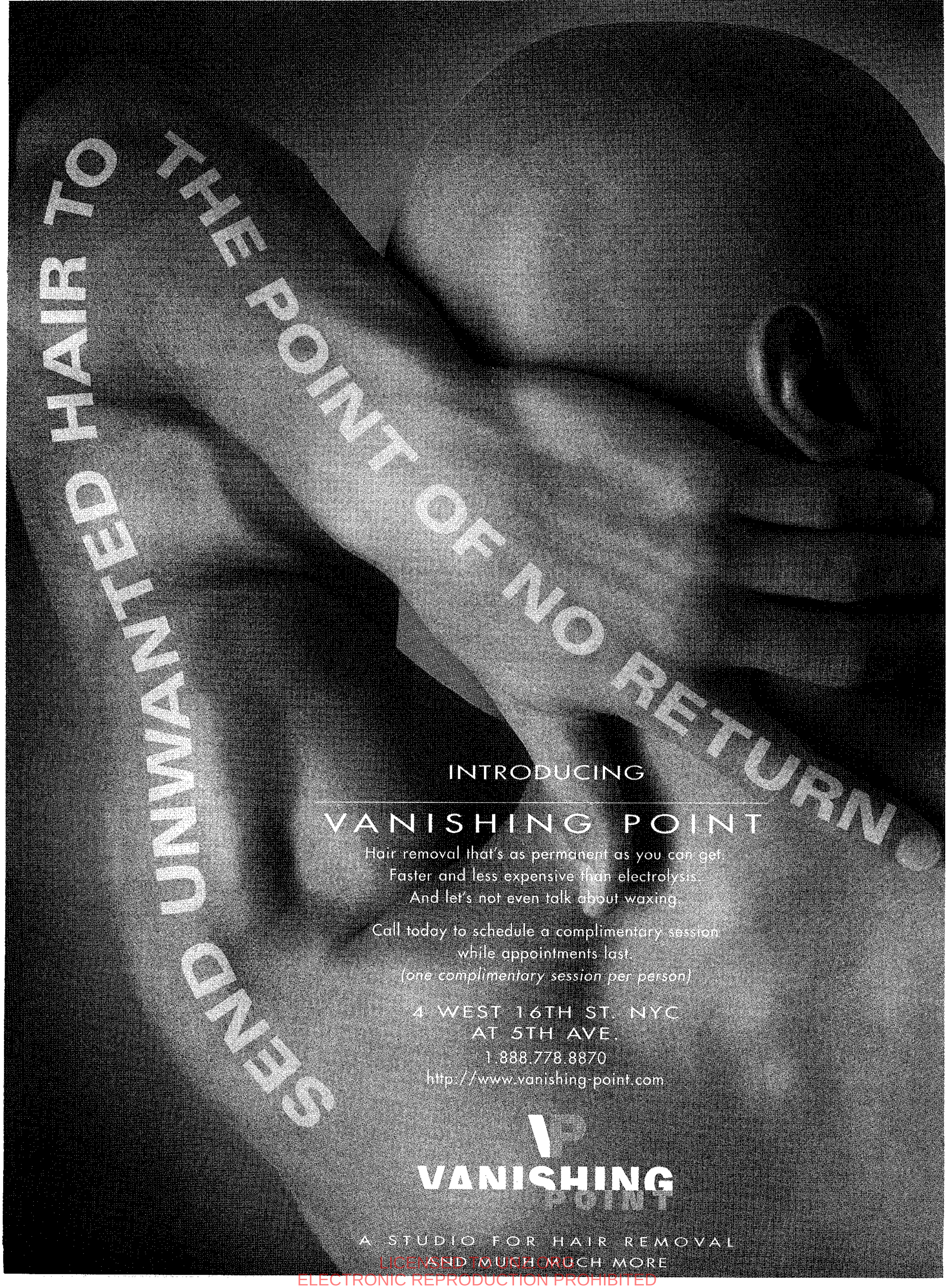
EX-C.I.A. ANALYSTS ASSERT COVER-UP
A Parade of Pride in Yankee Triumph
HOMER UN
Aircraft Deal With Chinese Is Questioned
LOOSING ALTITUDE FAST
BRINGING OUT THE BIG GUNS
Kohl Is an Iron Man, but the Price Is High
DUH!
OLD KING KOHL IS A POOR OLD SOUL

Signing of the *Times*

With its tombstone slabs of print and stodgy voice of authority, the Gray Lady has long been a target for impish temperaments. Usually, the results appear in artful 'zines or agitprop leaflets, but "Front Pages 1996"—Nancy Chunn's take on a year's worth of New York *Times*es—is currently on view in, of all places, Washington's august Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Chunn, who lives in Little Italy, rips journalistic clichés out of context and morphs politicians into symbols such as yellow smiley faces or modified Wonder Bread logos. The Clintons are dressed up like the Jetsons; Boris Yeltsin is turned into a clown; stories about the TWA crash are painted over in midnight blue and dotted with Giotto angels. The project starts out somewhat restrained, but by May, Chunn is turning staid *Times* photos into Gorkys and Twomblys and Monets. Just when the paper thought it had spiffed itself up, Chunn makes it seem gray again. HANNA ROSIN

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Nick Vaccaro/Photonica; courtesy Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, New York; Steve Wisbauer; Kristine Larsen.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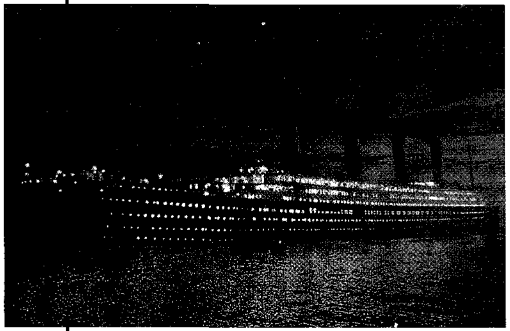
THE BIG PICTURE HARRY KNOWLES

Who'll Play the Iceberg?

Can anything sink 'Titanic' on Oscar night? Hollywood's notorious cyber spy grills his informants for the inside dope on who'll get the nominations and the awards.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE IT NOW, BUT ONLY a year ago, *Titanic* seemed headed for disaster. All anyone could talk about was the swelling budget, the blown deadlines, the interminable running time, the specter of another Hollywood money pit. But while the doomsayers licked their chops in anticipation of another spectacular failure, I extracted a bit of counterintelligence from one of the sources for my movie-industry Website, Aint-It-Cool-News.com. The two studios that had financed *Titanic* had been anxiously test-screening the film, and the results were exceeding the producers' wildest expectations.

Strangely, I was credited with helping to turn the tide on *Titanic* publicity—which hardly matters now that the movie has come out and succeeded so astonishingly on its own merits. But the episode has had a lasting effect on me. Before any of it happened, I'd been writing on my Website about movies, basic stuff about what I liked and didn't like, spiced up with gossip that trickled in from Hollywood. But when I started publishing reports from the sacrosanct realm of test-screening, I suddenly showed up on the radar screen—the industry press said I was "hated" in Hollywood. Warner Bros. publicists even denounced me for dooming *Batman and Robin* by reporting its stunningly bad test-screen results. But at the same time, I started getting calls from agents, studio execs, screenwriters, and producers. They e-mailed me tips, forwarded me scripts, and invited me to premieres. My little circle widened.



The juggernaut: *Titanic* won't be stopped.

And now I'm going to use these sources, new and old, to help me wade through the 275 feature films eligible for Academy Awards—the largest pool in 25 years—and pick both the nominations (which will be announced February 10) and the award winners (the ceremony is on March 23). The studios are generally feeling pleased with themselves for remembering how to make good, popular movies, but as far as the Oscars go, it's a matter of assessing the scale of *Titanic*'s victory. Are we going to be making history here, or are there enough reservations about the movie to keep it from total domination? The following represents the collected wisdom of my informants, not to mention a few of my own insights.

THE *TITANIC* PARTY WILL START RIGHT here, with **BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS,** in what happens to be this year's weakest major category. It tends not to go the way it's supposed to. The nominations are pretty much set in stone, though: Kim Basinger for *L.A. Confidential,* Minnie Driver for *Good Will Hunting,* Julianne Moore for *Boogie Nights,* Gloria Stuart for *Titanic,* and Sigourney Weaver for *Ice Storm.*

Basinger: "A decent shot. Hollywood loves it when a lightweight actress suddenly pulls off a substantial role. But she and Alec have a love/hate relationship with Hollywood."

Driver: "The Academy has a recent history of giving Supporting Actress to young, quirky actresses in semi-comedic roles—Marisa Tomei, Mira Sorvino. Probably best for that to stop here."

Weaver: "Movie didn't play in Hollywood. Too depressing, too East Coast." I'd nominate Christina Ricci for the same film.

Moore: "Long shot." She's done this same mentally insecure character before.

That leaves Gloria Stuart, 87 years old, a founding member of the Screen Actors Guild and the heavy sentimental favorite. "This is the most clear-cut choice in the acting categories this year." "This is the 'Great Moment' of the Oscars, when everyone cries and claps and stands to cheer." For my money, Stuart, while perfect for the part, had a fairly sedate role. Still, I'd give it to her, too—anyone who played opposite Claude Rains in *The Invisible Man* should have an entire cabinet of statuettes.

***Boogie* man: Burt's been better but will get Oscar.**

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR is a much stronger field. The nominees will be Rupert Everett for *My Best Friend's Wedding,* Anthony Hopkins for *Amistad,* Greg Kinnear for *As Good As It Gets,* Burt Reynolds for *Boogie Nights,* and Robin Williams for *Good Will Hunting.*

Everett: "The wild card. Openly gay actor in a gay role—the Academy would feel good about itself to give it to him."

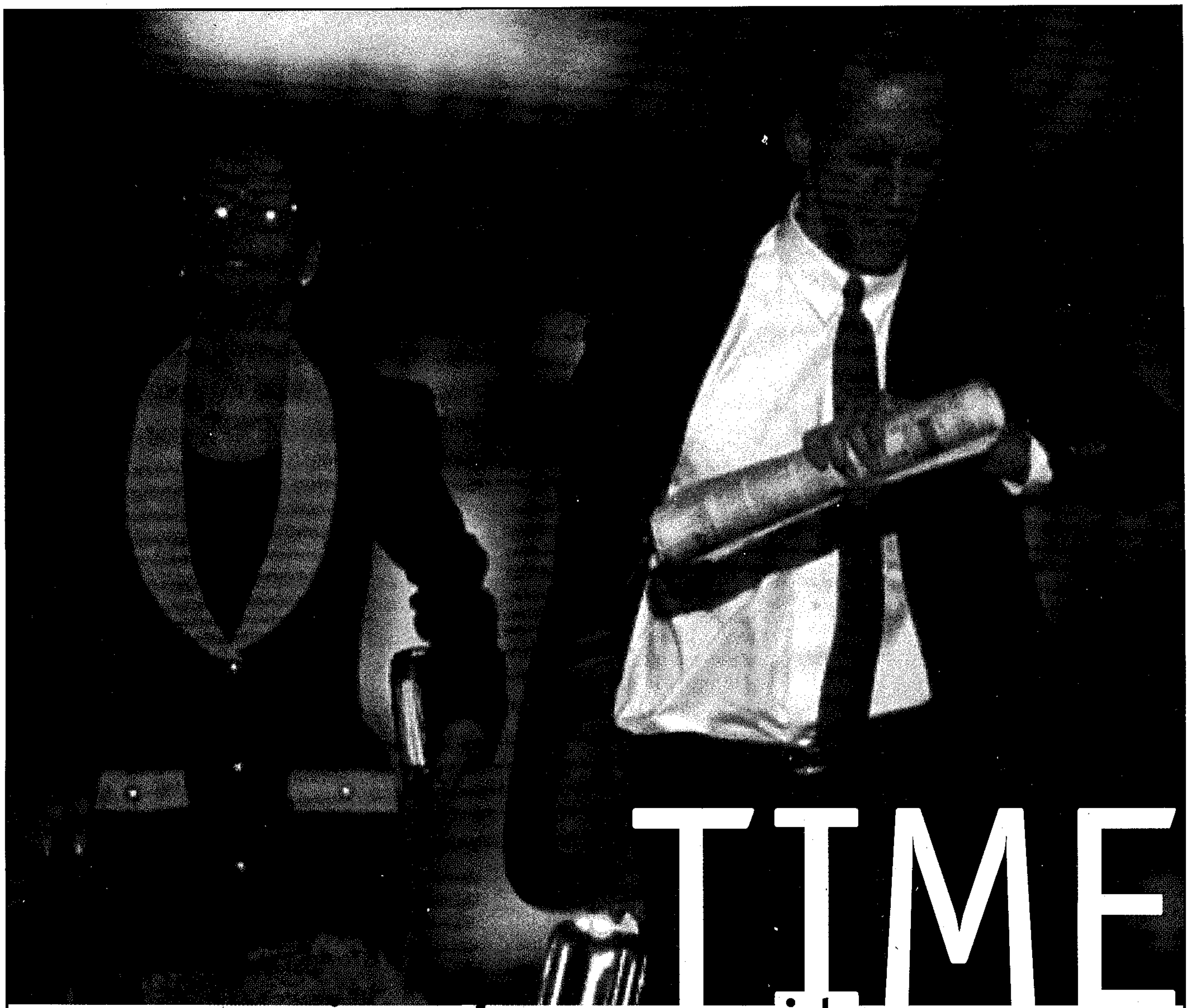
Hopkins: "People like him; considered serious; can't count him out."

Kinnear: "Lucky to be nominated."

Williams: "Extremely well-received performance, but considered an easy part. No limp or stutter. The Academy likes to see some of that." Still, I'd give him my vote here to encourage him to do more of this kind of movie and fewer *Flubbers.*

Grier view: Can she hold off Helen Hunt?

Photographs: top, G. Lefkowitz/New Line Cinema; center, Paramount Pictures; bottom, Darren Michaels/Miramax Films.



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Reynolds: Has it wrapped up, that's what I'm hearing. Never mind that the others gave far better performances. Even Burt himself has been better. (Take a look at *Deliverance* if you have a doubt.) But Hollywood really liked *Boogie Nights,* and this will be the way to acknowledge a good film that won't get any other awards.

For **BEST ACTRESS** this year, the two least talented nominees figure to vie for the prize. The lineup will be Helena Bonham Carter for *The Wings of the Dove,* Dame Judi Dench for *Mrs. Brown,* Helen Hunt for *As Good As It Gets,* Pam Grier for *Jackie Brown,* and Kate Winslet for *Titanic.*

Carter: The best performance, by most accounts, "but will enough voters have actually watched the movie?" "The Academy has a history of being seduced by British accents."

Dench: "She, too, gets votes for the accent. And she's a *dame.* Too bad it's another movie people didn't see."

Winslet: "Whether she gets it is a measure of how well *Titanic* ends up doing. Without a clear favorite, she could slip in because of the movie itself."

Hunt: "Nice person; really well liked." Commercial actress; industry loves her. She won the Golden Globes, which is mostly a sign of her television popularity. Voters will have to forget her *Twister* performance. But the buzz in Sundance had her coming on strong.

Grier: "A real split. Some people really think she was in over her head, but she gets major comeback points." She's my pick. If you give the Oscar to Grier, you reward a wonderful performance and an actress for sticking with it, and you mollify Jesse Jackson, who's been giving the Academy grief over minorities in the film industry. Grier's own people, though, are sure Helen Hunt's going to get it.

Damon is a girl's best friend (and he can act, too).

For **BEST ACTOR,** we've got a full-blown generational war—"Geezers all over the place, squeezing out the kids." For the nominations, Jack Nicholson for *As Good As It Gets* and Peter Fonda for *Ulee's Gold* are locks. Robert Duvall figures to get one for *The Apostle,* and so does Ian Holm for *The Sweet Hereafter.* That leaves one spot for the four young guys to fight it out. Mark Wahlberg for *Boogie Nights* is "the weakest of the bunch; cross him right out." *Amistad's* Djimon Hounsou has been getting a major ad push in the trades, but he's probably not well known enough. Leonardo DiCaprio "won't get it because people want to make a statement that *Titanic* wasn't perfect, and this is the place to do it." Matt Damon figures to win Best Original Screenplay for *Good Will Hunting,* which ought to take him out of the running except that "people think he can really act, unlike, say, Matthew McConaughey, who got the same hype but couldn't deliver."

None of that really matters, though, because the award will come down to the two rebels who back in 1969 rode on the same red-white-and-blue motorcycle into American film history. Back then, Peter Fonda was the man in charge, with Nicholson riding in back. Now the positions are reversed.

Nicholson: "He hasn't won in the nineties; he's due." "No way of overstating it—he is still the Man." "Showy role; movie did well; the Oscar's his."

Fonda: "Genuinely great performance; first family of Hollywood. At the Golden Globes, he said he wished his dad could've been there. The Academy eats that up." Fonda had the grittier role and gave the best performance in any category of the year. But will it be honored? No. Nicholson has the larger Academy base. Come Oscar night, expect ol' Jack to smile real big!

Toward the end of the evening, the momentum for *Titanic* should be unstoppable. James Cameron will top the **BEST DIRECTOR** nominations, joined by James L. Brooks for *As Good As It Gets,* Curtis Hanson for *L.A. Confidential,* Steven Spielberg for *Amistad,* Gus Van Sant for *Good Will Hunting.* This is the exact same field nominated for the Directors Guild award—the two lists are always the same.

Brooks: "A Hollywood favorite; another year, he could've won with this."

Hanson: "First-time nominee; critics loved the film; let's see what he does next." "Good picture, but how good? Watch it back to back with *Chinatown* and it seems like amateur hour."

Van Sant: "Nice work, but not a Hollywood insider."

Spielberg: "Dirty secret: A lot of people think *Amistad* is boring."

Cameron: "It's his." "Getting to Spielberg status." Two directors weigh in: "I just turned in my final cut, and the studio returned twenty pages of recommended cuts for the film. After watching *Titanic,* there is no way I'm giving in." "Watching it as a filmmaker, I can't even conceive of how you make that movie."

The new auteur: James Cameron, *Titanic* director.

Cameron wins this one not just for what ended up on the screen but for what he did to get it there—the two studios, the largest crew ever assembled, the guts to spend $200 million.

There may well be no suspense left in the evening when **BEST PICTURE** is finally handed out. There is some drama behind the nominations, however. The likely scenario is that the list will match that for Best Director, with the slight chance of *The Full Monty* nosing out *Amistad.*

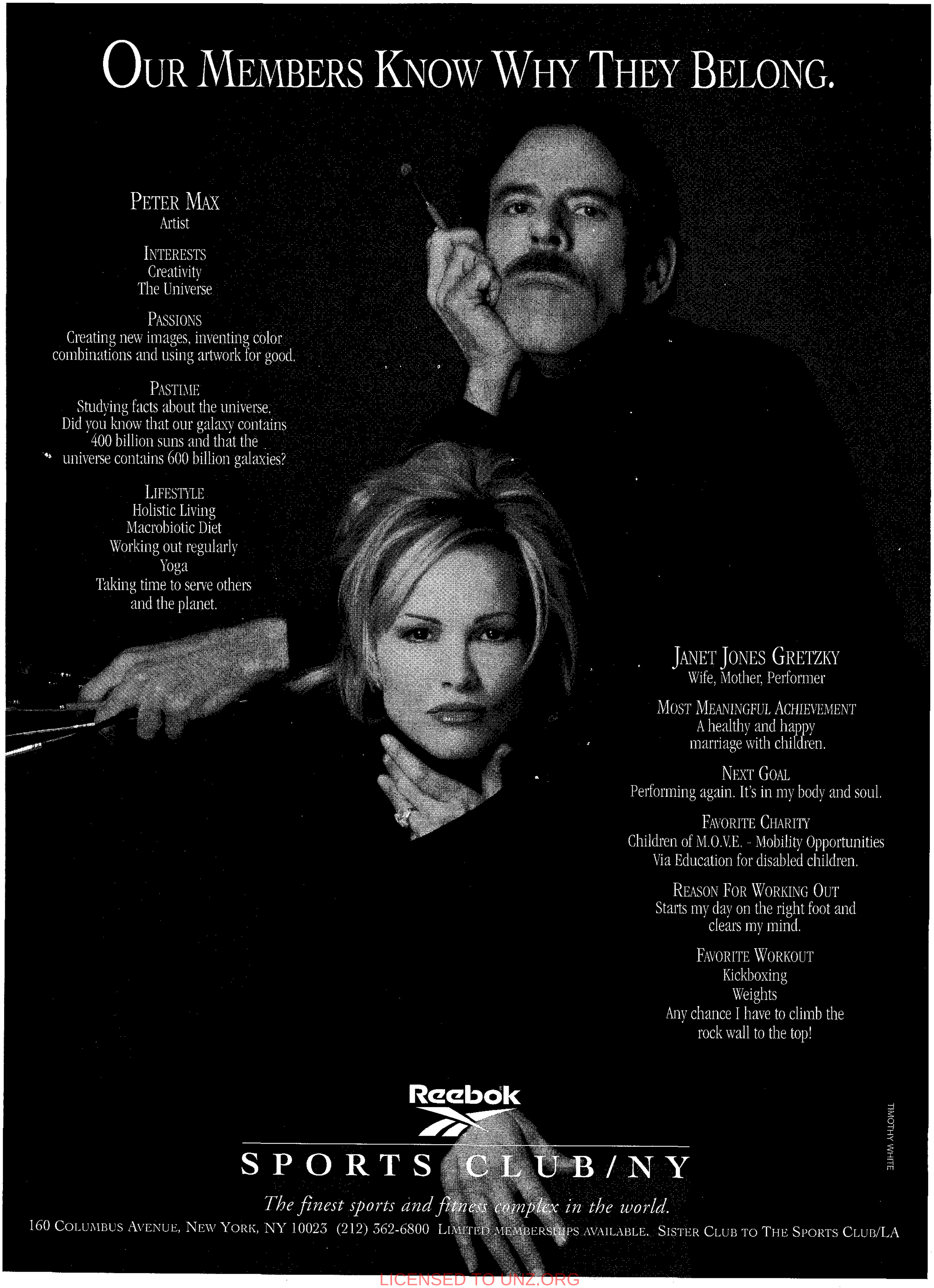
"*Amistad* is by far the most vulnerable. It's just so obvious and liberal. The Academy is not as knee-jerk as it used to be."

"The industry loved *The Full Monty.*" "It's uplifting, cheap. It's the anti-*Titanic.*"

"Yeah, yeah, Spielberg will not be dissed. *Monty's* a nice little movie, but it's not going to win, and it doesn't need to be nominated."

As for *Titanic,* many are predicting a sweep. "It will break *All About Eve's* record of fourteen nominations and will shatter *Ben-Hur's* record of eleven wins." There's a minor shift in favor of the critics' darling, *L.A. Confidential,* but it will have to make do with Best Adapted Screenplay. Meanwhile, Hollywood is abuzz with speculation on the aftermath of *Titanic's* Oscar-night ascendancy. People fear that it will embolden the industry in all the wrong ways, make the studios feel all-powerful again. "The industry won't get the right message. They'll bankroll gigantic productions that don't have a filmmaker as driven as Cameron." Or as a top screenwriter puts its, "His excesses give every director the excuse to say, 'Look, I'm not nearly as bad as Cameron, and he won the Oscar.' " ▬

Photographs: top, Paramount Pictures/Fotos International/Archive Photos; bottom, George Kraychyk/Miramax Films.



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TIMOTHY WHITE

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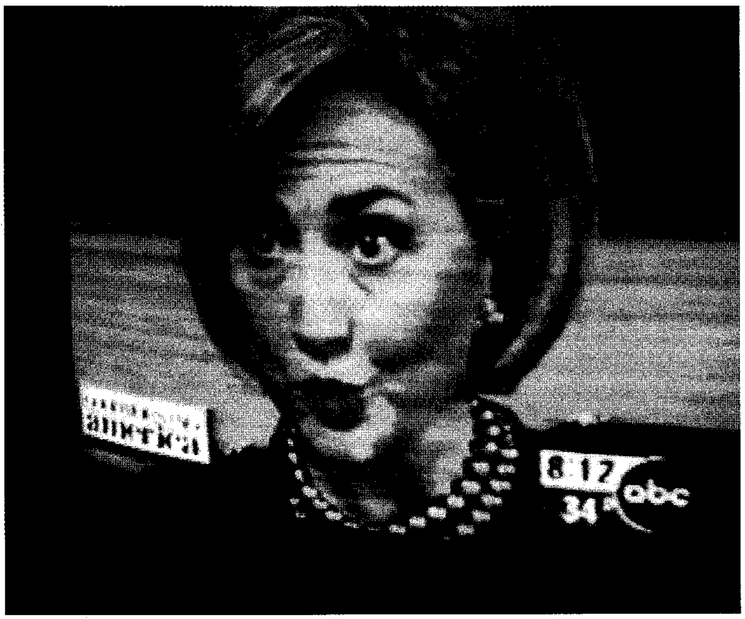
The Hillary Mystique

Years and years of cleaning up after Bill Clinton have turned the First Lady into a problematic figure. Does one applaud her sense of purpose, or cringe at her compliance?

CALL HER SAINT HILLARY, MRS. Wifewater, whatever. What I found spookiest about Monicagate is our First Lady's ability to rise to the occasion and defend her man yet again. I expected her head to explode on the *Today* show last week, or stigmata to appear as she gesticulated. Instead, she was more golden-helmeted, controlled, strategic, pol-like, and mediagenic than ever.



HILLARY HEADROOM: Mrs. Clinton getting out the message on *Good Morning America.*

To add to the surrealism, just as the media got stuck in Clinton's marital mud, Ted Hughes, Sylvia Plath's widower, was publishing *Birthday Letters,* a book of his intimate poetry about their doomed union. The poems are Hughes's first public words on the matter since Plath stuck her head in the oven in 1963.

Of course, Plath had mental problems, and had tried suicide before. But for women of my generation (about ten years younger than Hillary), Sylvia Plath was a kind of nightmare martyr figure, a human sacrifice to the unyielding gender roles and unforgiving rules of fifties culture. Had she grown up later, in the sixties or seventies, with roots in the women's movement, she (we like to think) could have continued the struggle—to be wife, mother, and artist, with more support, more options, even if she was too early for Prozac.

But Hillary Rodham never had such mental imbalances. She blossomed at the very moment the personal became political, as a generation sought social justice and sisterhood was powerful. At her high-school graduation, her mom was embarrassed at how many times Hillary's name was called for honors and medals and special awards. At Wellesley, Hillary (class of '69) was the first student to give a commencement address, and she put aside her prepared remarks to speak spontaneously about her generation's desire to change the world. Her comments are telling.

"We've had lots of empathy, lots of sympathy," she said, "but we feel that for too long our leaders have used politics as the art of the possible. And the challenge now is to practice politics as the art of making what appears impossible, possible."

With her Yale law degree and her obvious intelligence, energy, and worker-bee fortitude, she could have written her own ticket. Why did she choose instead to hitch her wagon to Bill Clinton's, to make the impossible possible and stay with him? At best, even from their pre-engagement period, it meant keeping mum about his embarrassing pecker-dillos with unduly-large-haired women, the anti-Hillaries. At worst, it meant being his public defender, lashing out at his "enemies," thereby reducing herself to the seemingly masochistic role of First Nanny.

PERHAPS, AS WITH THE ANTIQUATED TITLE, the whole idea of First Ladyhood is an impossible anachronism, a no-win position: We don't want an automaton in the White House, yet anytime a First Lady tries to exercise power beyond the hostess game (even if she's a trained professional!), she's criticized.

In rationalizing Hillary's latest defense of Bill ("I've always thought of my husband as a pretty friendly, gregarious person. . . . I get a kick out of it most times," she told *Good Morning America*), I would like to imagine her as a pioneer woman—doing what she has to do. Those who walked the 2,000 miles of the Oregon Trail in the 1850s got there by "foot," says *Daily Life in a Covered Wagon,* one of my favorite children's books. "If it rained," we are told, "they simply put on oilskin ponchos or unfurled umbrellas and marched on."

The pioneer women, however, only had to walk that trail and ford that river once. Eventually, they reached their destinations. Hillary's trail keeps circling the muck.

As with any successful modern woman, Hillary Clinton is a walking Rorschach test of our own ambivalences. In the stereotypical labeling of things male and female, it's easy to feminize him and masculinize her.

He's warm, emotive, sensitive, soft, engaging, quick to seek conciliation and compromise. He bonds over any variety of problems in our twelve-step nation—alcoholic fathers, no fathers, brothers who are drug addicts, mothers who treat their sons like Jesus. He has been quoted as saying that when he watches Hillary make a speech, he's the one with the adoring Nancy Reagan eyes. He can make even cynics blink with his sentimentalized delivery of those two syllables, "mah wahf." (Copping his style,

Photograph by Adrian DeLucca.

she has said "my husband" more in the past week than Kathie Lee and Tammy Faye have in a lifetime.)

She's the disciplined, reliable, pragmatic partner—the one who pays the bills and has her feet on the ground. "I was born 16 and will always be 16," Bill has been quoted as saying. "Hillary was born 40 years old."

It's not easy being the grown-up married to a showgirl—he's Marilyn Monroe, high-strung, in need of constant attention, constant stroking (ahem). It was left to Hillary, for their entire relationship, to make the money in addition to being a mom and helping Bill run. That leaves little time for, say, facials and eyebrow waxing.

Not that she was ever very interested in such princessy pursuits. Dorothy Rodham tells a story that on the day before the Hill-Bill wedding, she arrived in Arkansas and asked to see her daughter's gown. "I never got around to buying it," she was told, so they raced to the only department store in town that was still open and bought a dress. Hillary wasn't interested in a diamond sparkler, either. It's enough to make a *Rules* girl apoplectic—the couple didn't plan a honeymoon, as they didn't want to be distracted from work.

When she arrived in Arkansas in the seventies, her intellectual-hippie aesthetic was at odds with the southern-belle tendency toward *Über*-grooming. That, a brainy penchant for straight talk (read as emasculating and man-hating), and the fact that she was never helpless and submissive could be a few of the sexist reasons that some people (including so-called friends, like Dick Morris) have hinted that she's a lesbian.

Her father was a demanding and authoritarian man ("You must go to an easy school," he told her when she brought home all A's). Her mother valued substance and discouraged interest in clothes or makeup. When Hillary was 3, an older neighborhood girl would bully her and she'd come home crying. Her mother sent her out to defend herself; she swatted the girl and was never hit again. "Now I can play with the boys!" she told her mother.

Hillary wore Coke-bottle glasses, which she hated (she apparently changed frames as constantly as she now changes hairstyles), but she didn't switch to contacts until the early eighties. Her lightened, sprayed, glammy talking-head looks now show that politics, like beauty, knows no pain.

It's telling, too, to compare her appearances now with the post–Super Bowl *60 Minutes* interview of six years ago. Then, in her headband and metallic turtleneck, she seemed smart, young, rumpled, and natural, insisting that she was no Tammy Wynette. "And if that's not good enough, then heck, don't vote for him!" she said convincingly.

In contrast, last week she had her emotional hatches battened down, as she delivered a very "on message" shift of focus to the "right-wing conspiracy" trying to bring her husband down. It was almost *Stepford Wives*–ian, except she was serving her shared political goals, not coffee.

This is the Hillary mystique. She has made the kind of Faustian bargain that mere mortals not so in control of their ambitions and emotions just can't fathom.

"I think they obviously love each other, and yes, I do think they still have sex," says one New York therapist. "They fill a need for each other, and they share goals, and they care a great deal about certain issues. And probably they both lie. It's more along a European model of a marriage. Maybe she understands that it's not her job to control him, that this is his problem, his sickness, and it won't change, but at the end of the day, she's the one he comes home to."

Even though it would seem that infidelity is a deep insult, Bill Clinton expresses his admiration of her openly, needs her, and seems to value her work. And because Hillary sees their union as part of a larger process, perhaps she really doesn't see herself as a long-suffering wife or victim.

"Maybe it's a kind of wifely version of Munchausen syndrome by proxy," my friend Sallie offers. "You know, where these women make their own kids sick so that they can get attention and look like caring mothers. Hillary knows she can't change him, but if she allows him to womanize, she knows it will get him in trouble, and then once again she will be the savior, she will be the calm in the center of the storm and prove to be the woman he can't live without."

Whatever her personal motivation, Hillary is the one who keeps Bill operable. It's a highly effective strategy for now—lashing out at the forces of the right rather than outing her husband. But what is the toll on her of all these years of living this tricky public partnership? Turning herself into the liberal Anita Bryant is a high price to pay for someone with kumbaya in her soul. ■

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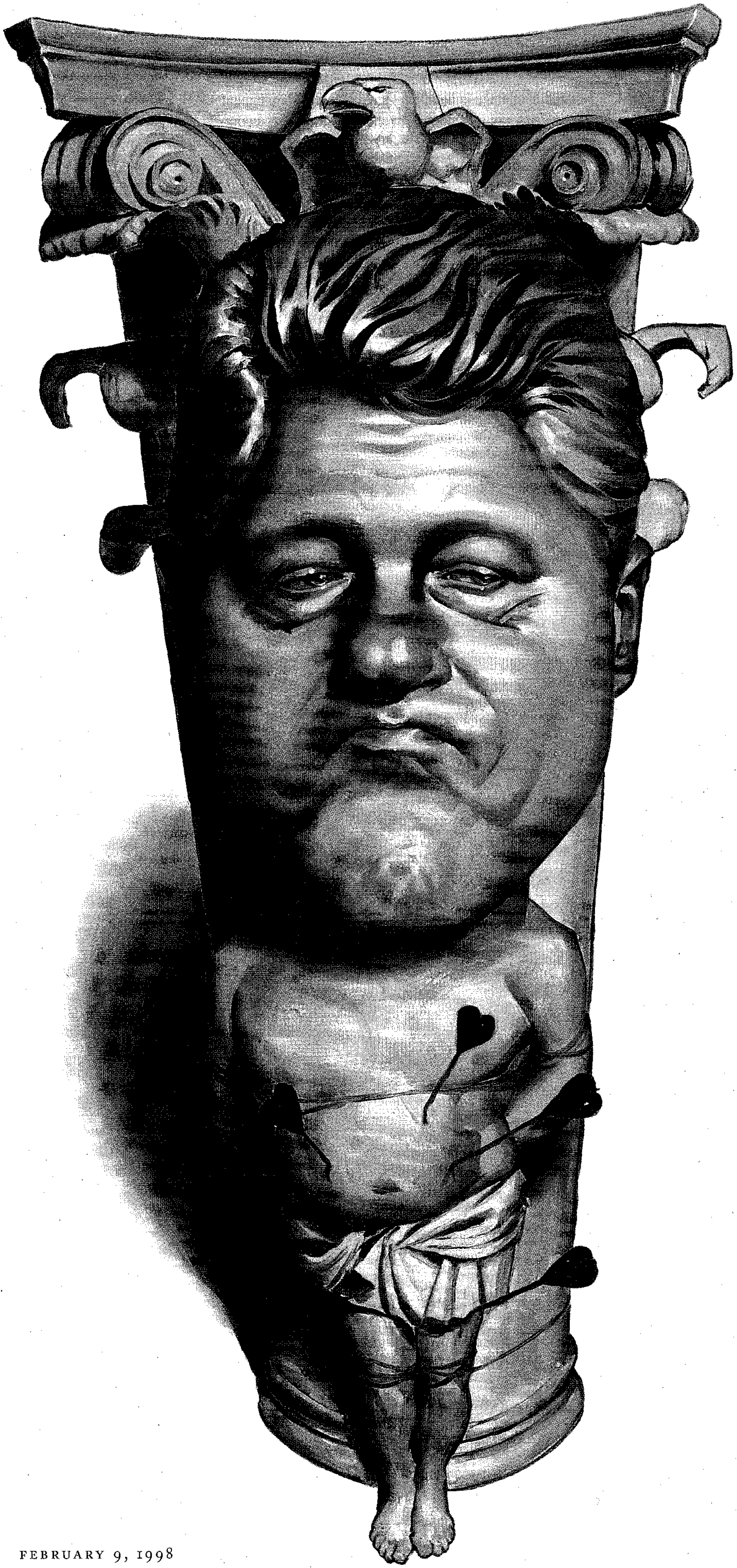

So long for now, **President Gore.** *Clinton is on the verge of another comeback.*

Free Willy!?!

MAYBE IT'S MY ATTENTION span, but lately it seems news cycles have gotten dizzying. Watergate spun out slowly and luxuriously over two delicious years. Clinterngate, or Monicagate, or whatever you want to call it, is the biggest political story since, and the span between cocaine high and jaded withdrawal has lasted, at most, ten days. When Monica's toothy grin first hit the newsstands, pundits were feverishly counting the days until the swearing-in of President Gore. *The McLaughlin Group* made bets on resignation or impeachment. One show had commentators weighing in on who Gore would pick as vice-president. Cartoonists were drawing Rorschach designs for the stains on Monica's dress. One White House official told me, half jokingly, half desperately, that he was just about ready to "jump off the Calvert bridge." ■ One week later, that same White House official is now cheerfully planning a long skiing vacation to Switzerland. The mood shift in Washington came at about the time everyone learned the dress had been dry-cleaned. For a moment, the White House could breathe a guilty sigh of relief. Then came Hillary's icy performance on the *Today* show and Clinton's very presidential State of the Union, and suddenly, there was daylight. By press time, news reporters had grown weary of being yelled at by White House interns who had served with Monica and could no longer safely answer their home phones. Talk shows were resorting to running stories about other guys who have slept with Monica. Nothing big has really changed, yet what seemed impossible only a week ago has come to pass: Clinton, for the moment, has wriggled his way out of this. ■ As a responsible journalist, I will insert the necessary caveats here. Obviously, Ken Starr could find some damning file on Clinton's computer instructing Monica on how to lie. Or he could pull out a Secret Service guy's nails one by one until he decides to talk. Or he could find a deep-throat White House staff member who witnessed some encounter between Bill and Monica. But my gut tells me that however this plays out, Clinton will slouch his way into the clear. ■ Already, the Clintonites have done an impressive job of stymieing their pursuers, both in

BY HANNA ROSIN

Illustrations by Daniel Adel.

Starr's office and in the press. And they are furiously hatching more plans to preempt all possible attacks. The question is how exactly he'll manage to save himself. Here, then, is a tour of the Machiavellian mind of our president, and my speculations on how, over the next few months, he will outsmart us all. The three "boxes" of his strategy, as Clinton likes to call them, will be Legalistic (by which the President and his Counselors will wear down his Enemies through Specious and Niggling Maneuvers); then Political (by which the First Lady and Others will paint their Enemies as Vicious Trolls); and, finally, a more fanciful scenario: Medical (by which the First Family, in the grand style of damaged Americans, will transform their Sins into Healthy Neuroses).

First, he'll employ the legal attack. Hillary has been telling the press that her husband can't say anything because he's under investigation. This isn't really true—he's been under investigation for four years, and it doesn't seem to have stopped him from talking until now—but the tactic is working. The press has parsed his one sentence about "sexual relations" so Talmudically that there's nothing left to parse. By the State of the Union, we were so desperate for words, any words, that we were happy to hear him fill the void with chatter about Social Security, after-school child care, and the minimum wage.

In the future, the president will excuse himself from the press monster for "legal" reasons and speak directly to exuberant crowds in the heartland, as he did last week. In towns from Topeka to Kalamazoo, he'll be met with marching bands, flag-waving fans, and cute, kissable babies. And most of the folks will say, as the ones interviewed in La Crosse, Wisconsin, last week said, that if it's true, they think it's disgusting, but they still love their president.

In the meantime, his lawyers will be busy chiseling away at Ken Starr behind the scenes. They will take issue with Starr for reportedly asking Lewinsky to wear a wire before asking Janet Reno for permission, for the highly unusual tactic of citing Clinton for criminal perjury in a civil case (one side always commits perjury in civil cases, since there are always two competing versions of the same story), and for cruelly issuing subpoenas to Lewinsky's parents. ("Not even John Gotti's mother got a subpoena," says one White House attorney.) These arguments will probably not impress Janet Reno (who did eventually approve all of Starr's maneuvers). But they may well be enough to convince the public that Starr is out of line. Legal niggling aside, it confounds common sense that public money is being spent to determine whom the president sleeps with (or doesn't exactly "sleep" with). Starr will go on talk shows to explain that it's technically within his jurisdiction to hound women in Arkansas to see if Clinton talked to them about Whitewater, but the heartland will wince. And they will understand that we are a long way from Watergate and Iran-*contra*, where a system of checks and balances was at stake.

Finally, the legal team will depend on its trump card: a motion to move up the date for the Paula Jones case. If the judge approves this seemingly obscure tactic, then Clinton will be scot-free. His lawyers have a much better case against Jones than they ever will against Lewinsky, with buckets of dirt on Jones's sexual past, and six years of memory loss to dissect. Jones is the Ur-Accuser; if she falls, they all go away, and the president looks like the victim.

In the heartland, they're mad at the **people who've lodged in their brain** the image of their president slobbering over an intern.

IF THE LEGAL STRATEGY FAILS, THE Clintons will start the hardball politics and go after Linda Tripp and Lucianne Goldberg, maybe even Monica. They will connect these three to a "vast right-wing conspiracy," as Hillary put it. They have already put into play the Vicious Trolls line. On a talk show last week, a mock-horrified Paul Begala spoke about how one of these people threatened to go after the president with a deer rifle (a loose translation of an off-color joke by Goldberg). White House aides are ready to knock the slats out from under one critical piece of evidence. Remember the talking points Linda Tripp said Monica Lewinsky gave her, the ones that advised her to say Kathleen Willey smeared her own lipstick? "Do you really think anyone, especially Vernon Jordan, would be dumb enough to write that down on paper?" asks one White House spokesman. He has a point. Why would the president, who already knew Tripp was out to get him, give her this ammunition? That leaves only one option: a vast right-wing conspiracy.

Now, anyone who has read five lines of the transcript of Monica Lewinsky talking knows that she is not part of, like, a right-wing conspiracy. As for Lucianne Goldberg, right-wing conspirators are not normally found on the Upper West Side slaving away at their next bodice-ripper. But the heartland will believe it because they want to. They are mad at the people who lodged in their brain the image of their president slobbering over an intern.

The ultimate goal of this two-pronged assault will be to extend the stalemate indefinitely, until reporters get tired of asking for White House logs and Ken Starr runs out of steam. But let's say Starr comes up with a home run: a loose-lipped Secret Service agent or a blabbermouth staff member. Let's say Starr then decides to go with the lame perjury charge and turns the tapes over to Henry Hyde, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Clinton will probably still not get impeached, but the whole world will hear 40 hours of graphic girl talk about the "creep."

And that will leave Clinton with only one option: Sexaholics Anonymous. Already a consensus is forming among his friends and enemies that the president needs help. "If it's so, it represents a disorder," said Pat Moynihan to the New York *Post*. "This is classic sex-addict behavior," Arianna Huffington said on a talk show, "if you read the literature." Even Clinton himself has admitted, somewhat obliquely, that he has a problem. "I think we are all addicted to something," he was once quoted as saying in the Washington *Post*. "Some people are addicted to drugs. Some to power. Some to food. Some to sex. We're all addicted to something."

For three weeks, Clinton will check into the Santé Center for Healing in Argyle, Texas, where he will attend workshops and thumb through the literature for people like him. He could learn to recognize the symptoms ("severe consequences due to sexual behavior," "inability to stop despite adverse consequences"). He might even come across a book by Dolly Kyle Browning, the high-school classmate who claims she had an affair with him. Kaye's novel stars a man who suffers from sex addiction, and it comes with a handy ten-page insert instructing afflicted readers on how to get help. Or he might hear a lecture from Douglas Weiss, author of *101 Freedom Exercises for Sex Addiction Recovery*, who claims to have counseled "political leaders from two countries."

At the end of the visit, Clinton will hastily schedule another *60 Minutes* interview, only this time by himself. With a sober expression, he will say to his fellow Americans: "I have had problems in the past, but today, I can honestly tell you, I am a new man." ■

In the capital, rules about sex are made to be broken.

WASHINGTON'S Sexual Awakening

BY ERIC KONIGSBERG

IN NOVEMBER 1992, MARTIN HOKE, the 40-year-old divorced owner of Red Carpet Car Care in Cleveland, was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. He had a girlfriend at the time—she was a journalist—but the day after his election, he broke up with her and prepared for his move to Washington.

Two months after he was sworn in, Hoke, along with several other unattached congressmen, was profiled by Maureen Dowd in the New York *Times,* in an article entitled "Single in Congress: No Time for Love, No Time for Laundry." In the story, Hoke lamented the boredom of attending cocktail receptions in Washington. But there was hope. He would consider dating other congresswomen, two in particular, because, he said, "they're hot."

Hoke resurfaced in the national papers a year later. While waiting to deliver a live feed to his hometown TV station, Hoke had nodded to a fellow congressman and, motioning to the producer who had turned her back, said of her in a put-on, generically European accent, "She's got *ze beega* breasts." The camera was still rolling.

The Washington *Post* reported Hoke's remark the next day and revisited his gaffe regularly over the next several weeks, making an issue of his curious pronunciation of the word *big.* Hoke quickly became a figure of fun on Capitol Hill, and in 1996 he lost his bid for re-election and returned to Cleveland.

Hoke's peccadilloes were hardly on a par with those of which Bill Clinton has been accused, but they illustrate a point about elected officials who are called to Washington and the culture they step into. In both cases, it was precisely the high station of these men that deluded them into thinking they could get away with it—in high-minded, highly watched Washington, D.C., no less.

It's easy to see how both Hoke and Clinton might have been imbued with a foolhardy fearlessness and a flatfooted misperception that they were untouchable. Washington was like summer camp, providing a suspension of certain rules and self-consciousness. If a guy knew how to play it, it was a pretty good place to swing.

Actually, many of the legislators who've succumbed to sexual scandal in recent decades have been men who'd always considered themselves unattractive, men whose romantic vistas Washington seemed to open up. "Most of the members who

With additional reporting by Braden Keil and Jennifer Senior.

Photograph by Adrian DeLucca.

were out of control sexually came to Washington from remote places in America," a Senate aide told me. "For them, the swampy, sleepy company town of Washington was exhilarating and sophisticated."

When Oregon senator Bob Packwood was made to resign for allegedly forcing himself upon seventeen women, most of them his own employees, the nebbish factor was the explanation most people reached for. "I think he still sees himself as that person behind the Coke-bottle glasses," said his ex-wife, Georgie Packwood, shortly after the allegations surfaced. And Clinton, in his high-school years, was definitely no Jack Kennedy; he was a chubby kid who lettered in band.

Those to the manner born who've been in trouble—Ted Kennedy and Chris Dodd, for instance, who participated in the famous "waitress sandwich" at La Brasserie in 1985, while their dates were in the bathroom—have tended to get out of it by claiming that their boyish high jinks had simply gotten out of hand.

Then, of course, there are the unreconstructed, unapologetic good ol' boys, though there are fewer and fewer of them still in office. Charlie Wilson, retired congressman from Texas, was known for having only good-looking women on his staff: "You can teach 'em to type," he once said, "but you can't teach 'em to grow tits."

Wilson hasn't changed his attitudes. "People gave me a hard time about it," he joked last week, "but I always told them, 'You don't have to be ugly to be dumb.'

"The women who worked for me said they were often being hit on by members of Congress," he continued. "But I knew cases where members of Congress have been hit on by pretty young women."

THE OLD WASHINGTON PATtern of the lecherous politician in pursuit of his young, guileless quarry doesn't entirely square with the scandal currently engulfing Washington. Monica Lewinsky, it appears, is a woman who is more than comfortable being the pursuer.

Lewinsky is oddly emblematic of a cultural shift that has taken place in recent years. As it happens, Washington has its own versions of Alanis Morissette and Courtney Love, women who've incorporated sex into their professional personae.

As with most anything Bill Bennett would disapprove of, it all started with Bill Clinton. The Clintonites arrived fresh from Harvard and Yale and stints at McKinsey, and swept out Bush's less worldly staff. In honor of Clinton, MTV threw its first-ever inaugural ball. Soul Asylum and the B-52s played, and Tabitha Soren introduced the first couple. Doug Coupland was there, handing out homemade T-shirts that read INFRASTRUCTURE IS SEXY.

The standard-bearers of the Clinton youth brigade were mostly male. The era of the policy babes in Washington didn't really kick in until the 1994 Republican Revolution, from which sprang part-time TV pundits likes Laura Ingraham, a former editor of the Dartmouth *Review* who famously posed on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* wearing a leopard-print miniskirt; the pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, who boasted to *Harper's Bazaar* that her "broad mind and small waist have not switched places"; and April Lassiter, a former congressional-staff member whose primary public cause seems to be promoting herself. Lassiter runs a libertarian nonprofit group, founded a moving salon for conservative women called No Left Turn, and sings and plays guitar in a bar band. One lyric goes like this: "I have no patience for your wink-and-nod politicization. I have no interest in your femi-Nazi actualization." In addition, she has vowed to someday abolish the U.S. Department of Education.

The age of the **Donna Rice-style party girl** is evolving into a world where women are political and sexual equals.

For the most part, these women are self-conscious, somewhat bawdy reactionaries. The *Weekly Standard*, playing on the set's weakness for stylistic cliché, characterized them as "a new class of Washington-bred cigar-and-martini bimbos." These women—and their Democratic counterparts—have brought sex to the table in a much more direct and open way. The age of the Donna Rice–style party girl is evolving into a world where women are equals both politically and sexually. Not so long ago, *Washingtonian* magazine took a tongue-in-cheek tone when it ran stories headlined BIG NAME HUNTING: IN THE SOCIAL WILDS OF WASHINGTON, IT'S THE WOMEN WHO BAG THE TROPHIES and HOW TO DATE A CONGRESSMAN. The former discussed, with awe, derision, and jealousy, women like the lobbyist Victoria Reggie, who just after her divorce in 1989 declared her intention to date a senator. She first set her sights on Georgia's Wyche Fowler, getting invited to a party where he would be and then going on a date with him; next was Ted Kennedy, whom she later married. In the other story, the joke was that a young female reporter had the nerve to actually phone all seven of the single men in the House and invite them out to dinner (six even accepted; only Patrick Kennedy turned her down).

The romances of the new breed of GOP women, however, can be seen as strategic alliances, increasing their name recognition and broadening their base of support. Kellyanne Fitzpatrick has been romantically linked to Senator Fred Thompson. April Lassiter even crossed party lines to go on a date with George Stephanopoulos. And the frontman of her band, Joe, is Joe Scarborough, a congressman from Florida.

SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLY LIBERTINE SEX scandals of the past couple of years have involved the most moralistic congressmen. Jim Bunn, an Oregon Republican, was elected to the House in 1994 as a "deeply rooted family man." He made a great issue of the fact that he and his wife had five children. By 1996, they divorced amid rumors that he was dating his chief of staff. Later that year, he eloped with her—and gave her a raise.

So worried was Republican Jon Christensen, a born-again from Omaha, of the damage his impending separation might do to his political career, that he made it very public it was his wife who had brought on the divorce. He proffered an affidavit from her in which she admitted to cheating on him. (It was reported, in the right-wing Washington *Times* of all places, that Christensen and his wife, who is from a very rich family in Texas, had struck a bargain in which she would take the blame and he'd make no play for her money.) Meanwhile, Christensen threatened to reveal who his wife's two affairs had been with; it's been widely speculated that both were congressmen. In the past year, the 34-year-old Christensen has gotten engaged again—to a 24-year-old former Miss America. Then he took to the airwaves in Nebraska to let it be known that his fiancée is a virgin and plans to remain one until they are married.

An unwillingness to see more attention paid to his own reported adultery may be partly responsible for Newt Gingrich's virtual silence about Clinton's mess so far. "I've been wondering where he is the past week," said the former congressman Peter Hoagland. "Their poor track records on this count may be what's kept the rock throwers quiet," another Democratic congressman said.

But not Representative Bob Barr. Although he was once caught licking whipped cream

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THE FREQUENT LIARS CLUB

Capitol Hill is the home of the whoppers. And we're eating them up.

BY LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

THERE IS SO MUCH LYING IN WASHINGTON that its residents had to invent a new word for it to feel better about themselves: *spinning*. None of the town's most prominent spinners—Mike McCurry, James Carville, Paul Begala, the ones who are begging you to believe the president's version of *l'affaire Lewinsky,* a story he still hasn't told even them—have been there long enough to remember when what they do was called lying.

Spinning seems like a word sent by God to Washington, because this thing that at first merely looks like an embarrassingly transparent semantic device actually carries the miraculous power to instantly and permanently absolve guilt. Spinning does not feel like lying before, during, or after the fact.

People in Washington take as dim a view of lying as everyone else; they just don't think they lie. I learned this the way newcomers to any culture learn their most unforgettable lessons—the hard way. In my first year working in the Senate, I was arguing with the majority leader's chief of staff and pushed her to the point of saying, "Are you questioning my integrity?" Thinking that the whole country questioning the integrity of everyone in Washington every day made this a small thing to admit to, I said, "Of course I am." She never spoke to me again.

I eventually learned to lie as well as everyone else, but I worked for the worst spinner in Washington, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who, as chairman of the most powerful Senate committee back when Democrats ruled the world, was offered more network spinning opportunities in a week than most senators have in a year. I was the one who would get the anguished phone calls from the White House every other Sunday after Moynihan told the *Meet the Press* audience that the numbers did not seem to add up in the president's health-care plan or that the time had come to appoint a special prosecutor to look into the Whitewater mess. I faced the same question every time: "Why would he say that?"

"Because that's what he thinks."

"But why would he say that?"

"Because that's what he thinks."

"But why would he say it?"

My one-line explanation, complete with the ring of apology I tried to give it, could not make sense to a White House staff that never wants the president or vice-president to be so old-fashioned and unprofessional as to say something into a microphone simply because that's what he thinks. They admire nothing more in a politician than the ability to stay on message, even if that means never saying what he thinks.

From its humble beginnings as a method of lying only to the press and the public, spinning has, as government programs inevitably do, expanded its jurisdiction. It now covers virtually all communication by politicians, including private conversations. I have watched the president spin senators in the Oval Office and senators spin senators in the cloakroom. One of the reasons it takes so long to legislate anything is that senators, congressmen, and the president have to spend so much time trying to figure out each other's spin. When the failure to negotiate a budget shuts down the government completely, as it has under the Bush and Clinton administrations for a weekend here and a weekend there, it is because a president of one party and a Congress of the other have spun each other into paralysis.

Telling anyone, including their staffs, what they really think has become the ultimate act of trust for politicians, the ultimate intimacy. Bill Clinton's voice on the Gennifer Flowers tapes startled all of us in the life, not because they discussed oral sex or because he was trying to get her to deny they'd ever had sex but because Clinton actually told Flowers what he really thought of Mario Cuomo.

According to leaks of Clinton's Paula Jones–deposition testimony, the president has finally admitted to having an affair with Flowers, something that Carville and Begala begged you not to believe when she played her tapes to a packed New York news conference and sold her story to a tabloid in 1992.

When the White House offered Carville and Begala to the Sunday-morning shows to insist that everything on the Monica Lewinsky tapes is untrue, in a sane world, a world of standards, the bookers might have demurred, insisting on someone who had not already lied to their audiences about this sort of thing. Not in Washington. The bookers do not think Carville and Begala ever lie; they just spin. And all of the bookers, producers, and hosts of those shows believe that letting spinners spin on national television is a public service.

The president's official spokesman is always the busiest spinner in Washington. Mike McCurry, the third person to hold that job in the Clinton White House, is more popular with the press than his predecessors because his spinning is less intelligence-insulting than Dee Dee Myers's was, and more often than not he seems to actually try to help reporters. Outside the briefing room, McCurry is an easy guy to like, and many of the White House press corps first met him outside of that room.

That was in 1992, in New Hampshire, when he was out to

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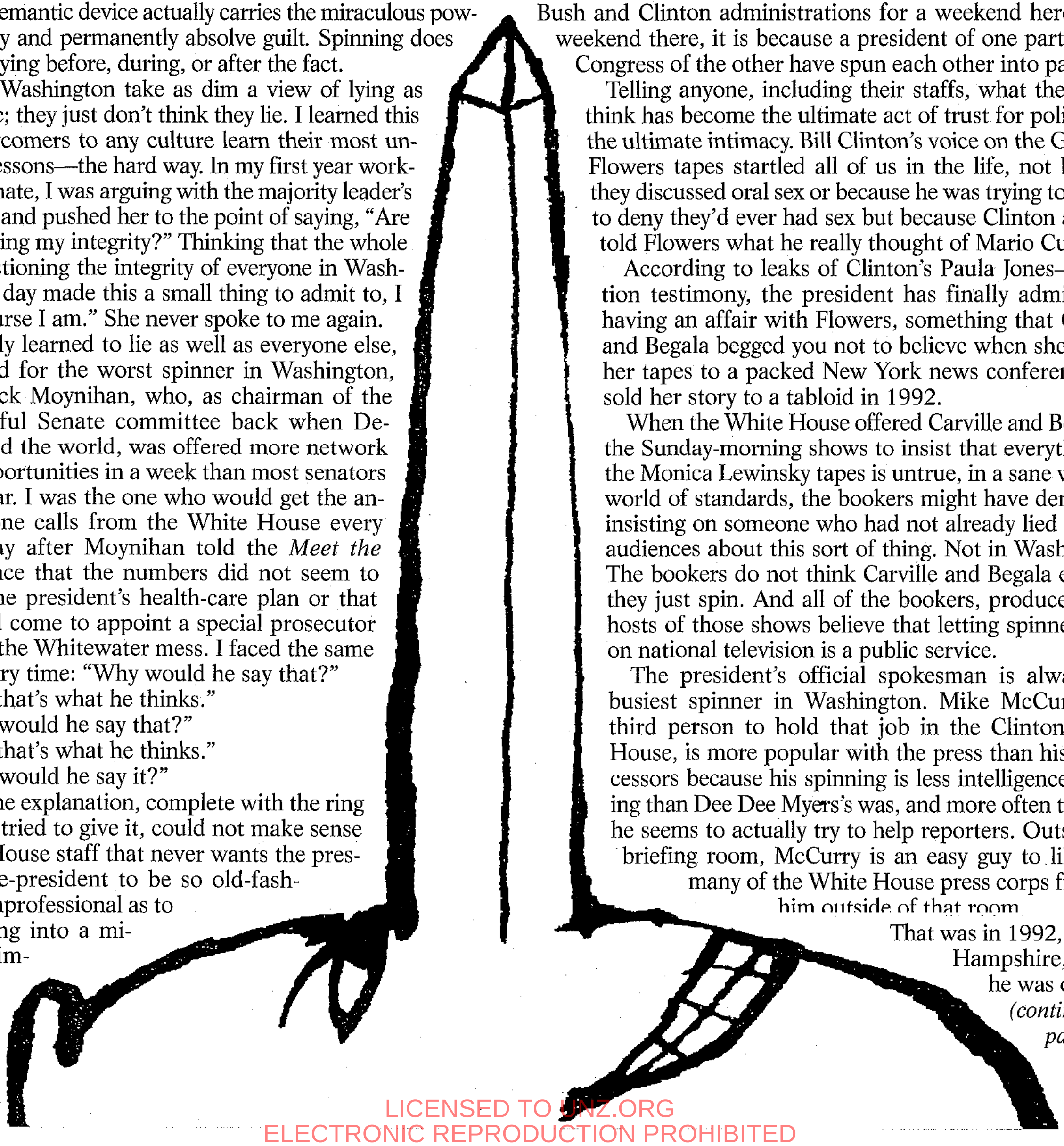
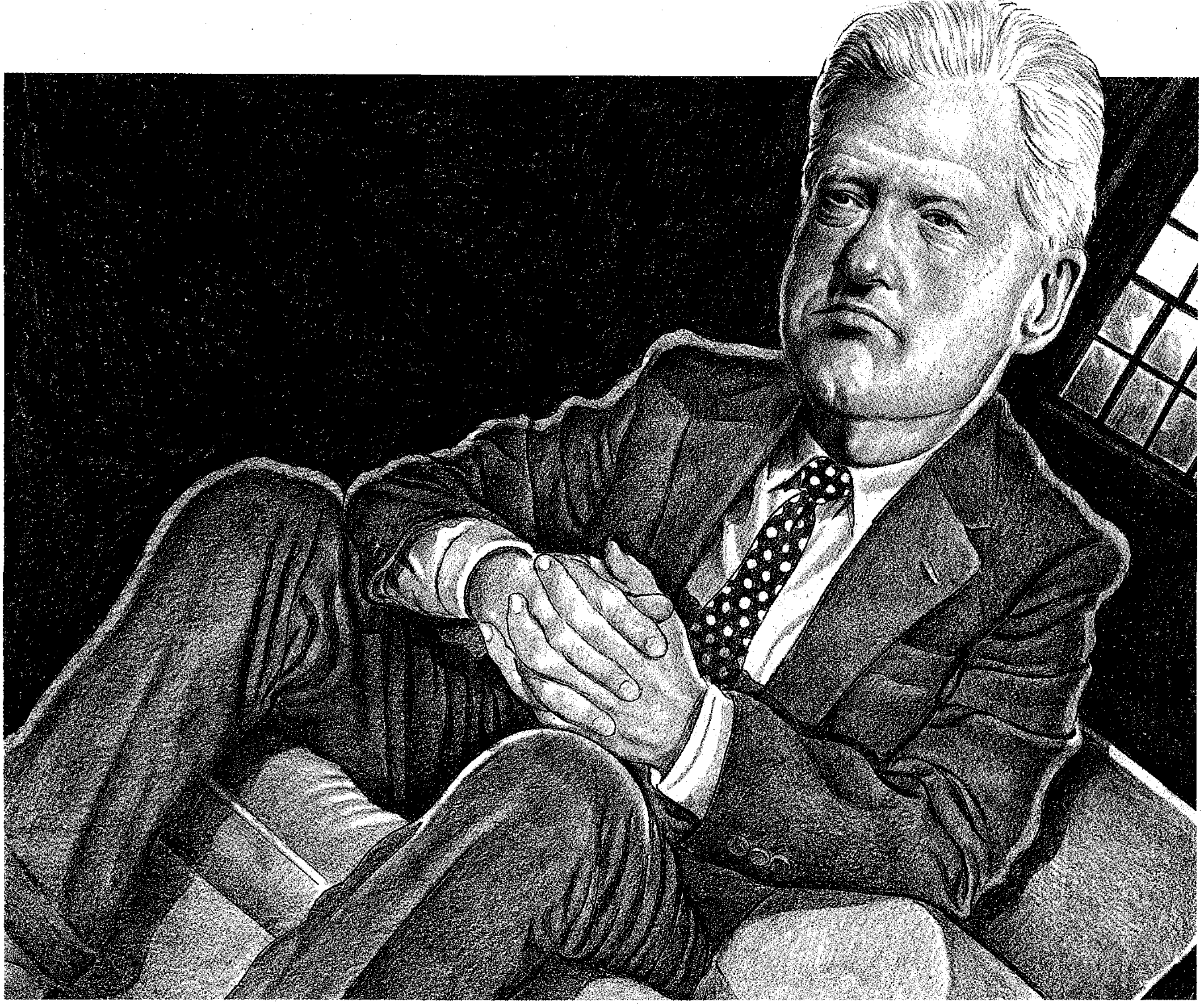


Illustration by Scott Menchin.



Look beyond the Oval Office for the real hanky-panky in this affair.

SPECIAL PERSECUTOR

Kenneth Starr's $30 million game of 'Gotcha!'

BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

OKAY, IT SEEMS PRETTY hard to believe *something* didn't happen between Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. The trinkets and the twenty hours of tapes and the frankly sexual leer she shoots him in that video clip suggest something that's closer to Nabokov than to Norman Rockwell.

So we could have big trouble here. But it's not trouble of Clinton's making. Oral sex with an intern may be distasteful and reckless, but if you're on the prowl for high-octane distastefulness and recklessness, you have to look in other directions. However this sordid business turns out, we'll look back on this episode ten years from now in abject shame.

If indeed Clinton had this affair and lied and obstructed justice to cover it up, there exist swift and certain means to punish him. But the same can't be said of his accusers. If either Lewinsky or Linda Tripp is lying, well, she'll be humiliated, but no one's likely to prosecute a terrified young woman or a pathetically bitter middle-aged one. If the media have gone insanely over the top, and we have, we may pay a price in terms of prestige and credibility—assuming that account isn't drained already—but we'll face no hard consequences: What, is Clinton going to sue the Dallas *Morning News* for that retracted report about the Secret Service–agent eyewitnesses? And most piquant of all, if Kenneth Starr did bend the law or rules of ethics in his manic sheet-sniffing expedition, what mechanism exists to reprimand him? For all of these players, the threat of serious legal consequences is so small as to be nugatory—particularly for Starr. When two sides are fighting but only one is in dire risk of losing everything, it's not a fair fight.

SOMETIME EARLY LAST WEEK, I BEGAN wondering: Clinton is accused of obstructing justice by persuading Lewinsky

Illustration by Drew Friedman.

to lie. But about what? About an activity that, though perhaps technically illegal, is something no one's been prosecuted for since Cotton Mather. He stands accused, in other words, of obstructing justice in a case in which the underlying conduct, as the lawyers say, is de facto legal. But if the act was in essence legal, then, um, why was it being investigated in the first place?

"Even a legal act that is less salacious, that is in fact quite ordinary, can become the basis of an obstruction-of-justice charge if there's an effort to keep it from the legal system," says Stephen Gillers, professor of legal ethics at New York University. But, Gillers points out, Starr did not make this case himself. He just lucked out in a major way, because at the same time that his criminal investigation was turning up huge zeroes, there was a civil action going on called *Jones* v. *Clinton*.

If Clinton had settled the Paula Jones case, Starr would still be yodeling up the canyons along the Whitewater River. But the president didn't, and Starr was able to take statements from Clinton's civil deposition and put them to criminal use. How he came to know about those statements has been the subject of intense speculation. But far less talk has centered on just how strange and rare this is. "We almost never use the criminal law to punish civil-court perjury," Gillers says. "You can probably count on one hand the number of times it's happened in New York in the last 25 years."

The civil and criminal systems are two completely different animals. Civil burdens of proof are far lower, as O. J. Simpson knows well, and civil judges are hesitant to recommend criminal perjury charges. That's up to prosecutors, who, except in extreme cases—say, where a large class of consumers or shareholders is injured—won't bother, partly because prosecutors have limited calendars and budgets. Such constraints, of course, don't apply to Ken Starr.

So: A prosecutor not bound by the normal constraints, pursuing a case that has the potential to do huge damage to the republic, now hangs that case on a legal maneuver that's almost never employed.

AS LAST WEEK WORE ON, questions arose about Starr's ethics. What was his pipeline to the Jones defense team? Where were all these leaks coming from? How could he get away with wiring Linda Tripp two days before he got the authorization from Janet Reno to expand his probe? Why send six agents swooping down on Lewinsky at that hotel, as if the poor woman were John Dillinger?

This last act, says New York criminal lawyer Gerald Lefcourt, may yet raise serious ethics issues. It's a violation of ethics law for an attorney to contact a person whom he knows to have counsel on a legal matter without telling that counsel—otherwise, lawyers could make surreptitious and coercive end runs around one another all day. When Starr's people interviewed Lewinsky, did they contact Frank Carter, her lawyer before William Ginsburg? (Ginsburg has repeatedly insisted that Lewinsky endured that interview without benefit of counsel.)

"It's a potential problem for Starr in two ways," Lefcourt says. "One, it opens him up to penalty. Two, Lewinsky can say that whatever she talked about that day can be suppressed."

The ice is thinning under Starr's feet **by the hour.** Americans increasingly see him as being out to get Clinton.

The Department of Justice—and the special prosecutor is, strictly speaking, a Justice Department lawyer—has spent years and millions of dollars arguing that this ethical canon shouldn't apply to its lawyers: *We're federal prosecutors,* Justice lawyers have argued, *and we're doing more important work than tracking down hubcap thieves.* Fortunately, they've been hooted out of court every time, most recently in New Mexico and, just two weeks ago, in Missouri.

This story will ride along on alternately anti- and pro-Clinton waves. Even so, the ice is thinning under Starr's feet by the hour. Americans increasingly see Starr as being out to get Clinton, which, if true, would be a stunning violation of his public trust. More and more people have said that they don't particularly care if Clinton and Lewinsky did the hanky-panky, and they're not surprised that a person accused of adultery would lie about it (suborning perjury is, admittedly, another matter). Starr's only hope of saving face will be to flip Lewinsky. The standard way of doing that is to threaten to make the target's life very, very messy. And that means investigating her back to her diapers. So it's not only Clinton who might end up on the wrong end of Starr's shotgun.

And what happens if it's all one big misfire? He'll issue his report, and he'll go back to defending big tobacco. For a time, his reputation will be damaged, but the inevitable $3 million book deal (agented by Lucianne Goldberg? Published by Regnery?) just may massage that wound. He might be investigated, but even if he is, chances are remote that anything will happen to him. "Do victims of his abuse have remedy?" asks David Rudenstine, professor of constitutional law at Cardozo Law School. "It's not inconceivable, but it would be really pretty tough. Remedies against prosecutors for abuse of power are almost naught."

Starr could not exist, of course, without a leak-hungry press, which by now has turned all logic on its head. Correct me if I'm wrong, but voters seem to have said a thousand times that they don't care whom Bill Clinton sleeps with. Yet the guardians of the public persist in presenting people with "news" in which they have at best limited interest.

I use the quotation marks to convey irony in two senses. Most obviously, the news value of another Clinton woman is minimal, to say the least. And second, much of what is published as fact simply isn't. There's the Dallas *Morning News* thing. There's the Internet Winchell manqué writing flimsily that Clinton gave Lewinsky a dress; ABC picks it up; the next day, the *Post* and the *Daily News* banner it; and now, needless to say, it's looking as though there was no dress. No doubt there have been dozens more such "facts," broadcast over and over by cable stations desperate to fill their empty and endless airtime. *Newsweek*'s Michael Isikoff, who must be proud to tell his children that Daddy peeks into bedrooms for a living, has been on the tube more than Jerry and Kramer.

As a public figure, Clinton can't sue anybody. But someday, someone will cross the line of reckless disregard, and a politician will sue. He or she just might win, constraints on libel law might be softened, and it's getting harder and harder to argue that that won't be exactly what we deserve. In the meantime, ever smaller numbers will bother to read about and watch these puerile persecutions.

Kings are infallible. We cashiered kings and decided to elect citizens. And no citizen should be put through this. ▬

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care PACKAGE

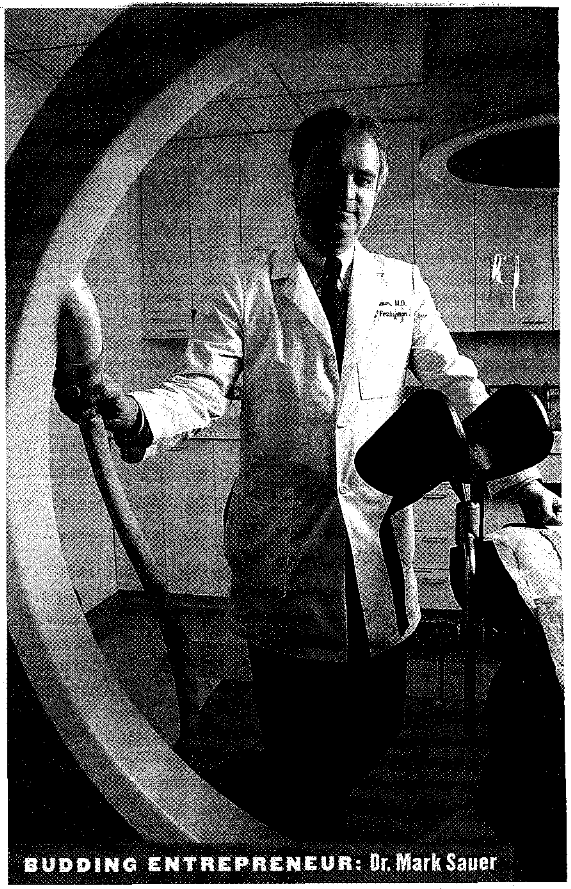
In New York, mind-bending science meets up with savvy marketing at hospitals competing for women's business. A guide to the city's newest approaches to fertility, cancer, plastic surgery, and herbal medicine.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTINE LARSEN

Fertility

The Bargain Baby-maker

He helped bring the world the 63-year-old pregnant woman. Now he wants to bring low-cost fertility treatment to New York—a plan that's almost as controversial. BY LESLIE LAURENCE



BUDDING ENTREPRENEUR: Dr. Mark Sauer

IT WAS ONLY AFTER HER FOURTH ATTEMPT at in vitro fertilization that Linda S., a 36-year-old Manhattan lawyer, finally delivered a healthy baby. By then, she and her husband, a trader on Wall Street, had spent about $50,000 on infertility treatments. "We've sacrificed," says the wife, who also left her job to focus on the regimen required for treatment. "We live in a one-bedroom rental, and our son sleeps in the dining area. I wonder if we'll ever have the money to buy a house. There are so many of us who are desperate for the opportunity to have a baby; we're spending whatever they ask."

For New York's conceptionally challenged, a few rounds of reproductive roulette—at $13,000 or more per try—can be an expensive gamble indeed. Like all but thirteen states, New York doesn't mandate health-insurance coverage for IVF, and only about a third of HMOs and traditional insurers in the Northeast pick up some or all of the tab. Even once-generous insurers such as Aetna U.S. Healthcare have in the past few months announced plans to drop IVF coverage from their basic benefits package.

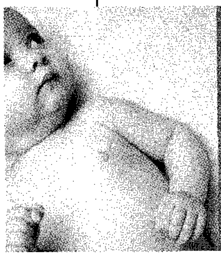
It seemed clear to Mark Sauer, the new head of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center's division of reproductive endocrinology, that it was only a matter of time before someone started providing high-tech baby-making at discount rates. A respected if somewhat renegade 43-year-old researcher from Southern California—the 63-year-old pregnant woman who made headlines was initially a patient of his—Sauer was only too happy to take on the challenge. "It's going to shake things up," he predicts, his boyish face erupting into a mischievous grin. "New York really needs it."

It's the way he plans to shake things up that concerns his competitors. Sauer has affiliated his university-based infertility program with a for-profit commercial enterprise. His partner, GynCor, Inc., is a so-called physician-practice-management company that already owns or operates 26 other infertility clinics, known as the Centers for Human Reproduction, in California, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, New Jersey, and Virginia.

GynCor manages the business. Its employees run the office, handle patient accounts, order supplies and equipment, pay bills, and seek out managed-care contracts—in theory, freeing up more of the doctors' time for patient care. GynCor also coughed up $1.5 million for the construction of Columbia's swank interiors on Madison Avenue and 59th Street. In return for this lavish investment, Columbia's Madison Avenue practice, known as the Medical Offices for Human Reproduction, shares a portion of its revenues with GynCor.

Now Columbia, which performed only 250 IVF cycles last year—compared with New York Hospital's 1,200 or so—hopes to quadruple its business this year by slashing prices for first-time patients.

The standard IVF cycle at the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center or New York University Medical Center runs in the neighborhood of $13,000, including medication, blood work, ultrasound monitoring, egg retrieval, embryo preparation and transfer (to the uterus) cryopreservation (egg freezing), one year's storage of frozen eggs, semen preparation, and hospital and anesthesia fees.



"They won't be able to measure up," says Rosenwaks, a competitor at New York–Cornell. But Sauer says there's "fat to be trimmed" from fertility care.

In contrast, Columbia charges new patients a first-time IVF fee of $4,500. Medications, cryopreservation, and one year's egg storage bring the total to $8,600, some $4,000 less than the competition. Assisted hatching and ICSI (in which a single sperm is injected into the woman's egg), if necessary, add another $1,600 each. Subsequent cycles are priced at about $12,600 (an $8,500 IVF fee, plus $3,000 for medications and $1,100 for cryopreservation and egg storage). If couples are strapped for cash, GynCor helps them get a loan for up to $15,000 in services on a two-year installment plan.

But some physicians privately wonder whether Sauer has lowered his medical moral standards—and his success rates—for a quick buck. "They won't be able to measure up," says Dr. Zev Rosenwaks, director of the Center for Reproductive Medicine and Infertility at the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center. "The reason why it's cheaper: The care's not equal. It cannot be equal."

Not so, says Sauer. "In this field, there's too much fat. Anybody who says we need three quarters of the tests we normally order knows better."

Columbia's affiliation with GynCor may have jabbed New York's infertility community with the sting of a Pergonal shot, but it's hardly an unprecedented move in today's health-care market, where practices regularly form partnerships to negotiate volume discounts. GynCor's buying power, for instance, has enabled it to reduce the price it pays for catheters by more than 25 percent over the past two years. Apply these savings to the scores of other medical supplies they buy in bulk, and it starts to add up.

AT FIRST GLANCE, SAUER AND Norbert Gleicher, CEO and chairman of GynCor, appear to be strange lab-fellows. Dressed casually, his hair perpetually tousled, Sauer looks like the friendly country doctor he imagined he'd become when he left for college. Gleicher, with his closely cropped hair and trademark three-piece suit, looks every bit the businessman. Sauer is soft-spoken and straightforward. Gleicher, who has an explosive temper—he says it's mellowed with age—is both revered and disliked. “He's a brilliant man,” says a former high-level employee. “He's not a nice person.”

But if the doctors' personal styles diverge, they both embody the cowboy culture that has invaded medicine. In 1986, as an assistant professor in the department of obstetrics and gynecology at UCLA, Sauer became one of the first reproductive endocrinologists in the country to perform IVF with donated eggs. Unlike many of his peers, he wasn't afraid to push the age envelope—eventually transferring embryos made with donor eggs to women in their sixties. More recently, Sauer has started a small, controversial clinical trial in which he performs IVF on healthy women with HIV-positive male partners, working off his theory that the virus may well be transmitted via the plasma in semen, not the sperm itself.

The Polish-born Gleicher, meanwhile, began his career researching ways to make medicine more cost-effective. In Chicago in the mid-eighties, he developed a protocol that reduced his hospital's cesarean-section rate. Next, he turned his attention to infertility. With cost containment the nation's new medical mantra, he was convinced that clinics would have to band together and lower the cost of doing business to survive.

GynCor attracted managed-care companies by convincing them that it was in their best interests to cover infertility treatments. “The smarter insurance carriers understand that even where there's no official infertility coverage, they spend a ton of money on fertility services,” explains Gleicher. “You can say you're doing tubal surgery [to treat advanced tubal disease], or a laparoscopy for endometriosis, but everyone understands you're really doing it for infertility. In effect, insurers are subsidizing highly inefficient care. The patient may have surgery simply because it's covered but not have a more effective treatment, such as IVF, because it's not covered.”

This strategy proved remarkably successful in Chicago, where GynCor swallowed up five major infertility practices. “Physicians were initially skeptical and resistant, but many competitors came to the conclusion that it was smarter to join us than fight us,” Gleicher says. Since Illinois law requires most companies to cover infertility services, several large insurers decided that contracting exclusively with GynCor's Center for Human Reproduction (CHR) could indeed save them money.

In a cost-cutting strategy, doctors perform many surgeries, including egg retrievals and embryo transfers, in the office rather than in the hospital. At most larger CHR centers, about 20 percent of revenue comes from IVF, versus about one third at New York University. The remainder of CHR's revenue comes from ovulation induction, the use of medications to stimulate the ovaries to release multiple eggs.

PREGNANT PAUSE: Marisa Fyodorov.

At Columbia, Sauer says, he's trying to further streamline care by reducing the number of pricey blood tests performed during IVF cycles. In a typical IVF procedure at the nation's top academic centers, a woman has her blood taken seven to ten times during the month to measure levels of such hormones as estradiol and follicle-stimulating hormone, which tell doctors when to harvest eggs. At Columbia, in contrast, the average woman gets three to four blood tests in a cycle. Sauer argues, “There is no objective evidence that you need these tests, you need them daily, and you need all of them in the conglomerate.”

“You can see the patient on day three and go back and see her again on day nine or ten,” agrees Cornell's Zev Rosenwaks. “For 90 percent of the patients, you get away with it in the sense that they'll do fine. But what about the 5 or 10 percent that might have a problem because you overstimulated them? [This can lead to an extremely rare but potentially dangerous fluid imbalance causing the liver, kidneys, and heart to fail.] I don't think that's right. I would rather do 100 times the work on 100 people to avoid complications.”

Rosenwaks and other reproductive endocrinologists also question whether practices dependent on managed care can deliver top-notch services. But physicians associated with GynCor say that while doctors have to account for their spending, no one from the business side tells them how to practice medicine. “This is something GynCor is very firm about,” says Dr. Vishvanath Karande of CHR-Chicago. “If I have a patient I think needs in vitro fertilization, I don't have to justify it to GynCor.”

But Sauer admits he's had some “heated discussions” with Gleicher about GynCor's fairly prescriptive management style. “I tend to spend a lot of time in my initial consults, up to an hour and a half,” he says. “As a result, there's a two-to-three-month wait to see me. Norbert's told me he'd like to see my wait time down to two weeks.” Sauer says the only way to do that is to cut his consults down to 45 minutes.

If Chicago is any example, he may end up spending even less time with patients. “In the egg-donor program, I only saw my doctor at the beginning and for the embryo transfer,” says a nonetheless satisfied 47-year-old CHR patient who is pregnant with triplets. “The nurse was the person who called me every day to talk to me about my medication. She kept me on top of how things were going with the donor and told me when to make my next appointment.”

Last year, after receiving complaints that patients' calls weren't being returned, Gleicher implemented a new phone system that embodies the new wave in health care: Now patients call specially designated voice-mail boxes where instructions are left for them on how much medication to take that night. The plan is innovative and efficient—but not exactly the human touch that couples undergoing the emotional roller coaster of fertility treatments might crave.

So far, these complaints don't appear to apply to Columbia. A 27-year-old trader whose wife is about to give birth to triplets says the couple likes Columbia precisely because of the attentive care. Their doctor, Steve Lindheim, is “compassionate and understanding,” says the husband.”

Perhaps even more important to Columbia patients is whether the program will deliver babies at rates equal or superior to its competitors'. Gleicher says it will: “Data from our Chicago affiliates, with large numbers of transfers similar to Cornell's, suggests you can get rates very comparable to theirs without doing big workups.”

But a look at the latest published success rates, for assisted reproductive technologies performed in 1995, shows a 17.6 percent live-birth rate per transfer for women under age 35 at CHR-Chicago,

Photograph by Nick Cardillicchio.

versus a national average of 30.6 percent, according to a report by the Centers for Disease Control. Cornell, New York University, and Saint Barnabas, meanwhile, had rates of 54.2 percent, 49.0 percent, and 59.5 percent, respectively.

Sauer's record is less clear. Asked whether it's fair to say that his rates have traditionally been lower than his competitors', he responds, "Yes, it's fair, but complete the sentence: Who does Mark treat? I just saw a 47-year-old woman who wanted to do IVF with her own eggs. Even though there's a less than one percent chance that it would work, she really wanted to do this. I treat the poor responders the other programs turn away. That's the reason our rates are what they are."

Dr. Richard Scott, director of assisted reproduction at Saint Barnabas Medical Center, responds: "When rates are so much lower, what can you say? 'My patients are more difficult?' Programs that that get paid *x* dollars per patient because of managed care and run on volume will cycle everybody. I have very strong ethical concerns about that. If you know a patient's chance of conceiving is extremely low, it's not fair to the patient. It holds out false hope."

A look at egg-donation rates may give a clearer picture of Columbia's capabilities, because its donors are healthy young women with, presumably, good-quality eggs. According to Sauer, Columbia patients who conceived with donor eggs in 1997 have about a 42 percent pregnancy and delivery rate, not far from NYU's 48 percent rate.

"There are a lot of reasons to choose an IVF program, such as cost and how they treat you," Sauer says, a bit testily. "You're still a person. There shouldn't be a dismissal of you if you don't meet strict criteria. I'm not going to be beholden to the holy rate."

Some of his patients agree. "Before I tried IVF, people suggested I look into Cornell because it had higher success rates. I decided, because of my young age and the fact that I'd had a good experience at Columbia so far, that I didn't want to make a change based just on success rates," says 27-year-old Marisa Fyodorov, whose first attempt at IVF was a success. "I felt confident with my doctor's experience."

It's just the response that Sauer hopes to hear. "We are looking to be a major player in New York City," he says. "We're here to play hardball." ■

Research

Exploring the Alternatives

WHEN FREDI KRONENBERG started her alternative-health-research program at Columbia University medical school, she got skeptical looks from some of her more buttoned-up colleagues. Phone calls streamed in to the dean's office. "There were dozens of them," Kronenberg recalls, "and mostly they were from alumni saying: 'What's going on with my alma mater?' "

"The alternative-medicine debate should be taking place in universities, not health food stores," says Kronenberg. "I want people to critique it like anything else."

But after five years with the Richard and Hinda Rosenthal Center for Complementary and Alternative Medicine, Kronenberg has made serious inroads for alternative therapy, introducing doctors to Tibetan medicine and traditional Chinese herbal remedies as viable medical alternatives.

Colleagues credit Kronenberg, who regularly sets up presentations for the faculty on alternative therapies, with making the Columbia physicians more receptive to offbeat approaches. "She's nonthreatening and defuses tensions before they ever happen," says Dr. John Postley, an internist who is on the scientific-review board of the Rosenthal Center. And if her interests in Chinese herbs initially concerned skeptical colleagues, they couldn't argue with her Stanford doctorate in physiology and ethology. Many doctors, in fact, confided to Kronenberg that they were relieved the Rosenthal Center was bringing legitimate research to the field.

"I sent out a survey to the doctors asking about their alternative-medicine interests," she says. "I was amazed: I got 400 back. People were doing research in the back room, but they weren't talking about it. Two people called from the psychiatry department and said they were doing research on alternative therapies but didn't want to put it on paper because their colleagues might find out."

Two years after joining the Rosenthal Center as its first director, Kronenberg won a $1 million, three-year grant to start Columbia's Center for Complementary and Alternative Medicine Research in Women's Health. Funded by the National Institutes of Health's Office of Alternative Medicine, it is the only OAM-funded program devoted to women's research. This fall, the center will have the results of an FDA-approved, double-blind, placebo-controlled study, conducted in New York and Washington, D.C., on the effect of a Chinese herbal formula on hot flashes. Another study under way examines the efficacy of traditional Chinese medicine on bleeding and pain from uterine fibroids.

Despite five years with Columbia's imprimatur, Kronenberg's ideas and studies still fall outside of what some doctors consider respectable science. Dr. Victor Herbert, a member of the National Council Against Health Fraud and a professor of medicine at Mount Sinai, dismisses some of Kronenberg's work as "quackery": "What's the basis for studying these things?" Simply because these treatments haven't been studied exten-

HERB-AN STUDIES: Fredi Kronenberg.

Photograph by Darryl Snaychuk. Makeup by Brian DuPrey for Bradley Curry/LOF.

sively, says Kronenberg, there's a need for more research.

Slowly, however, doctors are becoming educated in the field. Columbia's botanical-medicine course for doctors, directed by Kronenberg, is now waiting-list-only, drawing 200 participants a year. Over four days, physicians learn about herbs for PMS, pregnancy, menopause, and respiratory, immunological, and gastrointestinal problems. Doctors shed their white coats for field trips to the New York Botanical Garden to tour its herbarium and plant-chemical-extraction lab as well as sample herbal teas and Chinese medicines. "I went in with disbelief," says Dr. Avital Fast, chairman of rehabilitative medicine at Montefiore Medical Center and Albert Einstein Hospital. "But now I'm feverishly reading eight books on the subject." He's also begun prescribing some herbs—valerian for insomnia, Saint-John's-wort for mild depression. "I could fill a 500-person auditorium for this class," Kronenberg says matter-of-factly. "We have people begging to get into that class."

The doctors' curiosity no doubt reflects that of the American public, an interest that is only building; in a small pilot survey by Kronenberg, more than 50 percent of women said they use alternative treatments.

Despite her obvious enthusiasm for the cause, Kronenberg emphasizes that she's a researcher, not a full-time advocate for alternative medicine. "I just want people to have an open mind and critique it like everything else," she says. "It's a debate that should be taking place in the universities, not the health-food stores."

Kronenberg's upcoming studies will be on phytoestrogens (estrogen-like compounds derived from plants) and Tibetan medicine and breast cancer. She's also running a study, in conjunction with the New York Botanical Garden, on how traditional Dominican, Chinese, and Puerto Rican healers diagnose and treat women's reproductive problems. But all these studies depend on grants and continued funding (the women's center currently operates on a $200,000 annual budget from NIH). "There are a lot of other studies I'd like to see happen," Kronenberg says. "But research dollars haven't caught up with the public interest in this field." Kronenberg jokes about raising money with a 900 number to answer the flood of requests for information. She might use the extra income for a few amenities: an endowment for her center, a personal assistant, and "enough time to do my meditation and aikido," she says. "We need to start practicing what we preach around here." MAGGIE JONES

BABY FACE: Lorraine Russo with her newborn/Autologen source.

Plastic Surgery

A Childbirth With a Bonus

MAYBE IT'S GOING A LITTLE TOO far to say Lorraine Russo enjoyed childbirth. But she did get something out of it (beyond the newborn): a smoother, younger-looking face. Last month, Russo became the first woman to have collagen extracted from her newborn's umbilical cord and injected into the nasolabial folds between her nose and her mouth. "Most women look pretty haggard after giving birth," Russo says cheerfully. "Not me."

As the office manager for New York plastic surgeon Paul Lorenc, Russo, 36, a self-described "collagen junkie," was already familiar with the technique for producing Autologen, as human collagen is called. When a patient is having any procedure where a considerable amount of excess skin is being removed—for example, a face-lift or an abdominoplasty—the collagen can be extracted from the skin remnants and stored for future use.

"Nobody knew whether collagen could be extracted from an umbilical cord, but I was friends with the rep from Collagenesis [the lab that processes the skin], and I insisted he give it a try," explains Russo. "So he came to the hospital during my delivery"—they were *good* friends—"and picked up the cord." The rep and the cord (stored in a container frozen in a chemical ice pack) hightailed it to Collagenesis's labs in Beverly, Massachusetts. Here tissue was broken down with a buffered solution, then centrifuged. The result: about six syringes of Autologen—slightly more than the yield from the skin removed in an average face-lift. Lorenc and many other plastic surgeons prefer Autologen, which has been available for only about a year, to collagen extracted from cow tissue, because it lasts about twice as long once used.

Since some of Lorenc's patients are already having $2,800 procedures performed solely for the purpose of extracting Autologen, he believes that the use of umbilical cords for Autologen will quickly catch on. But that plan faces stiff competition from a more medically significant application: Researchers have discovered that umbilical cords are a rich source of undifferentiated fetal stem cells; these cells can be removed, frozen, and—if years later the child develops a blood disease like leukemia—reinfused after radiation therapy, potentially with lifesaving results. New York hospitals currently have no protocol for extracting and storing these cells, so umbilical cords are routinely thrown away.

In the meantime, Lorenc believes he's delivering women a valuable new service. "If you have any intention of ever getting collagen injections, why let your umbilical cord go to waste?" he reasons. "I mean, here's human collagen that's free for the taking—no incisions, no sutures, no suffering!" If you don't count that whole labor thing.

JUDITH NEWMAN

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

Outreach

Weaves, Braids, and Health Care

AT THE AGE OF 46, VEDA SHELTON had gone for just one mammogram, and that was eight years ago. Only recently, after watching a video about breast cancer while having her hair done at Nickki's Unisex Hair Boutique in Fort Greene, did Shelton finally make an appointment for a second mammogram.

It wasn't by chance that Shelton saw the video at her local hair salon rather than at a health clinic. Realizing that minority women regularly show up at the beauty parlor—as opposed to their doctors' offices—the Arthur Ashe Institute for Urban Health recently designed an outreach program called Black Pearls to educate women, through Brooklyn salons, about nutrition, breast cancer, STDs, and heart disease. "We all know about health, all right?" says Shelton, a bit defensively. "But it brings it right to your face in beauty salons."

Since its founding in 1996, Black Pearls has branched out into salons in Brooklyn neighborhoods like Flatbush, East Flatbush, and Fort Greene. Women who go in for a weave at Follicles Hair Spa on Fulton Street, for instance, may have their blood pressure taken in the bargain, or learn a more thorough breast self-exam.

To date, 23 salons have cooperated with the program, showing videos about women's health three times a day for three months at a time. Although the project has achieved some of the desired results, it's sometimes met with mixed reviews. "The clientele that I have," says Nicole Grant, owner of Nickki's, "they're not really older women, and so it didn't really affect them as much as it should have." Grant pauses. "Well," she concedes, "the STDs went over pretty good."

Instead of leaving with just a weave, some Brooklyn women are walking out of their beauty salons with information about STDs, breast cancer, and heart disease.

"I'm going to be honest with you," says Frances Davis, owner of Janine's Style Designers in East New York. "I had a lot of fun with this. I just didn't want anyone 18 or under to walk out of there with a condom and say, 'I got this at Janine's Salon.' " TRISH DEITCH ROHRER

DON'T TRY ANYTHING CUTE: An anti-theft device.

Gadgetry

Lockdown at the Nursery

THE FERTILITY CRISIS HASN'T reached such alarming proportions that babies are being looted from their bassinets, but hospitals aren't taking any chances these days. That explains why every infant at New York Hospital will now spend its first few days wearing an anti-theft device around one ankle. The men's-watch-size electronic anklets, which the hospital began using this summer, work the same way that the plastic tags on clothing at department stores do: Someone steals the merchandise (or tries to cut off the tag), an alarm goes off, cameras go on, and the perp gets popped.

Given that the last infant abduction in New York took place eight years ago, at Harlem Hospital, it seems possible the high-tech systems are mostly in place to lock in would-be mothers as patients. "Why wouldn't you want to say, 'Not only is our place friendly—butterflies are flitting and lambs are bleating—but by the way, it's also the safest hospital in the city?' " points out Bernard Shore, the man whose company, Dynaflow, designed the new system at New York Hospital.

In truth, the competition is hot: As of last November, a person carrying an electronically tagged baby through Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital's Allan Pavilion hasn't been able to cross a threshold before pressing a hand against a security device that matches the palm print to one on file in a central computer. If the prints don't match, an alarm sounds. And by this spring, Beth Israel Medical Center will have electronic tags that attach to newborns' umbilical cords.

Because New York Hospital has "a more upper-class clientele," it's not exactly at great risk for these kinds of abductions, says Ben Scaglione, the director of security at the hospital. But according to John Rabun, vice-president of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children in Arlington, Virginia, national data suggest that anyone's at risk (albeit a low one). In a classic infant abduction, the baby-stealer is a female stranger—unarmed, often with children of her own, and with no criminal record. "She has a new boyfriend, new husband," says Rabun. "To cement that relationship, she feels she has to have his baby, and have it right now. So she goes to the lending library, defined as the maternity unit." As recently as December, a now-recovered infant was abducted from a hospital in Passaic, New Jersey.

Some kinks in the system remain—for example, the radio frequencies from nearby Coke machines, breast pumps, or pacemakers can set the alarm off with nurse-irritating frequency. The final word on electronic tagging, though, may come from the merchandise's mothers. Juliann Garey, whose daughter, Emma, was born at New York Hospital in early December, says of the anti-theft device, "I kept finding it in the bottom of the bassinet." Babies lose ten to twenty percent of their body weight in the first few days. Apparently, if no one's guarding them carefully, the watch-like devices slip right off. T.D.R.

Photograph: top, Brian Velenchenko.

Preventing the Second Strike

MEMORIAL SLOAN-KETTERING is already running trials of a melanoma vaccine, and the results are encouraging enough that it will soon be tested on up to 800 patients across the country. (In some limited trials, the melanoma vaccine has already helped patients stay cancer-free 11 percent longer.) Memorial has been testing a breast-cancer vaccine for about a year, and now it is enrolling patients in its first-ever study of an ovarian-cancer vaccine. The vaccine is aimed at preventing second episodes in disease-free women who've been treated for advanced-stage ovarian cancer. If effective, such a vaccine could be a significant boon to patients, given ovarian cancer's high recurrence rate. While only 20 to 30 percent of breast-cancer survivors will relapse, 60 percent or more of all those treated for ovarian cancer will get it again.

The ovarian-cancer-vaccine trial, which is being tested on fewer than twenty women, will start with tests of the so-called LeY-KLH vaccine. LeY-KLH works by stimulating creation of antibodies to the Lewis Y antigen (a type of protein that covers ovarian cancer cells' surfaces). "When the antigen is attacked, we hope the cancer cell stops growing," says Memorial's Dr. John Curtin, the gynecological oncologist leading the study. "This way, the body's own immune-system response blocks regrowth of ovarian cancer." In coming months, Memorial researchers will test several vaccines, each targeted at a different ovarian-cancer-cell antigen. "The idea is to combine them into one, stronger vaccine," Curtin says.

It's not clear whether the individual antigen vaccines can actually lessen the chance of cancer recurrence: "We tell patients we hope it will help," Curtin says. "That's a best-case scenario and it could happen. But at this stage, what we want to see is whether they develop an immune response." He's optimistic, though, about the stronger "multi-vaccine," which he expects will go into trials within the year. NANCY WARTIK

Less Invasive Ovarian Surgery

CONFIRMING AN OVARIAN-CANCER diagnosis invariably involves surgery. Doctors need to take a biopsy; if they find a malignancy, they'll search for and remove other cancerous tissues right away. Typically, such surgeries are done by opening up the abdomen for a full inside view.

Now some New York oncologists are debating the merits of doing ovarian-cancer surgeries—even on more-advanced-stage patients—via the less invasive technique of laparoscopy, in which surgery to remove cancerous tissue is done through a lighted tube inserted into a tiny incision. (Organs, or tissue that won't fit through the tube, are removed vaginally.) Supporters, such as New York University's assistant director of gynecological oncology, Dr. Giuseppe Del Priore, consider the procedure one of the field's most exciting developments. Its chief advantage: After the minimal surgery, patients can recover and start chemotherapy more quickly. "There's no downside," says Dr. Carmel Cohen, director of the division of gynecological oncology at Mount Sinai. "If we find laparoscopy's not appropriate, we just open the belly."

But even Cohen, who is planning a study on the success rate of the procedure, cautions that right now only a few patients are candidates (among other criteria, the tumor can't be a "bulky" one). And other concerned doctors note that changing techniques mid-procedure isn't entirely risk-free, given that the less time a patient spends on the operating table, the better. And Columbia-Presbyterian's Dr. Dan Smith, director of gynecological oncology, warns that laparoscopy has a cliff-steep learning curve. "You have to be very, very skilled and practice it very frequently," he says. "With ovarian cancer, you need to look in all the areas where cancer could have migrated, and that's much harder with laparoscopy, to say the least." At Columbia, doctors reserve laparoscopy for tumors that look benign on ultrasound. "That's the standard of care for women with ovarian cancer right now," Smith says. Memorial Sloan-Kettering is also cautiously performing the procedure on a select few patients, says Dr. John Curtin. "I don't think we can have a closed mind about this," says Curtin. "We want to be able to look back in five years and say, 'We were pushing ourselves in the right direction.' " N.W.

A SMALL STEP FORWARD FOR SCREENING

FIND IT EARLY, AND OVARIAN CANCER IS CURABLE 90 PERCENT OF THE time. But because the disease is notoriously symptom-free, it's not detected in most women until it has reached an advanced stage. Better screening is critical, yet technology in this area lags behind that for many other cancers. To address the problem, at least two city medical centers plan to open research-oriented ovarian-cancer screening programs within the year. Sometime this summer, Mount Sinai intends to launch a program offering genetic counseling to women whose family histories suggest they're at increased ovarian-cancer risk; tumor-marker tests (for high blood levels of a biochemical that may indicate ovarian cancer); transvaginal ultrasound screening (which is being continually refined for this use); and, in certain cases, outpatient laparoscopic procedures (minimally invasive abdominal surgery) for diagnostic purposes. Mount Sinai's Dr. Carmel Cohen, director of the division of gynecological oncology, notes that some logistics have to be worked out before the program can be considered a done deal. Memorial Sloan-Kettering has a similar project in the works as part of a women's health center scheduled to open at the end of 1998.

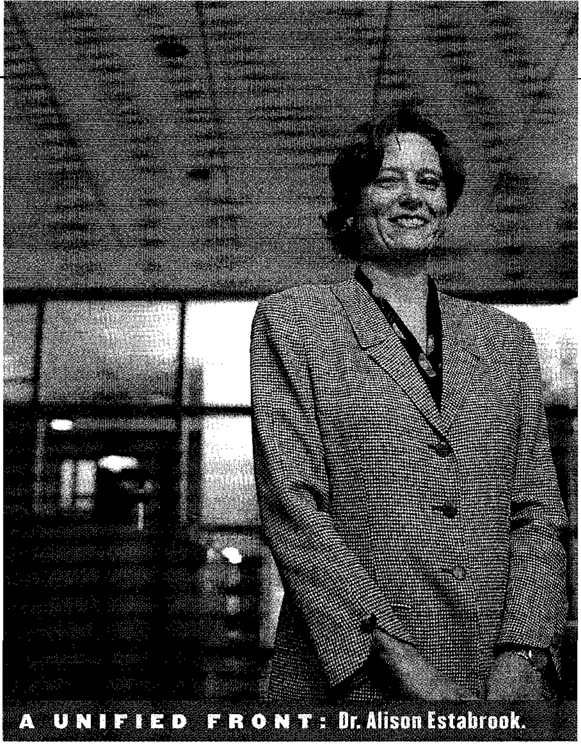
Some experts worry that by calling itself a screening center, the program runs the risk of overselling what it can accomplish. "The tests we've got aren't specific enough yet, and with the blood tests and ultrasound, there's a very high false-positive rate in premenopausal women, especially," laments Montefiore's Dr. Carolyn Runowicz, director of the gynecological-oncology division. "What's more, a woman who learns her ovarian-cancer risk is higher than average has few options besides ovary removal," Runowicz points out; even then, cancer can still develop at the ovary site.

But Cohen is undaunted. "Everyone says there's no value in screening right now, but in fact, everyone screens," he insists. "This is a crucial area to put effort into." And Runowicz herself agrees that programs like those planned at Sinai and Memorial will ultimately contribute to the development of better detection techniques. "I support that type of research," she says, "as long as women who go to the program know exactly what they're getting." N.W.

Breast Easy

WHEN HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS at Columbia-Presbyterian balked at surgeon Alison Estabrook's request to open a state-of-the-art breast-cancer center, the award-winning physician and researcher went shopping for the backing of another New York hospital. She'd already spent a decade culling the suggestions of patients and medical specialists at cancer centers throughout the country and wasn't about to drop a project that, as she puts it, "is the future of how all women with breast cancer will be treated."

Eventually finding support from Greater Metropolitan Health Systems, the medical corporation responsible for partnering Beth Israel Medical Center and St. Luke's–Roosevelt, Estabrook set to work, secretly coercing Columbia-Presbyterian colleagues like the noted plastic surgeon Mark Sultan to join her. Estabrook even went so far as to employ a *feng shui* practitioner, who recommended the most soothing color for the waiting room (a mauve-ish beige) and advised her on how to arrange the furnishings for optimum energy (to ensure a "properly aligned" environment for patients, examining tables should never face doorways).



A UNIFIED FRONT: Dr. Alison Estabrook.

After opening to a full waiting room in January, the Comprehensive Breast Center at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital now expects to diagnose some 1,000 new cases of breast cancer each year, making it the second-largest breast service in terms of numbers of patients in New York State, trailing only Memorial Sloan-Kettering. In many ways similar to Sloan-Kettering's already well-respected Evelyn H. Lauder Breast Center, or NYU's comprehensive cancer center, Estabrook's offers a full range of services under one roof. "If you come in for a mammogram and it looks suspicious, we have a full radiology department twenty feet away to read it and give you a full assessment on the spot," she says. "If it looks like a mastectomy is needed for a patient, the plastic surgeon can be standing right there with me to discuss it."

The full range of services available at the center will strike some patients as a triumph of convenience; others will no doubt feel overwhelmed. At the St. Luke's–Roosevelt center, all necessary equipment, specialists, procedures, resources, and support groups are onsite and available. Located at 425 West 59th Street, the center is equipped with genetic counselors as well as a cancer survivor available to help newly diagnosed patients study videotapes, books, and computer guides provided in the resource library. Biopsies can be taken on the spot using computerized techniques, and cell pathologies can be reviewed within hours. As Estabrook explains, "We've compressed into hours what used to take weeks to accomplish, reducing the time a woman has to agonize waiting for results and then planning her life around her disease."

By coupling a state-of-the-art treatment facility with a team approach to patient care, the center intends to encourage women to utilize a broad range of services: genetic testing, psychiatric care, and gynecologic-cancer screening as well as referrals to alternative therapies like Tibetan and Chinese medicine and visualization and yoga relaxation techniques. "If we find a woman extremely anxious about anesthesia who's delaying surgery as a result," says Estabrook, "we can set her up with a massage therapist skilled in dealing with those issues. We want to do whatever it takes to get women diagnosed and treated earlier so they can best survive their disease."

DONNA HAUPT

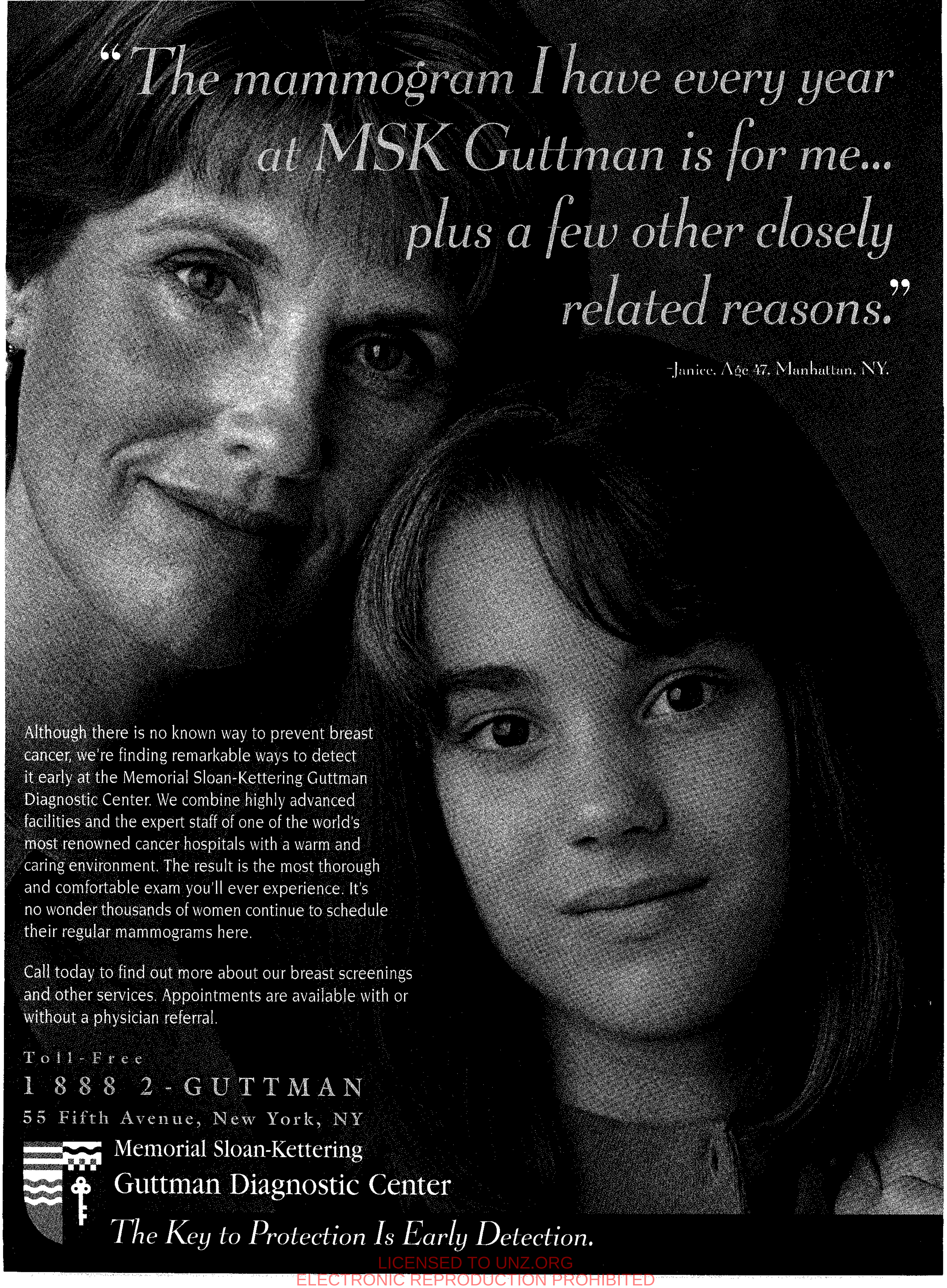
A NEW BIOPSY BYPASSES SURGERY

SHORTLY AFTER BEING DIAGNOSED WITH BREAST CANCER LAST JUNE, SUSAN BRAITMAN FOUND HERself in an operating room with a Geiger-counter-like device clicking quietly half an inch or so from her underarm.

Braitman was undergoing the first step of a promising new treatment called sentinel-node biopsy that soon may spare many women with early breast cancer the pain and complication of additional major surgery. Typically, doctors have moved quickly after diagnosing breast cancer to remove and examine the entire cluster of lymph nodes, the first place where the cancer usually spreads and a good indicator of the extent of the disease. In addition to coping with the trauma of the recent diagnosis, women have had to contend with the swelling, pain, or numbness that frequently attends the removal of a full cluster of nodes. "I consider myself lucky because breast cancer impacted my life as little as it did," says Braitman, who after six cancer-free months has been told by doctors that her node biopsy was accurate and that no further cancer is circulating through her body.

Now, doctors can test one key node and, if it's cancer free, feel confident they need not test the entire node cluster. To do the 45-minute-long procedure, which is offered at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center on an outpatient basis, surgeons inject radioactive material and blue dye around the tumor site. Then, using the radioactivity detector, doctors can actually track the potential pathway of cancer through the breast and into the first lymph node—the so-called "sentinel" node—under the armpit. "We make a tiny incision under the arm, identify this sentinel node by its dark-blue color, and remove it for testing. If it contains no cancer cells, there's at least a 99 percent chance that the rest of the nodes are negative as well," says Dr. Hiram S. Cody III, a breast surgeon at Memorial. Cody cautions that it's a tricky procedure: "You're looking for a node that's the size of a pinkie nail." Still, he and his peers envision it as a standard therapy, along with lumpectomy, for all women with early breast tumors. Since doctors completed a nine-month experimental trial at Memorial last summer, sentinel-node mapping has become a treatment option at several local hospitals, including New York–Cornell Medical Center and Lenox Hill. D.H.

Photograph by Robert Wright.



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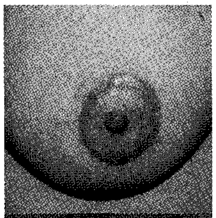
TO BUILD A BETTER BREAST: Jacqueline Goleb.

Surgery Without Scars

TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN 30-YEAR-old Jacqueline Golub learned that a mastectomy was the safest way to stop the spread of cancer in her right breast, doctors at New York–Cornell Medical center offered her a remarkable new surgery called skin-sparing mastectomy. The procedure would not only rid her of disease but make it virtually impossible to tell any operation had been performed. Since then, a formidable cadre of New York surgeons have continued to perfect the technically difficult procedure, making skin-sparing mastectomy the treatment of choice for women for whom lumpectomy simply isn't an option.

In Golub's case, a seemingly harmless fibrous lump was revealed in a biopsy to contain cancerous cells. Since risk of recurrence is greatest in young women, the Roslyn, Long Island, law student was advised by her surgeon, New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center's Dr. Rache Simmons, to have her entire breast removed. "My mother had had a mastectomy—the kind where years ago they just hacked off the breast—so of course I was very nervous," says Golub. "Now when I look at myself, I have to wonder, *How did they do this?* The outcome is that spectacular."



Another patient's reconstructed nipple

During the surgery, explains Dr. David Hildalgo, head of the Plastic and Reconstructive Service at Memorial Sloan-Kettering, diseased tissue is removed through a small incision made around the nipple, leaving all of the breast skin intact. "Then, often by removing a woman's own body fat from the abdomen and easing it under the skin to the chest wall, we're able to reconstruct a new breast that makes it impossible to tell a mastectomy was performed," Hidalgo continues.

Despite its merits, the procedure isn't for every woman, says Dr. Hidalgo; women with multiple or very large tumors may still need to undergo breast removal. But approximately 25 percent of women with early breast cancer are good candidates. One of the chief criteria, he explains, is that the patient have an "adequate tissue-donor site"—in other words, a cache of fat somewhere on her body.

Liz Salvagno, 34, a lawyer in Syracuse, one of the first women to undergo the procedure, says it was in some ways crucial to her emotional recovery. "I can honestly say I look great, I feel sexy, and much of that has to do with the fact that nothing about my breasts has really changed." D.H.

Lesbian Health

Gay Women's Health Oasis

THERE WEREN'T ANY RIBBON-CUTting ceremonies last summer. No flurry of press releases, fanfare, or demonstrations to mark the launch in June. But ever since Gay Women's Focus opened its doors at Beth Israel Hospital, the waiting room at the country's first hospital-based lesbian health practice has been packed. Not only have two new physicians come onboard to field gynecologic and gastrointestinal concerns, but more staff has been hired simply to handle the increasing flood of phone calls for appointments.

In keeping with its open, nonjudg-

Photographs: top, Brian Velenchenko; bottom, courtesy of Dr. Rache Simmons.

mental philosophy, Gay Women's Focus, located on the second floor of the Phillips Ambulatory Care Center at 10 Union Square East, does not limit its practice to women, much less gay ones, says director and internist Dr. H. Joan Waitkevicz: "We accept anyone who walks in the door. Men, women, straight, gay, transgender—we'll treat anyone over the age of 18."

But Waitkevicz, herself a lesbian, thought it was essential that someone clearly identify a space as a safe one for gay women. "A lot of older urban lesbians have been rejected by their families," she explains. "They don't get their share of the inheritance, don't have a financial cushion, don't have a male spouse to support them, and often work jobs that don't offer good health insurance."

Although no single issue weighs on gay women's health the way, say, AIDS does on gay men's, patients at the new center say it serves a practical purpose. Too often, says Marjorie Hill, a patient and activist, doctors assume women are straight and alienate their patients with uncomfortable, one-sided conversations about birth control. "Or if you're 19 and just recently out, some lesbians may be reticent to talk about their sexuality and delay going to a doctor out of fear of being judged," she says.

Many lesbians hide their sexual identity from providers or simply drop out of the health-care system altogether, Waitkevicz points out. If a discomfited patient does not disclose her sexuality, doctors "may not know to look for certain sexually transmitted infections such as intestinal parasites or viruses that can be conveyed through oral sex, or bacterial vaginosis, trichomonas, hepatitis, or HIV, which can be transmitted through vaginal fluids," she says. Lesbians also may face an increased risk for breast cancer, since many have never been pregnant or wait to bear children until they are over 30, both circumstances associated with slightly elevated cancer rates.

Ideally, says Waitkevicz, all doctors would be better attuned to the needs of gay women. "We don't want to be the only health-care practitioners who do it right; we want to educate other doctors and health-care professionals to do the same," she says. To this end, over the next year the Gay Women's Focus plans to offer awareness-training seminars for interns, groups of physicians, and community clinics affiliated with Beth Israel "so they'll have the information they need to conduct an unbiased sexual history," says Waitkevicz, "and provide competent medical advice to lesbians in all areas of concern." DONNA HAUPT

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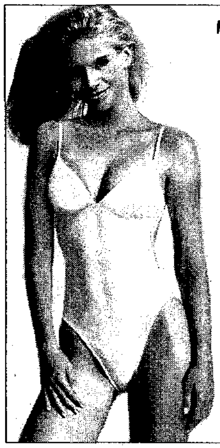

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SAM SHEPARD

He was our rock-and-roll playwright, then a latter-day O'Neill depth-charging the American family. His new play, *Eyes for Consuela,* revisits old obsessions—though frankly, he'd rather be writing comedy. By Jennifer Senior

THERE ARE MANY PATHS ONE IMAGINES Sam Shepard could follow in midlife. Writing comedies isn't one of them. "I'm working on one right now," he says. "They're what I want to write from now on." He laughs and looks faintly sheepish. It's a curious declaration, funny in its own right, and it comes off sounding more provocative than he probably intended.

Shepard is 54 now. He looks pretty much like he did in the sixties: heart-shaped hairline, chaotic teeth, a gaze that'd undo a chastity belt. He was a wild kid back then, taking lots of drugs, boozing, screwing around, and writing his plays in lyrical, feverish outpourings. He was also an East Village celebrity; his plays drew theater cognoscenti and rock-and-roll groupies in hordes. Most of the nation wouldn't come to know him until a couple of decades later, when he started appearing in films like *Country* and *The Right Stuff*, and no one would have guessed from his unflappable, unerring screen personae that he was a fellow in turmoil. But the dramas he wrote during the same period—*Curse of the Starving Class*, *True West*, *Fool for Love*—betrayed different qualities entirely, making Eugene O'Neill's dysfunctional souls seem as serene as nuns. Patricide, infanticide, fratricide, incest—these were the mythic themes that preoccupied the desert-raised, cowboy-absorbed writer, as did the terrible gulfs between men and women, American folklore and reality, the independent and family selves.

These days, Shepard has forsworn the bottle and attends AA meetings. Though *Eyes for Consuela,* his new play at the Manhattan Theater Club, is not quite a comedy, it is an adaptation—an experiment Shepard says he wouldn't have even considered ten years ago. "I felt like other material was playing on me," he says. "Material I had to get out." Friends, too, say they sense a difference. "He seems more relaxed than I've ever seen him," says Ed Harris, an old Shepard hand (*True West, Fool for Love*) and co-star with him in *The Right Stuff*. Recently, Shepard even told Gary Sinise that he wanted to take his kids to *The Lion King*. "I mean, this is Sam Shepard we're talking about," says the amused actor, who staged the acclaimed Broadway revival of his 1979 Pulitzer Prize winner, *Buried Child.* "You know—the guy who did all this work with Joe Chaikin and read all this Samuel Beckett."

So what are we to make of this melodramatist turned comedy writer, this cowboy in a twelve-step program? Shepard says he wants to write comedies because these strange, uncertain times require it: "Everybody feels like they're on the edge of disaster. You even see it in car commercials. They're selling, you know, 'secure cars for an insecure world.' " And *Consuela*—based on an Octavio Paz story about a bandit who demands his victims' eyes—still explores some of Shepard's favorite themes, especially the perils of defining oneself by a loved one.

But the search for identity has always been a Shepard constant. "This is a man who, on the bus to New York, changed his name from Steve Rogers to Sam Shepard," notes Don Shewey, who wrote a biography of the playwright. "A man who one minute was the drummer for a rock band and the next minute was writing screenplays for Antonioni."

Shepard also isn't the sort to provide us with clues about his inner landscape. On the contrary: He is famously and commendably private, surfacing only occasionally from his Minnesota ranch, where he lives with Jessica Lange and their two children and the girl she had with Baryshnikov. Which doesn't mean he's not candid: During this two-and-a-half-hour, free-ranging discussion, he confesses he's written more bad plays (notably *Operation Sidewinder* and *La Turista*) than good, and he declares last year's Signature Theater retrospective a bust ("The plays were so individual that as a season they didn't make any sense, and the productions just weren't up to scratch in a lot of cases"). But Shepard flinches at questions about specific correspondences between his fictional characters and real ones.

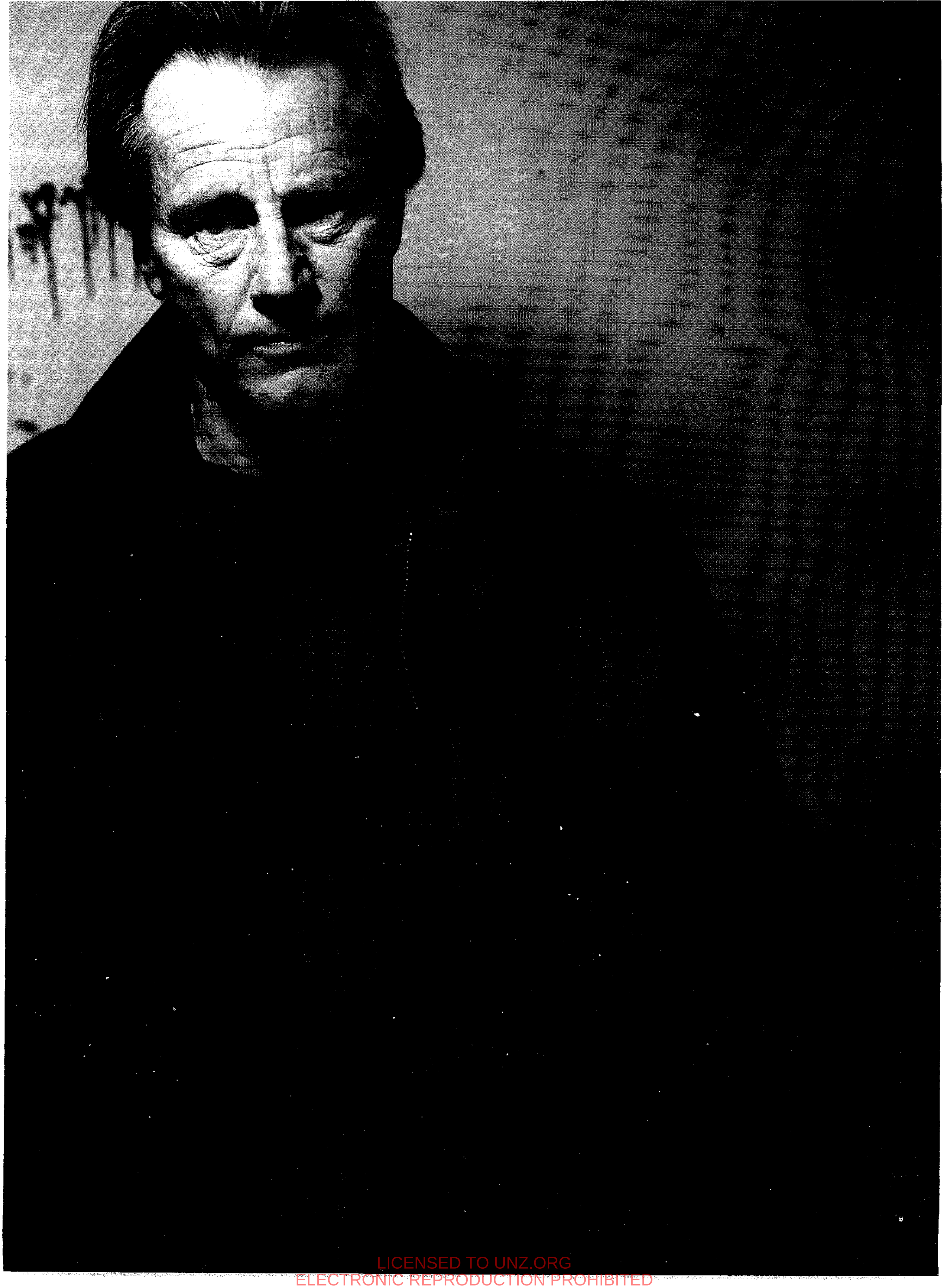
What one does detect in Shepard's newest play, however, are powerful feelings of guilt and moral responsibility. "You're too old to start over," says the bandit. "Same as me. Much too old. All we can hope for now is to pay for our sins."

Shepard elaborates, between sips of ginger ale. "I've destroyed so many relationships by not getting along with myself," he says, "by not liking myself." Recently, he seems to have dealt with this guilt through humor, which may shed some light on his forthcoming efforts. In his 1994 short story "Repeat," for example, a man tries to deal with his inner brute by reciting a mantra about male intractability ("*I am a man, not to be trusted . . .*"). Shepard grins at the mention of it. "Well, what's funny?" he asks, dragging on one of an unbroken chain of cigarettes. "Something in ourselves that's entirely true, but is also in a predicament." The self in conflict, in other words, is what's funny.

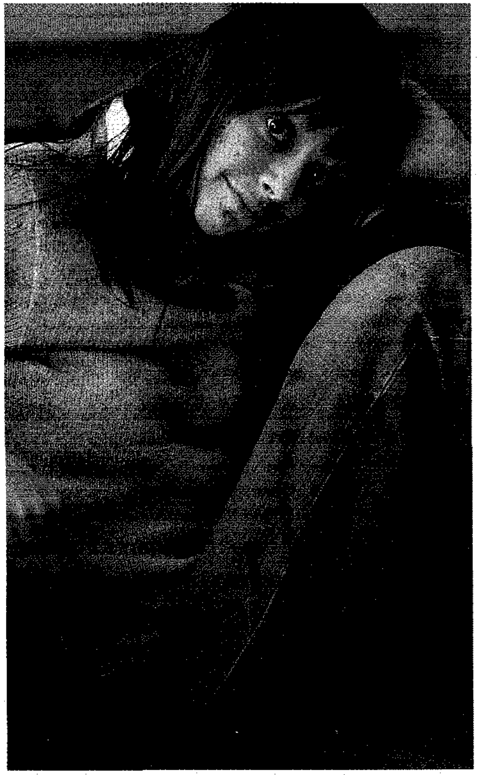
Of course, for Shepard, it's also what's tragic. And his plays have always been funny; the wild, wonderful humor of pathos has never escaped him. "Comedies?" asks Harris. "I thought Sam already did write comedies." Now, though, he's setting out with the specific intention of doing so. He's also going to lots of rodeos, and trying to find work on the big screen again. "It's funny," he says. "I feel like I'm a much better actor now, and yet I don't have any work. Maybe I pissed off too many people, I don't know."

He won't say how. But that would certainly be in keeping with the difficult, restive Shepard of years past. What's so poignant now is to hear him talk about reining in that person, or at least making peace with him. The result, perhaps inevitably, is a squall of mixed messages and hopes: first, the belief that one can change; but also the darker, perversely liberating notion that one cannot. Consider, for example, what Shepard says about his earlier demons: "As you get older, you start to see them better. You start to listen to them better and to not be seduced by them." Then consider what he says about Oedipus, who bears more than a passing resemblance to the protagonist of *Consuela:* "The really tragic thing about him isn't that he lost his eyes. The tragic thing is that he did everything he could to get out of his fate, and he just went falling right into it. . . ." His voice trails off. "That really compels me." ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF RIEDEL

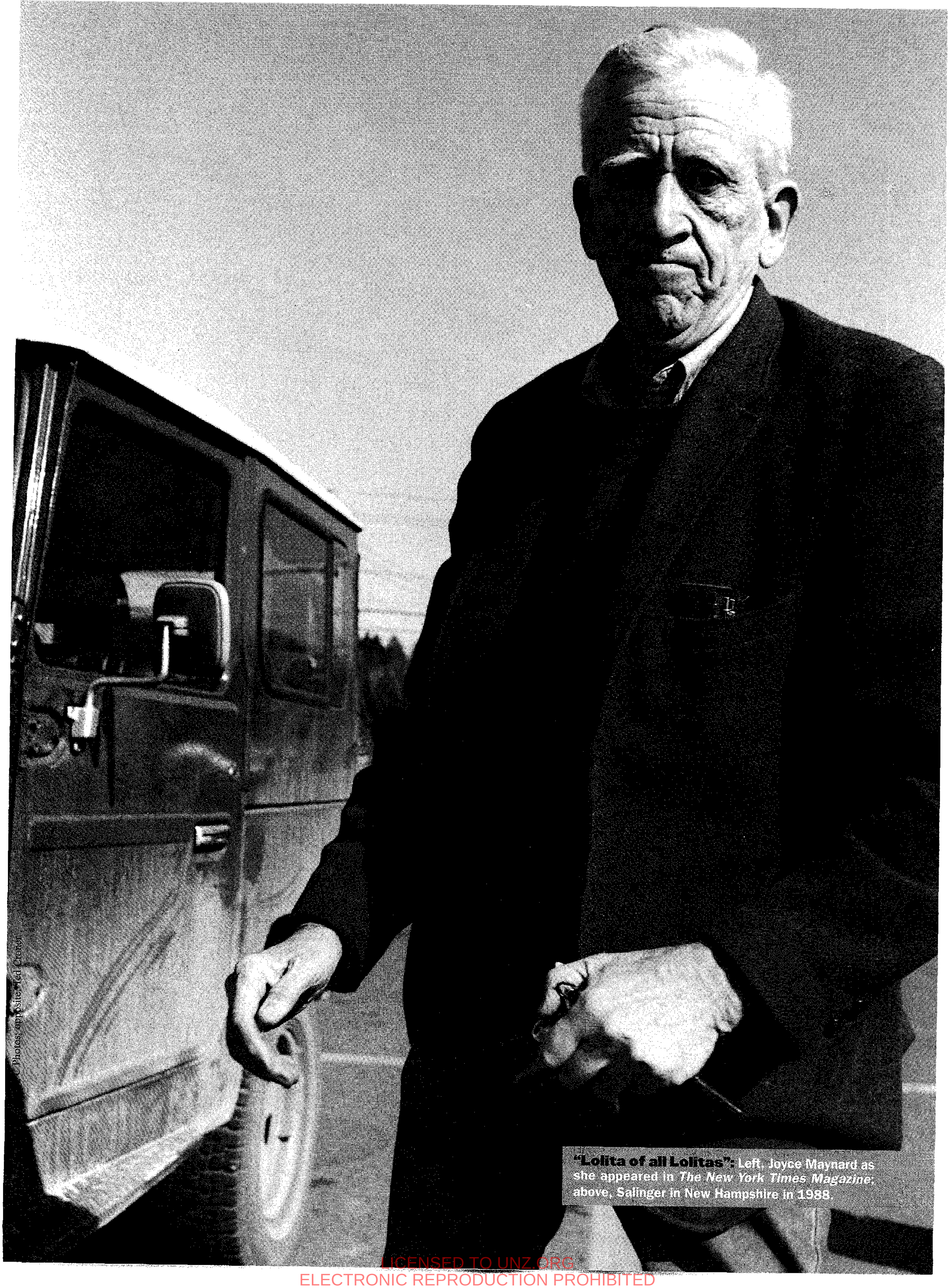


J.D. Salinger's WOMEN



The winsome, uncanny girls of Salinger's fiction have real-life counterparts. They've always kept the secrets of this country's most famous recluse. Till Joyce Maynard changed her mind.

BY PAUL ALEXANDER



"Lolita of all Lolitas": Left, Joyce Maynard as she appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*; above, Salinger in New Hampshire in 1988.

Photos: opposite, Ted Croner

> *. . . There were half circles under her eyes, and other, subtler signs that mark an acutely troubled young girl, but nonetheless no one could have missed seeing that she was a first-class beauty. Her skin was lovely, and her features were delicate and most distinctive.*
>
> —Franny and Zooey

LAST YEAR, ON THE AFTERNOON OF NOvember 5, J. D. Salinger, who would turn 79 on New Year's Day, headed through his house for the living room to answer the front door. Hard of hearing, his eyesight failing, he was beginning to show his age noticeably. He had lived in seclusion in Cornish, New Hampshire, since 1953, much of it in this spacious, comfortable chalet-style house situated on the top of a hill overlooking the lush Connecticut River Valley. Salinger is not in the habit of greeting strangers kindly. In recent years, he's been known to brandish a shotgun at trespassers. But the woman standing before him that day was not a stranger. Her name was Joyce Maynard; 25 years ago, when Maynard was a bright-faced 19-year-old Yale dropout, she and Salinger had ended an affair. In the intervening years, while Salinger has maintained his famous public silence, Maynard has relentlessly chronicled almost every conceivable detail of her private life. She's written, for instance, about her adolescent anorexia, her post-adolescent bulimia, her alcoholic father, her two rounds of breast implants, her bitter divorce. She has her own quarterly newsletter, *Domestic Affairs,* dedicated to publishing personal pieces about families, and her own Website, through which interested fans can order tapes of her reading an essay about the death of her mother or her stories from NPR's "All Things Considered."

At the time of their breakup, Maynard resolved to keep quiet about their romance. Occasionally, though, she could not resist mentioning it. "Jerry is a very private person, as I'm sure you're aware" she told a Toronto *Star* reporter in 1992. "And I will always respect his privacy. I made that promise a long time ago. However, I do have ownership of our shared past. And yes, I can say I was permanently changed by the relationship. He was as much a force in my life as any person I've known. After I left, it seemed like I'd been in *Lost Horizon.* There was no place on earth for me to go."

Coming of age: Salinger in 1951, the year his masterpiece *The Catcher in the Rye* was published.

Around the time she appeared at his house, Maynard talked about Salinger with the Sacramento *Bee.* "I was giving a speech one time," she said, "and the woman who introduced me said, 'Well, she used to be J. D. Salinger's girlfriend.' I thought, 'God, is that all I've been?' I didn't want to be reduced to that."

Shortly after her encounter with Salinger, she described him yet again, on her Website. "Last time I saw him," Maynard wrote, "I was a frightened and crushed girl . . . and he was, to me, the most powerful man in the world. . . . He told me I was unworthy. But when I stood on his doorstep the other day, I was a strong and brave 44-year-old woman and I knew he had been wrong."

Maynard had traveled to Cornish from her home in Marin County, California, where she had bought a house with the money she made from selling the film rights to her novel *To Die For,* which became a Gus Van Sant movie starring Nicole Kidman. By the time she'd come east, she had already completed 200 pages of a memoir about her years with Salinger and showed it to her editors at St. Martin's Press. The memoir is tentatively titled *If You Really Want to Hear About It,* a reference to the first sentence of Salinger's coming-of-age masterpiece *The Catcher in the Rye,* and is scheduled to be published in the winter of 1999 by Picador USA, a division of St. Martin's. The memoir didn't stay a secret for long. A Boston *Globe* writer named Alex Beam, whose novels have also been published by St. Martin's and who knew Maynard in prep school and college, got wind of it through a St. Martin's source. He called her about it, after which Maynard promptly called the New York *Times.* Both the *Times* and the *Globe* published articles on November 21.

"I don't for a moment think he would want me to write this," Maynard told the *Times,* which is putting it mildly. Through the years, Salinger has guarded his privacy with, in addition to his shotgun, squads of lawyers. He successfully fought in court in 1986 to block the publication of Ian Hamilton's biography *J. D. Salinger: A Writing Life,* forcing Hamilton to completely recast his work and retitle it *In Search of J. D. Salinger.*

Maynard's decision to

write the book also sparked heated debate within literary and publishing circles. The San Francisco *Chronicle* wrote that Maynard had "no sense of shame"; the New York *Post* called her "shameless."

The debate spilled over into Maynard's chat room on the Internet. (It must be said, Maynard's proposed memoir and the revelations it elicited constitute a weird premonition of the controversy now surrounding the president). One fan called Salinger a "pedophile," but another believed Maynard "had every right to want the relationship, as is normal for an 18-year-old, physically mature woman." When one Internet user accused her of exploiting Salinger, Maynard herself answered. "And I wonder," she wrote, "why you are so quick to see exploitation in the actions of a woman—sought out at 18 by a man 35 years her senior who promised to love her forever and asked her to forswear all else to come and live with him, who waited 25 years to write her story (HER story, I repeat. Not his). And yet you cannot see exploitation in the man who did this. I wonder what you would think of the story if it were your daughters. Would you still tell her to keep her mouth shut, out of respect for this man's privacy?"

The touch of the poet: Salinger was smitten with Oona O'Neill, the daughter of Eugene O'Neill who later, at age 18, married Charlie Chaplin, age 55.

> *Although there was nothing markedly peculiar about her gait as she moved through the hall—she neither dallied nor quite hurried—she was nonetheless very peculiarly transformed as she moved. She appeared, vividly, to grow younger with each step.* —Franny and Zooey

UP TO NOW, PRACTICALLY the only window into the mind of one of America's most famous writers has been Salinger's published books, the last of which came out in 1963. Virtually all of them, of course, are about people on the cusp of adulthood. His writing about girls and young women, while chaste, is highly charged. His teenage heroines, among them Esmé ("For Esmé—With Love and Squalor"), Leah ("A Girl I Knew"), Barbara ("A Young Girl in 1941 With No Waist at All"), Phoebe Caulfield (*The Catcher in the Rye*), and Mattie Gladwaller (the Babe Gladwaller stories), are singular, uncanny creatures.

Not surprisingly, the women Salinger has fallen in love with bear more than a passing resemblance to his fictional creations. In 1941, while he was living with his parents in New York, Salinger, then 22, fell in love with Oona O'Neill, the 16-year-old daughter of Eugene O'Neill whose mythic beauty and hauntingly quiet personality would later be compared to Jacqueline Kennedy's. Salinger met O'Neill in the summer of 1941, when he and a high-school friend went to visit the friend's sister, Elizabeth Murray, at Murray's home in Brielle, a town on the New Jersey shore where Oona's mother kept a summer home. "Oona had a mysterious quality to her," says Gloria Murray, Elizabeth's daughter. "She was quiet, but she was stunning in her beauty. You just couldn't take your eyes off her. My mother took Salinger over to meet Oona and he fell for her on the spot. He was taken with her beauty and impressed that she was the daughter of Eugene O'Neill. They dated when they got back to New York."

"Last time I saw him, I was a frightened and crushed girl. But when I stood on his doorstep the other day, I was a strong and brave woman and I knew he had been wrong."

Their romance ended when Salinger joined the army following Pearl Harbor. Some time after that, O'Neill moved to Los Angeles, where she met Charles Chaplin. She married him when she turned 18; Chaplin was 55.

In the army, Salinger was involved in some of the worst fighting in World War II, including the four-month period from the D-day invasion through the Battle of the Bulge. Following the war, Salinger appeared to have a nervous collapse. Convalescing in France, he met and married a French doctor, but they were divorced after eight months. Back in the States, Salinger got serious about writing. He published stories in numerous magazine, most notably *The New Yorker.* Then, in 1951, he published a novel he had been working on for ten years, *The Catcher in the Rye.* A surprise best-seller, it afforded Salinger the opportunity to become a recluse, which he did when he moved to Cornish in 1953, the year he published *Nine Stories.*

In Cornish, Salinger, who was now 34, devoted some of his social life to entertaining teenagers who attended the local high school. In particular, he often escorted teenage girls to school dances and sporting events. Then, in 1954, at a party in Cambridge, he met Claire Douglas, the daughter of the respected British art critic Robert Langdon Douglas. A peppy, bright Radcliffe co-ed, she was 19. Claire was soon spending time in Salinger's Cornish home. As Salinger's romance with Claire blossomed, he was also in the process of imagining Franny Glass, one of his most fully realized characters and one who bears more than a passing resemblance to Claire herself. On February 17, 1955, at just about the time he published "Franny" in *The New Yorker,* Salinger married Douglas and gave the story to her as a wedding present. They had a daughter, Margaret, in December of that year. A son, Matthew, was born in 1960.

In 1961, Salinger published *Franny and Zooey,* a literary event considered

Photographs: this page, Corbis-Bettmann; opposite, Archive Photos.

so noteworthy *Time* put Salinger on its cover. In 1963, he published *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction,* which despite horrendous reviews became a No. 1 New York *Times* best-seller. During these years of intense work, Salinger withdrew more and more into himself—and away from Claire.

"He was just never home," says a former Salinger employee. "He had a studio"—actually a concrete structure resembling a bunker—"down a quarter of a mile from the house, and he was always there. He'd be there for two weeks at a time. He had a little stove he could heat food on. I think it was tough on Claire. When I was there, Jerry was always down in his little writing room."

By 1966, Claire's life of isolation had begun to take a physical toll. "She complained of nervous tension, sleeplessness, and loss of weight, and gave me a history of marital problems with her husband which allegedly caused her condition," Dr. Gerard Gaudrault, who examined her at the time, would write. "My examination indicated that the condition I found would naturally follow from the complaints of marital discord given to me." Perhaps on the basis of this outside confirmation, Claire filed for divorce in September 1966. In the divorce papers, her lawyer argued that "the libelee"—Salinger—"wholly regardless of his marriage covenants and duties has so treated the libelant"—Claire—"as to injure her health and endanger her reason in that for a long period of time the libelee has treated the libelant with indifference, has for long periods of time refused to communicate with her, has declared that he does not love her and has no desire to have their marriage continue, by reason of which conduct the libelant has had her sleep disturbed, her nerves upset and has been subjected to nervous and mental strain, and has had to seek medical assistance to effect a cure of her condition, and a continuation of the marriage would seriously injure her health and endanger her reason."

"Salinger was telling her, 'Don't let them spoil you. Don't let them destroy you as a voice.' He was doing the *Catcher in the Rye* routine—protecting her."

A divorce was granted in early October 1967.

I saw her coming to meet me—near a high, wire fence—a shy, beautiful girl of eighteen who had not yet taken her final vows and was still free to go out into the world with the Peter Abelard–type man of her choice.

—"De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period"

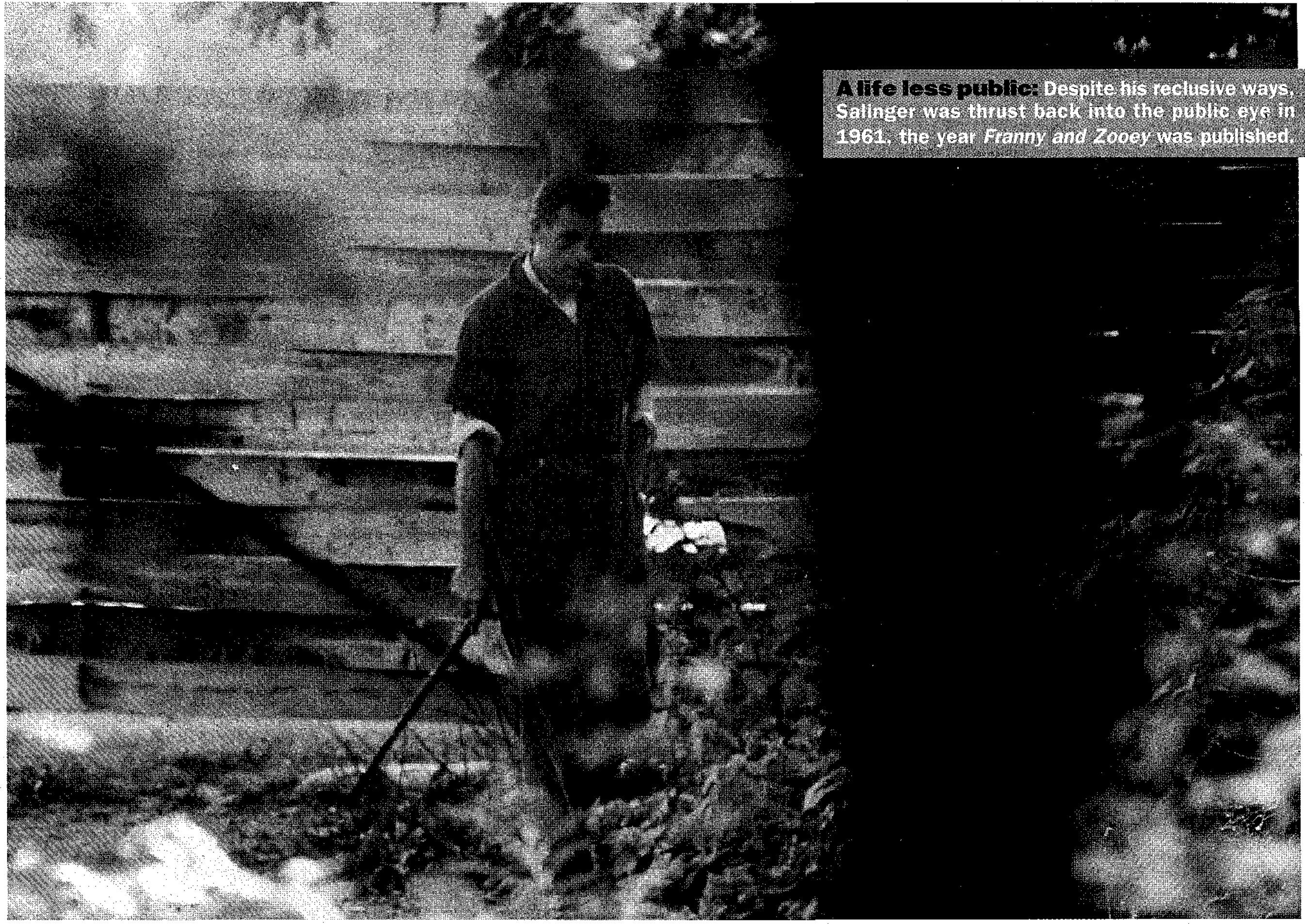
ON THE COVER OF *THE NEW YORK Times Magazine* on April 23, 1972 was a photograph of Joyce Maynard, accompanying a story with the Salingeresque title "An Eighteen Year Old Looks Back On Life." In the picture, she is sitting on the floor of a corridor wearing red socks, blue jeans, a beige sweater. Her black hair hangs uncombed. Her gaze is childish, wide-eyed. Her smile is impish. The look and the pose—she props an elbow against a step as she tilts her head sideways to rest her cheek in the palm of her hand—combine to make her seem girlish, yet she is clearly a woman. "There were pictures of her taken around this time that show her," one friend would later say, "as the Lolita of all Lolitas."

The piece is an interesting if not brilliant work in the generational-memoir genre, linking private lives to great public events. Maynard's thesis was that the generation that was born in the fifties—hers—was "a generation of unfulfilled expectations . . . special because of what we missed" and held together by common images—"Jackie and the red roses, John-John's salute, and Oswald's on-camera murder."

Salinger was so impressed by the piece—and by Maynard—that he typed out a one-page letter warning her about the hazards of fame. He mailed the letter to her in care of the New York *Times*.

BY THE AGE OF 18, MAYNARD HAD ALREADY lived a complicated and productive life. She was born to intellectual parents; her father taught English literature at the

The two Joyces: Left to right, actress Elaine Joyce, who dated Salinger in 1982, and Maynard, who will publish "her story" in the winter of 1999.



A life less public: Despite his reclusive ways, Salinger was thrust back into the public eye in 1961, the year *Franny and Zooey* was published.

University of New Hampshire in Durham, and her mother, Fredelle, had published two highly regarded books, *Guiding Your Child to a More Creative Life* and *Raisins and Almonds,* a memoir of her Canadian youth. There was, however, "an elephant in the living room," as Maynard has put it; her father was an alcoholic. According to a childhood friend of Maynard's, she "blamed his alcoholism on having a failed career as an artist"—a view her family and friends did not share.

In 1970, Maynard transferred from the Durham public schools to Phillips Exeter Academy, in Exeter's first co-ed class. While there, she published a story in *Seventeen* based on the unwanted pregnancy of a teenage couple in Durham; the piece angered local citizens, who felt Maynard had invaded the couple's privacy. In the fall of 1971, Maynard entered Yale University, as a part of its third class to include women. As a freshman, she published "The Embarrassment of Virginity" in *Mademoiselle,* then her cover story in *The New York Times Magazine*. Her fellow students could dismiss the former but not the latter. "When I walked into the first class we had after the *Times* article appeared," says Leslie Epstein, who taught the creative-writing class Maynard took that spring semester at Yale, "I could see the envy rising off the other students like steam off a radiator."

One day, as she was sifting through the bags of fan mail she received in response to the *Times* article, she started reading one particular letter. Over the years, Maynard would say that, even as she read it for the first time, she knew the letter was the most profound and insightful she had read in her entire life. What's more, she felt an instant connection with the letter's author. Then, reaching the end of the page, she saw the signature—"J. D. Salinger."

MAYNARD AND Salinger corresponded for the rest of the semester. Salinger sent several letters, each one to two pages long; Maynard answered them all. "It was known at the time that Joyce was in touch with Salinger," says Samuel Heath, who attended both Phillips Exeter and Yale with Maynard. "It seems Salinger was telling her, 'Don't let them spoil you. Don't let them destroy you as a voice,' 'them' being the Establishment, the publishers, the outside world. He was doing the *Catcher in the Rye* routine—protecting her."

When Maynard came home for the summer, they continued their correspondence. After they had exchanged about 25 letters, Maynard went to Cornish to see Salinger. Then, instead of returning to Yale for her sophomore year, she moved in with Salinger. "Her father was furious," says a friend of the Maynard family, "not only because she was living with J. D. Salinger but, on a more practical level, because she had dropped out of college. He always thought she had the potential to write literature. He didn't want her to sell out."

No doubt Maynard must have felt she was fulfilling her father's dreams, for during the fall and on into the winter, while she lived with Salinger, who worked regularly on writing he did not intend to publish, Maynard herself worked on a memoir called *Looking Back,* a book based on her *Times Magazine* cover story. One highlight of the long winter was the trip Salinger and Maynard made into Manhattan when, one day, Salinger bought her a coat and then took her to lunch to meet his friend William Shawn.

Mostly, Maynard and Salinger stayed in Cornish and wrote. When they were not working, Maynard puttered around the house, which she later described as being furnished in a "pedestrian" fashion. Salinger liked to lecture her on the advantages of homeopathic medicine and on Zen Buddhism.

The sex life of Maynard and Salinger, Maynard has told people, consisted only of oral sex. The arrangement was May-

Photographs: this page, Ted Russell/Sygma; opposite, left, AP/Wide World; right, Robin Holland/Outline.

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nard's decision rather than Salinger's. Even then, however, one of Maynard's life ambitions was to have a family, but Salinger had made it clear that he had no intentions of having any more children, and the issue became a source of contention between them over the winter. Finally, in the late spring, when the couple traveled to Florida on a vacation, the conflict reached a breaking point. They were lounging on the beach when Salinger finally gave her his own unqualified answer: If that's what she wanted, then their relationship was over. When they got back to Cornish, she should move her things out. It was at this point, as Maynard later described it to a friend, that she stood up from the beach, brushed the sand off her arms and legs, and left. Her affair with Salinger was over. It had lasted ten months.

The grey-haired man turned his head again toward the girl, perhaps to show her how forbearing, even stoic, his countenance was.
—*"Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes"*

IN 1981, THE ACTRESS ELAINE JOYCE WAS working on a short-lived television series called *Mr. Merlin* when she received an interesting piece of mail. The widow of singer Bobby Van, Joyce was 36 at the time. The letter was from J. D. Salinger. "I was doing a series," says Joyce, "and he wrote me a letter. I get fan mail all the time, but I was shocked. I really didn't believe it. It was a letter of introduction to me about my work." Joyce responded, just as Maynard had; and in this case, as well, a sustained correspondence followed. "It took me forever," she says, "but I wrote back, and then we wrote to each other quite a bit." As he had with Maynard, Salinger eventually arranged for the two of them to meet, and they began a relationship. The couple spent a lot of time in New York. "We were very, very private," Joyce admits, "but you do what you do when you date—you shop, you go to dinner, you go to the theater. It was just as he wanted it." The only real suggestion the public had that the two were involved occurred in May 1982, when the press reported that Salinger showed up for an opening night at a dinner theater in Jacksonville, Florida, where Joyce was appearing in the play *6 Rms Riv Vu.* But to conceal their affair, Joyce denied knowing him. "We were involved for a few years all the way through the middle eighties," Joyce says. "You could say there was a romance."

That romance ended in the late eighties when Salinger met Colleen O'Neill, a young woman from New Hampshire who was the director of the annual Cornish town fair. "Jerry used to come and walk around the fairgrounds with her," says Burnace Fitch Johnson, a former Cornish town clerk. "Colleen would have to repeat things to him when people spoke to him, because he's quite deaf."

Their relationship developed to the point where, as of 1992, when the New York *Times* ran a story about a fire at Salinger's house, the reporter identified Colleen as being "his wife." She was also, according to the newspaper, "considerably younger than her husband."

Johnson confirms that, as of today, the couple has been "married for about ten years." Since 1992, at least as far as public surfacings are concerned, the Salingers have remained in seclusion—until Joyce Maynard, that ghost from the past, celebrated her 44th birthday last year by showing up on their doorstep.

AS FOR MAYNARD, SINCE 1973, SHE HAS published her books and married an artist, Steve Bethel, with whom she had the children she wanted so badly (a daughter and two sons). In 1989, her marriage having failed, she set out on what would end up being for her, as she called it, a "many-years-long search for true love, while engaged in raising kids." This search included a six-month love affair with a musician, followed by a period during which she had casual sexual flings with a number of men.

"Fifteen minutes into our first date," one of these men says, "Joyce kept referring to this guy named Jerry. She was talking about 'Jerry this' and 'Jerry that.' It was as though they still knew each other. It took me a few minutes to figure out that the Jerry she was talking about was J. D. Salinger.

"Joyce," he continues, "is the most self-obsessed person I've ever met. She gives narcissism a bad name."

One morning, Maynard let him read her cache of Salinger letters. On a number of occasions, she discussed how she would never write about Salinger, out of respect for his privacy. One story Maynard told him spoke to the very nature of Salinger's personality, his saga, and the kind of life he may have lived—and the number of women he was involved with—once he and Maynard broke up. One time, Maynard was at a literary dinner party in Manhattan years after her affair with Salinger had ended. At this dinner party, Maynard told her friend, were two women writers about her age, X and Y, who did not like her. Maynard offered a passing veiled reference to Salinger that X and Y overheard. Then X made a comment to Y loud enough for Maynard to hear. "You know," X said to Y, "I have a cache of Salinger letters, too."

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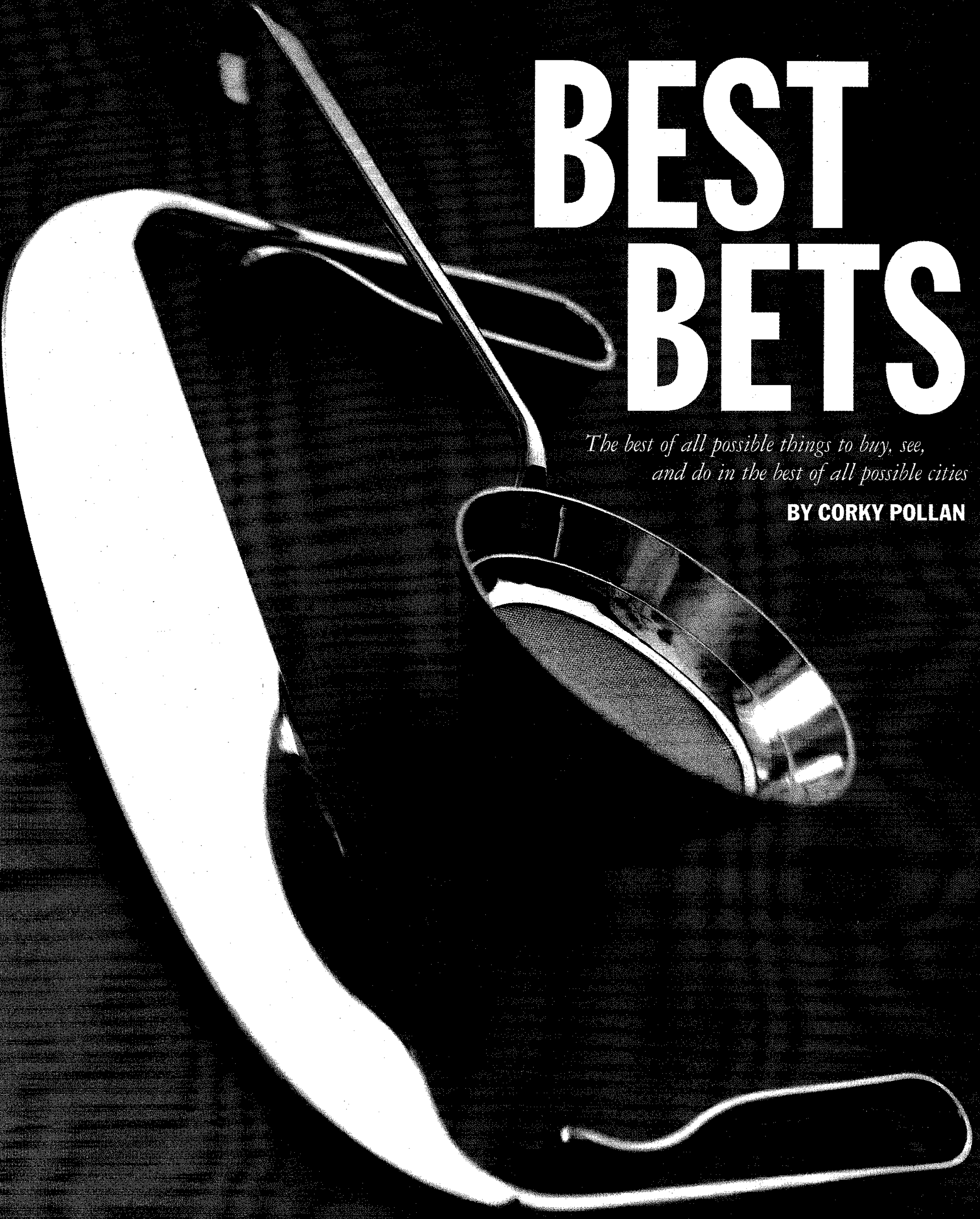
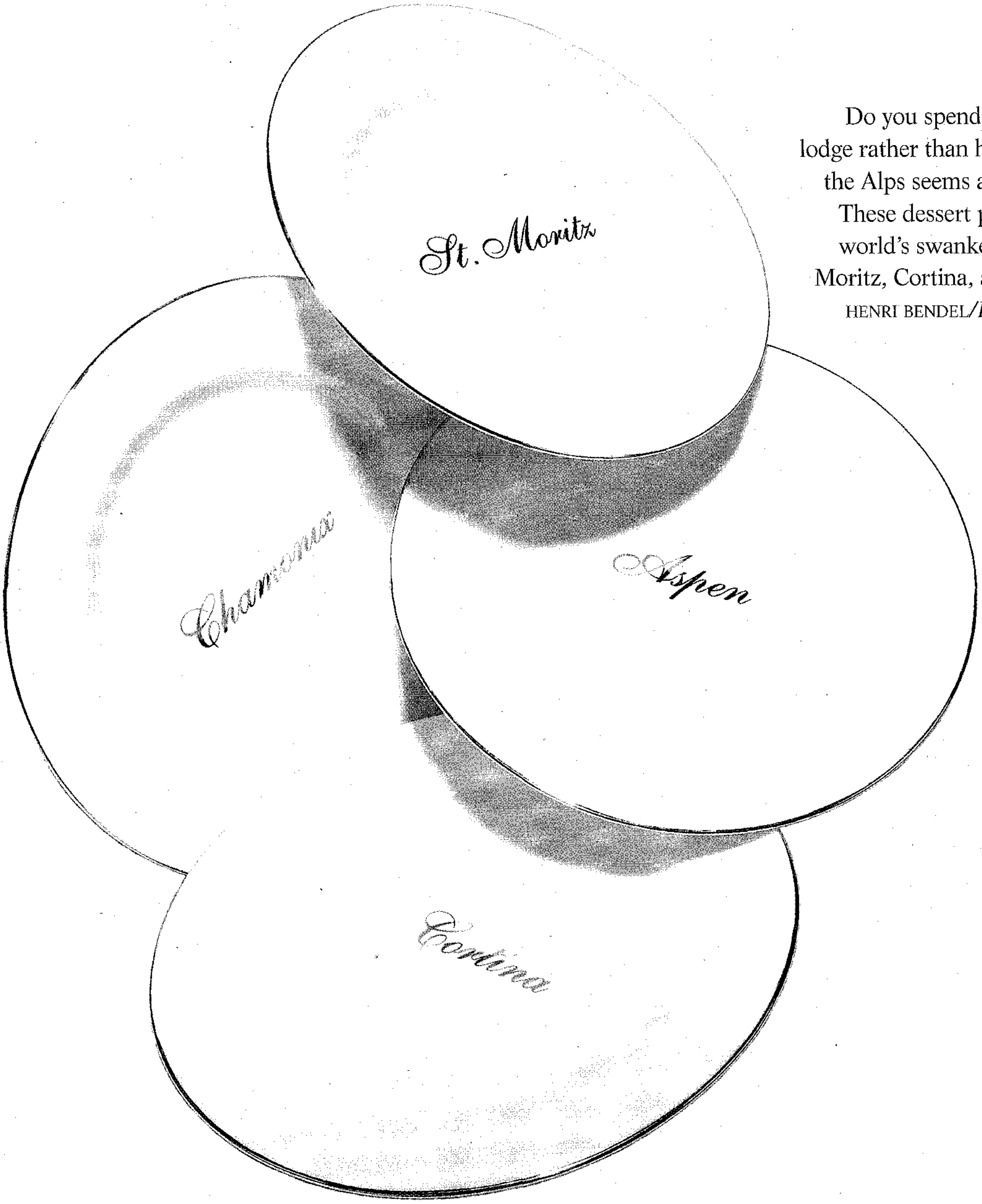


Essential Utensils

Industrial designer Enzo Mari has won acclaim from the international design community for his ability to take traditional household objects and devise neatly classic restatements. Because he's Italian, many of his projects center around the table, and such old-fashioned kitchen essentials as strainers, pasta forks, and mezzalunas are transformed into exquisite cooking utensils (stainless-steel tea strainer, $125; mezzaluna, $200).

BERGDORF GOODMAN/*Seventh floor*



Dessert Course

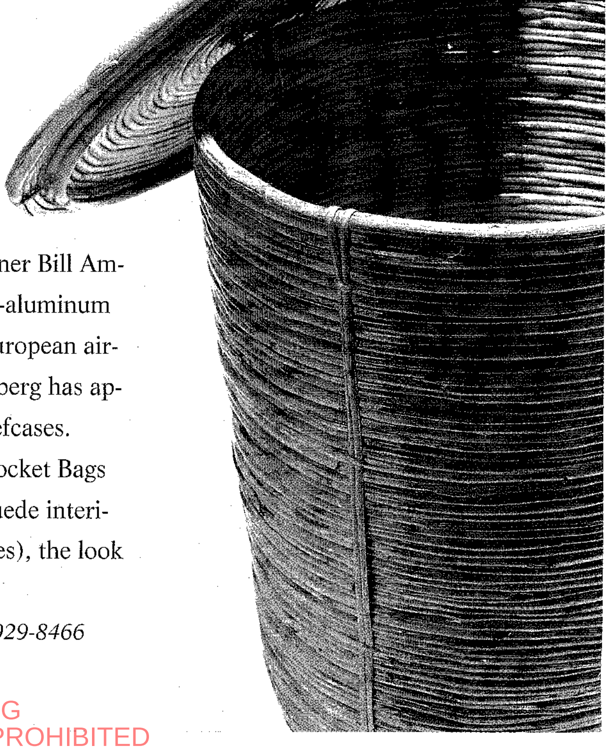
Do you spend your time drinking toddies in the lodge rather than hitting the slopes? Does schussing the Alps seems as remote as a walk on the moon? These dessert plates feign acquaintance with the world's swankest winter resorts—Chamonix, St. Moritz, Cortina, and Aspen ($35 for a set of four).

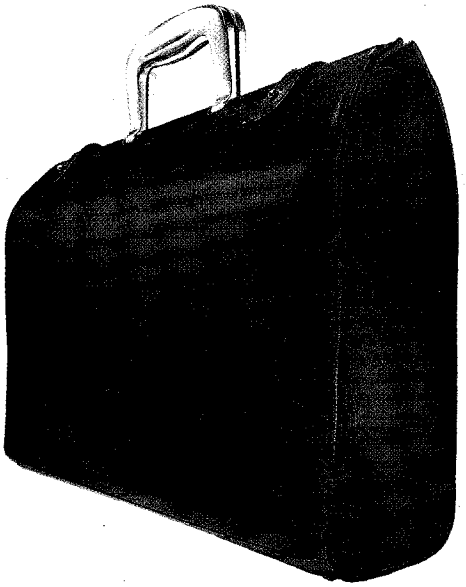
HENRI BENDEL/*Frank McIntosh Home/Second floor*

Happy Hamper

It's an irksome shopping axiom—the more necessary the item, the harder it is to find. Take hampers. The perfect hamper should have a cover (so pants legs don't dangle out), be roomy enough to hold a trip-to-the-Laundromat's worth of dirty clothes (yet remain small enough to be tucked away in a corner), and be singularly unadorned, so it fits in (not fights) with the décor. Aero Studios' coiled-cane hamper from the Philippines is just right ($150).

AERO STUDIOS/*132 Spring Street/966-1500*





Jet-Propelled

In the seventies, English designer Bill Amberg's streamlined leather-and-aluminum furniture decorated various European airports and museums. Now Amberg has applied his signature look to briefcases. Though the materials of his Rocket Bags are lush (full-grain leathers, suede interiors, and cast-aluminum handles), the look is minimalist-sleek ($695).

LEO DESIGN/*413 Bleecker Street/929-8466*

Photographs: counterclockwise from left, Steve Wisbauer (3); Joshua McHugh.

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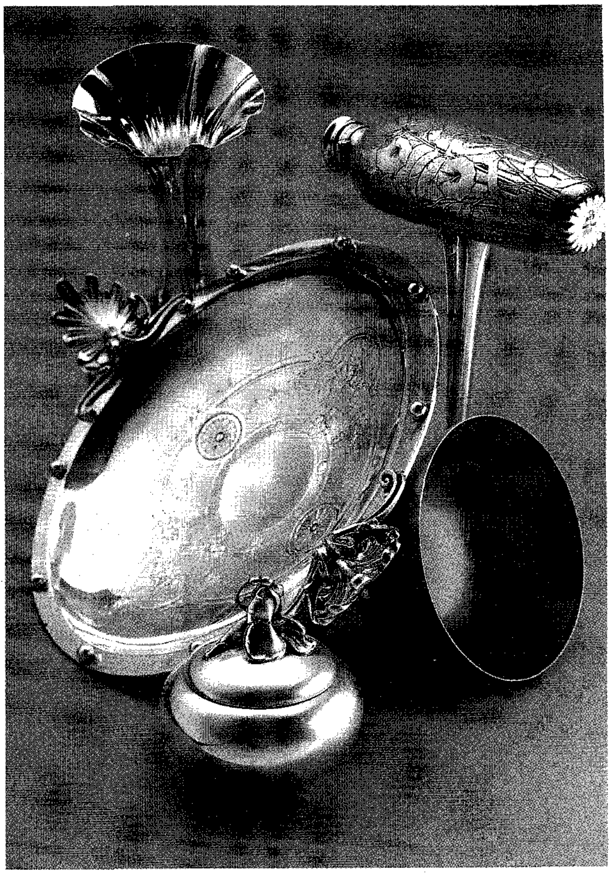
Bendel's Bounty

WE'RE GIVING YOU ADVANCE notice for a reason—mark this sale in your calendar. Up to 70 percent off retail on sportswear, accessories, and eveningwear from all six Henri Bendel locations at the store's warehouse sale. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., near 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Wed. 8–7, Thurs. 8–8, Fri. 8–6, Sat. 10–3; 2/10–2/14.*

Time to Reboot

LET'S FACE IT—EVEN THE MOST dapper man sometimes has a problem picking out a good pair of shoes. To Boot is a company that comes to the rescue; it has both classic and contemporary designs that aren't boring. At its winter warehouse sale: handmade business and dress shoes, were $450, now $199; square-toe fashion oxfords and boots, were $245–$410, now $89–$149; classic loafers, were $255, now $109; ankle boots, were $245, now $119. *To Boot New York warehouse, 603 Washington St., between Morton and Leroy Sts. (463-0437); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 8–6, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6; 2/5–2/8.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Hi-ho, silver: Sale time at the Chelsea Antiques Building.

Collecting Chelsea

COMBING THROUGH THE CHELSEA ANTIQUES Building can provide hours of browsing and searching—with twelve floors and more than 100 shops, pretty much every taste is catered to. At the sale to celebrate Valentine's Day, most stores in the building will have discounts. For example: thirties monogrammed cufflinks, were $65, now $45; pair of 1900 French marquetry commodes, were $3,000, now $2,250; turn-of-the-century Chinese armoires with brass etchings, were

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

$3,400, now $3,000. *Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St. (929-0909); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun. 10–6; 2/6–2/14.*

Intimate Concerns

TO SATISFY THE PENCHANT FOR GIVING sexy underthings on Valentine's Day, La Lingerie is having a sale on its imports from Italy. While you're there, check out the leather pants, dresses, and so on that the neighboring Ménage à Trois has on sale. Bras, were $37–$210, now $22.20–$126; bodysuits, were $200–$425, now $120–$255; underpants, were $25–$168, now $15–$100. *La Lingerie, 799 Madison Ave., nr. 67th St., second floor (535-5551); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; through 2/28.*

Mon Petit

LES TOUT PETITS—A COMPANY THAT SELLS funky children's clothing to upscale department stores and boutiques—is having an early spring-clearance sale. For example, assorted dressy short dresses, retail $70–$90, here $30; boot-cut pants, retail $45–$60, here $10; panne-velvet bathing suit, retail $50–$60, here $38. *Les Touts Petits, 600 Grand Ave., Ridgefield, N.J. (call 201-941-8675 for directions); M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. 10–7, Fri. 10–4, Sat. 10–2; 2/4–2/7.*

Georgie's Gifts

FOR THE BOYS STILL STRUGGLING WITH what to get their girl for February's love day, Georgette Klinger's ideas include: "Cupid's Delight" (includes facial, make-up application, and "Kathryn" cologne and body cream), was $150, now $135; and "Romantic Interlude" (includes facial, make-up application, and body massage), was $151, now $140. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (838-3200); 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-6900); A.E., M.C., V.; through 2/14.*

New Arrivals

CHARL'S LAYETTE OPENED ABOUT A MONTH ago and is a promising addition for anyone looking to outfit a baby. At its first sale, everything is 25 percent off, including: cashmere blankets, were $330–$350, now $247–$262; velour rompers, were $80, now $60; stroller blankets, were $96, now $77. *Charl's Layette, 920 Park Ave., at 80th St. (861-1113); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30, Sundays by appointment; through 2/28.* ▬

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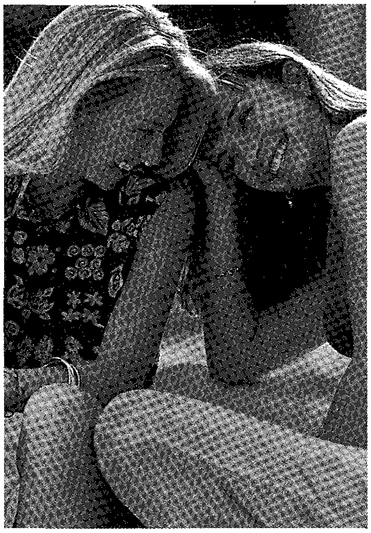

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PETER G. DAVIS

A Rorem Success

Ned Rorem's 'Evidence of Things Not Seen,' a 36-song score, finds a distinctly American musical voice for poets from Yeats to Whitman.

NED ROREM FEELS UNLOVED, UNAPPRECIATED, and underperformed. So what else, you may ask, is new? Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Mahler—composers since the beginning of time have felt neglected and/or misunderstood, even in ages more hospitable to new music than ours. Perhaps Rorem's spirits will pick up as 1998 progresses and the events celebrating his 75th birthday inevitably multiply. The festivities have already begun handsomely with the world premiere of his latest work, **Evidence of Things Not Seen,** an ambitiously scaled three-part cycle consisting of 36 songs and lasting some 90 minutes. The score was recently performed in Weill Recital Hall by the New York Festival of Song, and after just one hearing I will rashly proclaim it one of the musically richest, most exquisitely fashioned, most voice-friendly collections of songs I have ever heard by any American composer.

It's heartening to find Rorem, our most word-conscious composer, returning to a form in which he has always excelled and once practiced prolifically. He wrote some 400 songs between 1945 and 1980 but has produced only a handful since, citing native singers' shameful neglect of their own vocal repertory as the reason. That situation is perhaps beginning to change, although Rorem remains pessimistic. His somber mood even pervades the progress of his new cycle, as reflected in the titles of its three sections: *Beginnings,* songs about moving forward and the wistful optimism of young love; *Middles,* about coming of age, the horror of war, and romantic disappointment; and *Ends,* mainly about death and concluding with William Penn's stern Quakerly evocation, "Faith lights us, even through the grave, being the Evidence of Things not seen." Twenty-four poets guide us on this journey, a choice selection by a song-writing composer as noted for his literary discrimination as for his skill in finding ways poetry can be inflected, interpreted, and expressed by the human voice. Many of Rorem's favorites are here—Auden, Roethke, Goodman, Colette, Whitman—and there are guest appearances by Baudelaire, Kipling, Wilde, and Yeats. It must have taken a very self-confident composer to revisit and find such a fresh musical response to familiar poems like Wordsworth's "The Rainbow" and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee."

Much has been made over the years of Rorem's Gallic bias, and the sensibility of these 36 songs is indeed closer to the *mélodie* than to the *Lied*—and that despite the cycle's *abendfüllende* (evening-length) proportions and a confessional aura that casts more than a furtive glance east of the Rhine. Even so, I can't imagine who else could have composed these songs, which so vividly reveal the sort of distinctively American voice once so disarmingly described by Steven Blier, with Michael Barrett a co-founder of the New York Festival of Song: "Song is best when songful—straightforward, accessible, actable, communicative. It loves subtlety but is resistant to intellectual complication." Just so, and although I've heard

Sing down: From left, Kurt Ollmann, Rufus Müller, Delores Ziegler, and Lisa Saffer.

Photograph by Toby Wales.

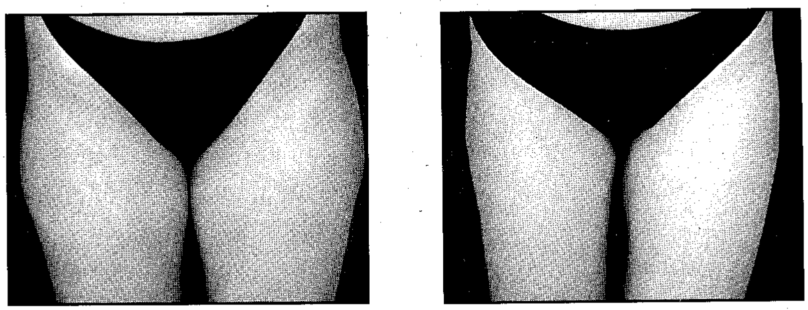
perhaps only a quarter of Rorem's vast output, each one of his songs fulfills the implications of that statement.

It was wise to cancel the intermission and perform the cycle without a pause, especially since the musical invention sustains such a high level and the tension-and-release progress has been so astutely judged. Four singers are required, and when they are brought together to raise the emotional temperature at key moments, Rorem reminds us that his ensemble writing is every bit as evocative as his music for solo voices. For all of that, I imagine that singers will want to excerpt individual songs. I can begin by recommending that rapturous setting of "How Do I Love Thee," although when it's heard out of context, one loses the reference to the cycle's opening question, "From Whence Cometh Song?"; both songs begin with the same yearning six-note phrase, a correspondence that tells us something about Rorem's musical allegiances. For sheer beauty of vocal line coupled with razor-sharp prosody, even Virgil Thomson's virtuosity in this department is bested in "Their Lonely Betters." And has any song composer expressed pent-up agony or controlled hysteria more chillingly than in "Faith," an AIDS poem by Mark Doty? Another Auden text, "As I Walked Out One Evening," begins in a dislocated "valse monotone" rhythm and develops into a disturbingly seductive mini-opera about a lovers' tryst, slyly characterized by Rorem in his brief instruction to the singers at the top of the score: "Furtive but spacious, hopeless but fun."

What finally impresses me most about *Evidence of Things Not Seen* is how generously the music flatters the voice and prompts a singer's most expressive instincts. I have heard Lisa Saffer, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, and Kurt Ollmann on other occasions and in other contexts, but I have seldom heard them connect words and notes so naturally or respond so eagerly to their material. Each carried a score, but the solo songs were sung from memory and projected with a vocal freedom and interpretive eloquence that took the breath away. I pray that some enterprising record label plans to hustle them and their two expert accompanists, Barrett and Blier, into a recording studio and preserve this exciting performance.

It only remains to salute the New York Festival of Song, which, with the Library of Congress, commissioned *Evidence of Things Not Seen* and was rewarded with an instant classic. Over the past ten years, the Festival of Song has become a fixture on the concert scene—its imaginatively programmed concerts and ever-expanding roster of singers now attract audiences packed with appreciative fans—so maybe the outlook for the song recital is not so grim after all.

NEW YEAR...NEW YOU



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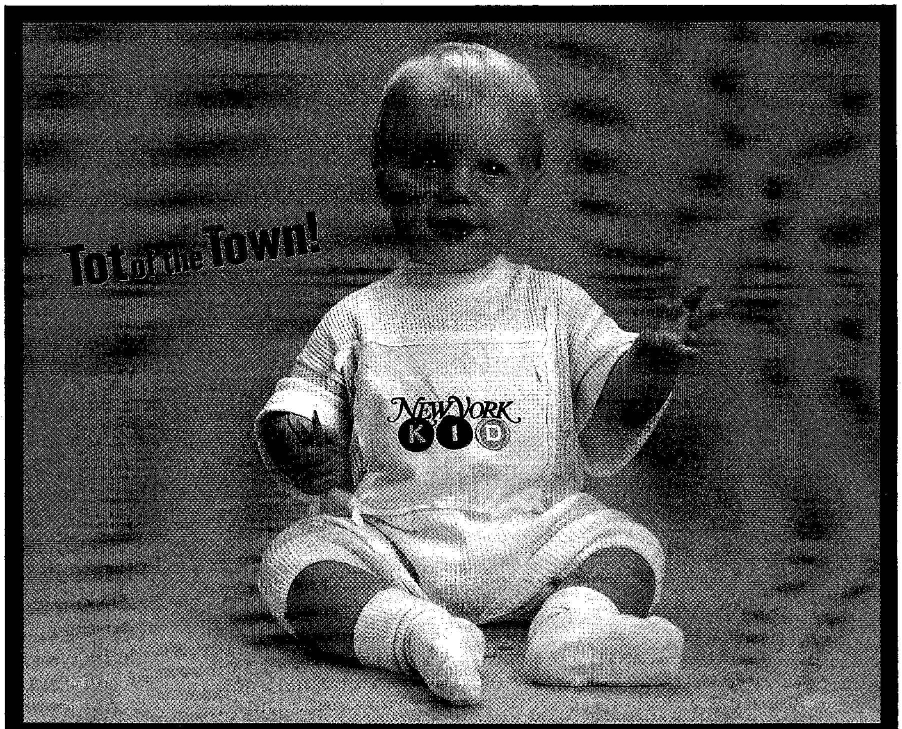

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

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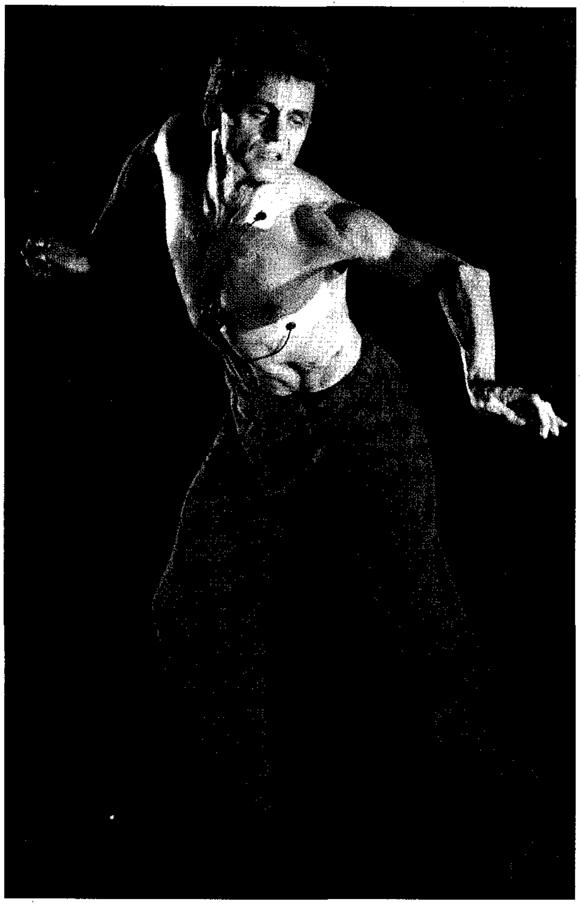
Baryshnikov in his latest incarnation, as a brilliant solo act; followers of Balanchine who just don't get it.



Human beat-box: Mikhail Baryshnikov in *HeartBeat: mb* at City Center.

Mikhail Baryshnikov's RECENT APPEARANCE AT the City Center in his first American solo concert was touted in advance as a significant landmark in the 50-year-old star's career. For once, publicity didn't lie. Over the years, this incomparable artist has pierced our consciousness in an extraordinary succession of roles: the Kirov-trained wunderkind; the daring defector; the American Ballet Theatre principal who combined sensational virtuosity with sublime classicism; the disciple of Balanchine at the New York City Ballet; the hero of films that owed their existence to his charisma; the artistic director who put ABT back on the path of purity; the explorer of modern dance who created the White Oak Dance Project, a chamber group that foisted a rigorous repertory in that genre on the masses avid to see "Misha" in anything he chose to grace. Onstage alone at the City Center—with only some musical interludes to spell him—Baryshnikov seemed to sum up his extraordinary artistic saga and, what's more, suggest that a man alone can represent the world.

The richer the choreography, of course, the more persuasive Baryshnikov can be. Mark Morris's *Three Russian Preludes* showed him as a man working and thinking—in the isolation, essential to the human condition, that most of us refuse to recognize. It also showed him off as a dancer who has lost none of his mastery of precision, mood, focus, swift shifts in dynamics, and eloquent stillness. José Limón's *Chaconne,* choreographically as compelling as the Morris piece, was more foreign to Baryshnikov's native body language. The ballet-trained dancer gave it a marvelous personal rendition—translating, for example, Limón's signature gesture of arms masterfully swooping to crown the head into the more delicate and sensual port de bras of *Le Spectre de la Rose*—but he couldn't help fragmenting the flow of the dance into sharp, discrete images, ballet-style. Kraig Patterson's *Tryst* is a slighter work, relying too much on loose movement in the extremities without activating the center of the body. Baryshnikov lent it the boyish charm of a fellow embarking on a blind date, unsure of his appeal—which anyone else can see is devastating. Much was made of a gimmicky number, originated by Christopher Janney and Sara Rudner, here called *HeartBeat: mb,* because this version incorporates movement devised and improvised by Baryshnikov. The performer is linked to a contraption that amplifies his cardiac activity, and you're supposed to think, "I am alone with the beating of my heart." The rest of the concert conveyed just that, in far more complex and poignant ways.

WELL INTO ITS WINTER REPERTORY SEASON, WHICH RUNS through March 1, the **New York City Ballet** presented two new works on January 22, the ninety-fourth anniversary of George Balanchine's birth. In a speech before the curtain, his successor, Peter Martins, declared, "This is Balanchine's house. It will always be Balanchine's house." A fine sentiment, though some of us veterans think of City Center—the NYCB's first home, where we witnessed wonders—as an equal contender for such landmark status. Still, it's a fine sentiment, but words are one thing and deeds another. The evening's new ballets, by Martins himself and Richard Tanner, demonstrated the mechanical skill and appalling sterility typical of the company's post-Balanchine additions to the repertory, while the single Balanchine work on the program, the great *Stravinsky Violin Concerto,* was so carelessly performed as to insult the memory of its creator.

Martins pointed out, correctly, that Balanchine was keenly interested in new ballets—thus the company's intention of making the birthday program of premieres an annual event. Martins's further assertion that Balanchine was eager not only to make new work himself but also to help other choreographers do so begs examination. Martins himself was mentored by Balanchine, but perhaps

Photograph by Gary Friedman.

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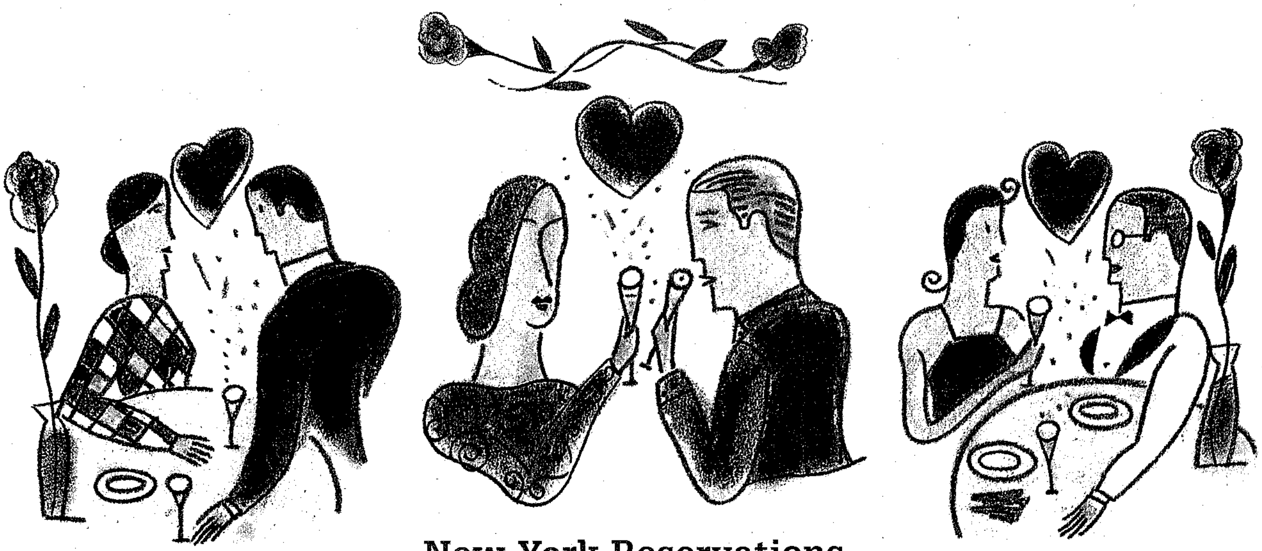

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Illustration by Jeff Jackson

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New York Reservations

Valentine's Day

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Illustration by Jeff Jackson

not so much by Balanchine-the-choreographer extending his hand to burgeoning talent as by Balanchine-the-administrator realizing that a future leader of the NYCB would be expected to provide at least serviceable dances. As for the others who augmented the company's repertory, apart from Jerome Robbins, who hardly needed cultivating, the "house choreographers" to whom Balanchine offered an opportunity provided the novelty necessary to lure audiences and stimulate dancers but almost nothing lasting. Given Balanchine's vein of sly wickedness, it's even possible to speculate that one of his motives for "encouraging" his minor, homegrown dance-makers was to make his own ability all the more apparent. The man may have been a genius, but he was not a saint.

Martins's latest effort, *Concerti Armonici,* is a music-visualization affair; the music, once thought to be Handel's or Pergolesi's, is now attributed to the eighteenth-century Dutch aristocrat Unico Wilhelm Graf van Wassenaer. The intricate, geometric patterns of the choreography mirror the formality of the music, steadfastly ignoring its enchantments. The dancers' bearing has the self-conscious solemnity of a pageant, and their simple white costumes (by William Ivey Long) augment a self-congratulatory message of purity.

Martins manipulates his corps—twelve women and nine men—with a dexterity from which human accident and human feeling have been excised. Instead of appointing a reigning pair, he divides star responsibility between two couples (Margaret Tracey and Nikolaj Hübbe, Wendy Whelan and Philip Neal) without giving them any distinguishing characteristics. The two pairs are cleverly threaded through the matrix of the corps, left to confront each other on a cleared stage, and awarded their individual pas de deux—full of tricky manipulations devoid of emotional and theatrical impact. The overall effect is tedious and cold.

Richard Tanner's ballet, *Variations on a Nursery Song,* is not so imposing (fewer people; considerably more lighthearted), but it operates in the same human-chessboard vein as the Martins. That these school-of-Balanchine choreographers could have mistaken some devices of their master for the essence of his art—and persisted so obdurately in their misconception, Martins for two decades, Tanner even longer—is almost beyond belief. For the record: Tanner's score is an early-twentieth-century piece by the Hungarian Ernst von Dohnányi; the song is the one we call "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" (Mozart played with it, too). Miranda Weese and Peter Boal were the chief couple, Weese glorious but unextended by her material and Boal, who could coax a subtext from a phone book, pretending there was more to the choreography than met the eye. ■

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Island Notion

Off the Carolina coast, a vibrant Gullah culture sprang up, based on African folk traditions, the sea's bounty—and the tragedy of slavery.

TOURISTS HAVE DISCOVERED ST. HELENA, ONE OF the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina—the salt marshes and bird trills, praise houses and blue doors and broken crockery at ghostly grave sites. And the restless wealthy are also looking for vacation homes. Which means development. Which means in turn more property taxes that punish the subsistence fishermen and farmers with a cash economy that sends them to the mainland for wage labor in the "hospitality industries." Thus the living remnant of what made the Sea Islands so cautionary and exotic will be either dissipated or boutiqued. **God's Gonna Trouble the Waters** (Sunday, February 8; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) fears the theme-parking of St. Helena even as it celebrates a culture resonant with whispered witnessings, dense with multiple meanings, and symbolic of resistance and identity.

That culture is Gullah. It arose in the eighteenth century off the Carolina-Georgia coast, where three out of every four African slaves arrived in chains and learned to make do with what they'd brought with them, what they remembered, and what was thrust upon them. It's a hybrid of West African and Christian religions; a compounding of the languages of English, Ibo, Yoruba, Kikongo, Mende, and Twi into the creole that gave us words like *gumbo, juke, yam,* and *voodoo;* an economy of rice, cotton, shrimp, and sweetgrass baskets; and a music of slave-ship lamentations, call-and-response work songs, and plantation spirituals, like "Michael Row the Boat Ashore," into which an Underground Railroad had been coded. While this "invisible church" gave way to robes, pews, organs, and gospel, it did so without ever quite relinquishing its performance faith of "shouters" and "seeking," of "walking right" and the circle dance.

We got a dream version of Gullah culture in the 1992 "American Playhouse" production of Julie Dash's *Daughters of the Dust,* a creation myth and an epic poem of exile and migration. In images as splendid as I have ever seen on any screen, we contemplated "the children of those who chose to survive" at the turn of the twentieth century, packing up in bare ruined choirs to leave for jazzier places like Harlem. There were chatty photographers and bullying missionaries, watery totems and flying horses, wish books and effigies for a conjuring in the branches of talking trees. But mostly, under parasols, in flatboats or carriages, or at picnic tables, there were women, each said to represent a different Yoruba deity and to embody the ghostly past and radiant future. From the novels of Toni Morrison, of course, we would find out what became of them.

In *God's Gonna Trouble the Waters,* producer Teresa Bruce and director Paul Keyserling are more anthropological-documentarian than the dreamy Dash but no less loving, contemplative, and nuanced. We stare at heartbreaking stills of the Middle Passage, the American landfall, and plantation servitude. We listen to a music bred from broken bone. We tour-glide with Ruby Dee through baptismal waters and sacred groves. We sit in on the work and the worship. We meet locals skeptical of tradition, traditionalists worried the past will be lost, youngsters ashamed of their pidgin, elders at oyster roasts, and visitors who want to own all the magic for themselves. And we are ever so gently nudged to understand that out of such assimilated horrors and such creative hybrids comes American culture itself, the savory pepper and bloody salt that season us.

Creole nation: Public TV's *God's Gonna Trouble the* *Waters* looks at Gullah culture past and present.

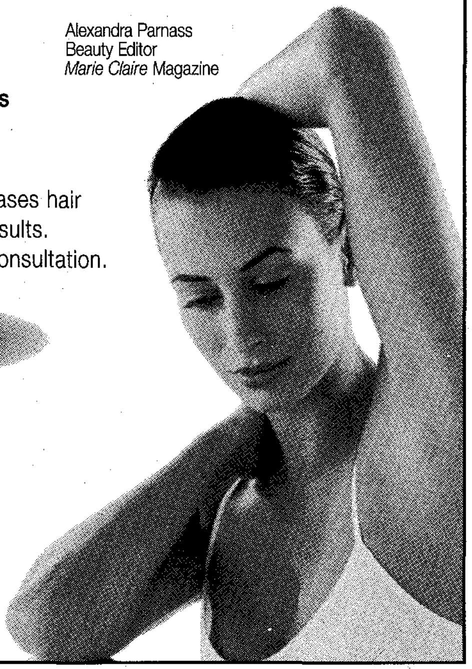
PERHAPS NOT SO ODDLY, GEORGE AND IRA GERSHWIN TOOK up temporary residence on this same Carolina coast in 1933, to make opera out of a problematic novel by DuBose Heyward about black life in the Charleston ghetto. ***Porgy and Bess*: An American Voice** (Wednesday, February 4; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) follows the opera's several incarnations, from its 1935 Broadway flop to a more successful revival in 1942, the world tours of 1952–53, Otto Preminger's 1959 film version, the 1985 Metropolitan Opera staging, the Trevor Nunn productions at Glyndebourne in 1986 and at the Royal Opera in 1992, and the 1993 television premiere as a co-presentation of "Great Performances" and "American Play-

Photograph courtesy of South Carolina ETV.

house." Along the way, on which we are once again shooed by the tireless Ruby Dee, in an evenhanded script by Gloria Naylor and Ed Apfel, we hear a lot of Gershwin, see remarkable newsreel and performance footage, and talk to fans and critics, singers and sociologists, Cab Calloway and Maya Angelou and William Warfield and Leontyne Price.

Yes, Porgy and Bess and Sportin' Life are stereotypes. But so is Madame Butterfly. Yes, George and Ira and DuBose were white. But so is Paul Simon—and as jazz pianist Billy Taylor reminds us, George spent quality time not only in Harlem but also in the black churches of South Carolina, and acknowledged his debt to them. And at least the Gershwins insisted on black actors and singers playing most of the roles in the opera. Without *Porgy,* the stage at the Met might never have been integrated. To be sure, when Barbara Hendricks sang "Summertime" just before the en-Nobeling of Toni Morrison in Stockholm in 1993, our brand-new literature laureate refused to clap. Angelou, who went on the State Department tour, is more generous: "Take the beauty that is inherent in it and exalt it, and cherish it, and be made taller and better and finer by it, with gratitude for it." *Huckleberry Finn* comes to mind.

I could have done without the docudramatizing of DuBose Heyward in the throes of creation, but *An American Voice* is otherwise a model of this sort of cultural inquiry, this teasing of ambiguous texts. We get to sing along with an important argument, in the middle of television's annual dues-paying Black History Month. TBS will devote all this coming Sunday, February 8, to films like *Sounder, In the Heat of the Night, The Mighty Quinn, Corrina Corrina, The Tuskegee Airmen, Glory,* and *A Woman Called Moses.* Showtime is once more showcasing original work by black filmmakers like Nat Colley—whose **The Abortion of Mary Williams** (Monday, February 9; 7:30 to 8 P.M.) features Shirley Jordan and Joanie Pleasant in a surprise twist on the hot-button topic, in the form of a colorblind debate between mother and daughter (and present and future) on the termination of a pregnancy. We have **Small Steps, Big Strides: The Black Experience in Hollywood** to look forward to next week on AMC, and Spike Lee's **4 Little Girls** the week after that on HBO. Any excuse is better than none of such programming, although it seems to me that television has long been more honorable and more conscientious than most of our institutions in responding to the black experience in America—certainly less willfully ignorant and tin-eared, for example, than the reviewer of Toni Morrison's *Paradise* in the daily *Times.* ■



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Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
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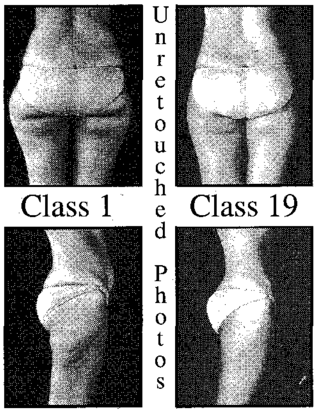

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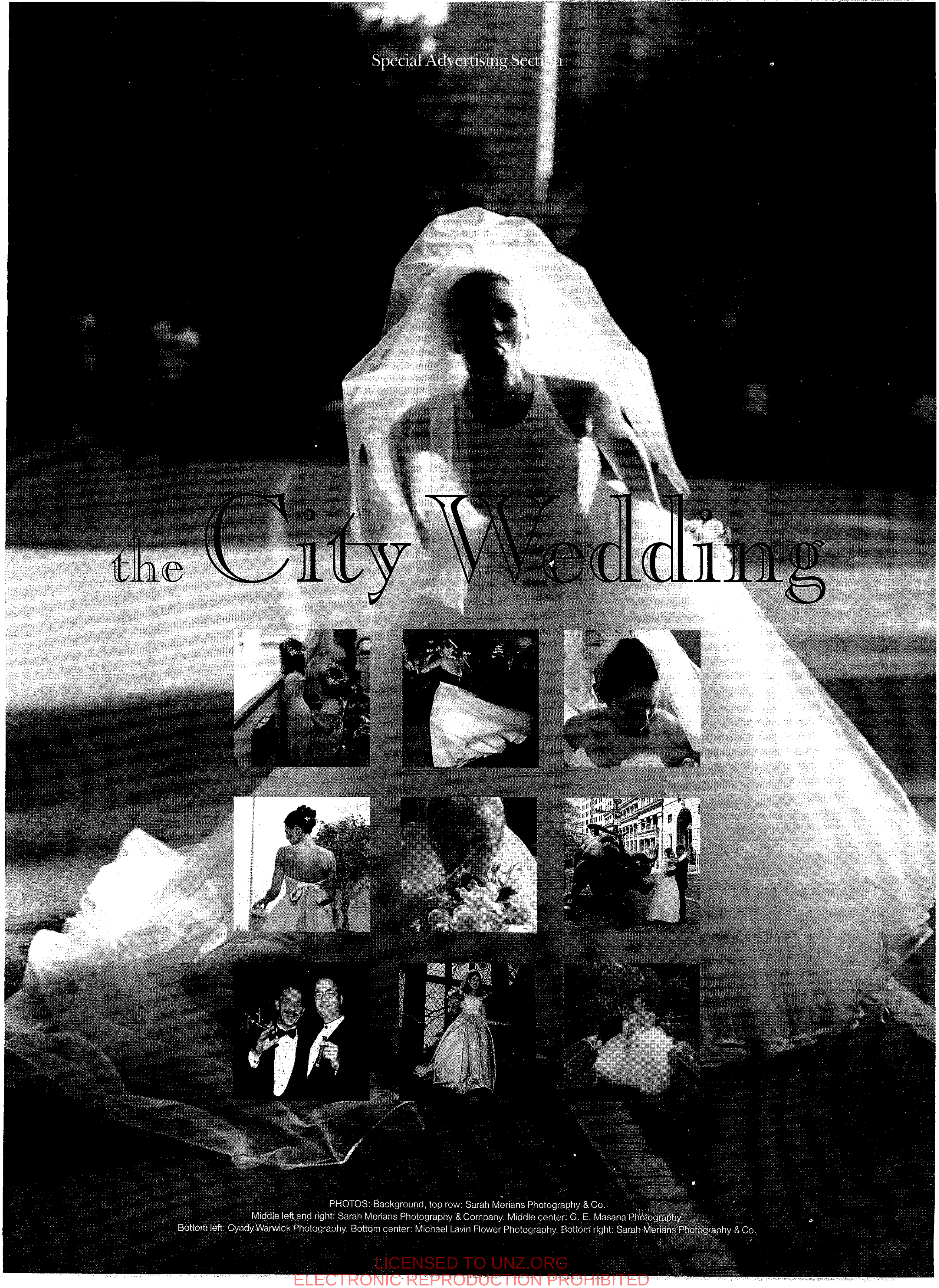

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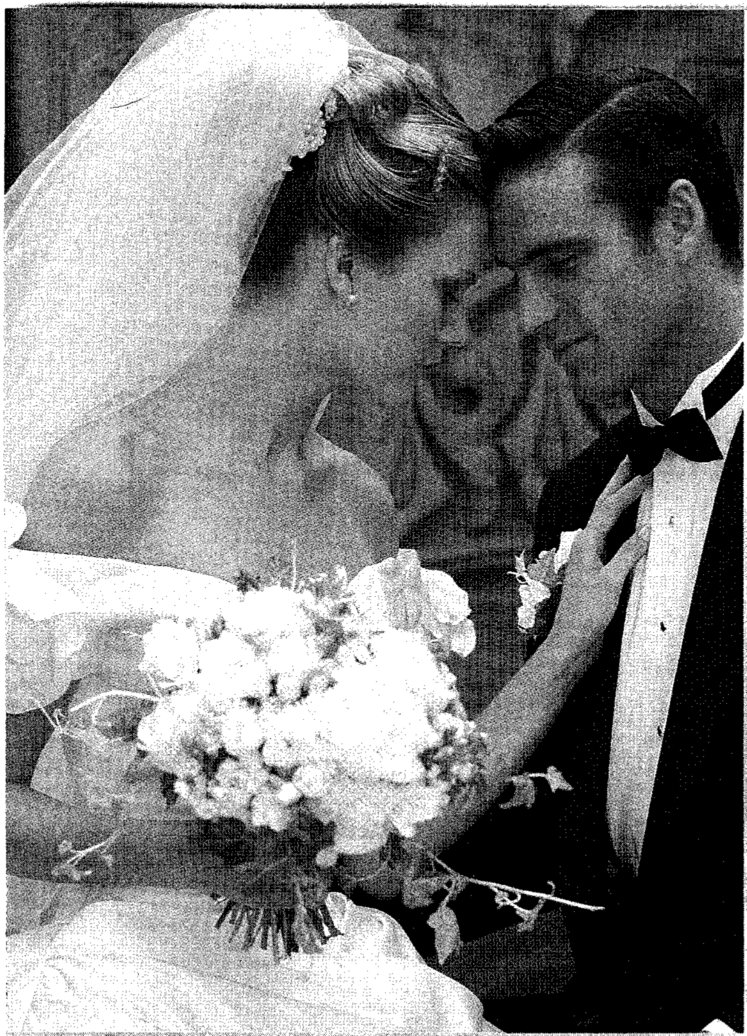

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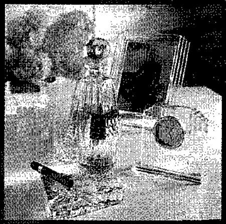

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New York, New York

Stephanie J. Dunne and Chris Cohen could have had their wedding anywhere. For sentimental reasons, they could have chosen Houston. That's where they were living in 1995 when mutual friends invited them to a dinner party, seated them next to each other, and, as they say, the rest was history. Soon thereafter, Stephanie and Chris moved to Atlanta, where they currently live and work. Atlanta would seem to be the obvious choice for their nuptials, but that just didn't seem right. What about Florida? That's where Stephanie's mother lives, and the weather there is usually great. Nah. For Stephanie and Chris, both 27 and born and bred New Yorkers, there was only one place they could possibly consider exchanging vows: New York, New York.

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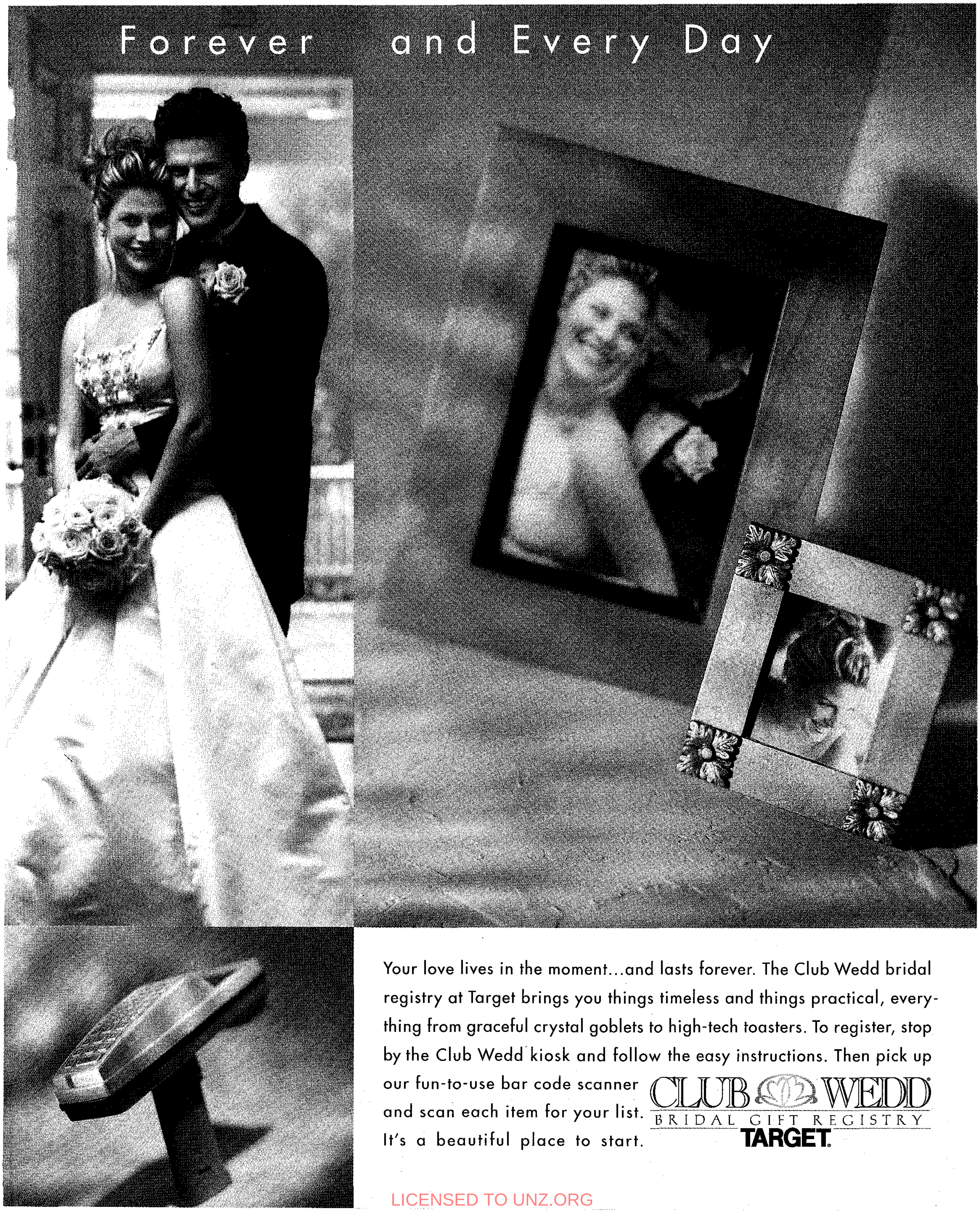

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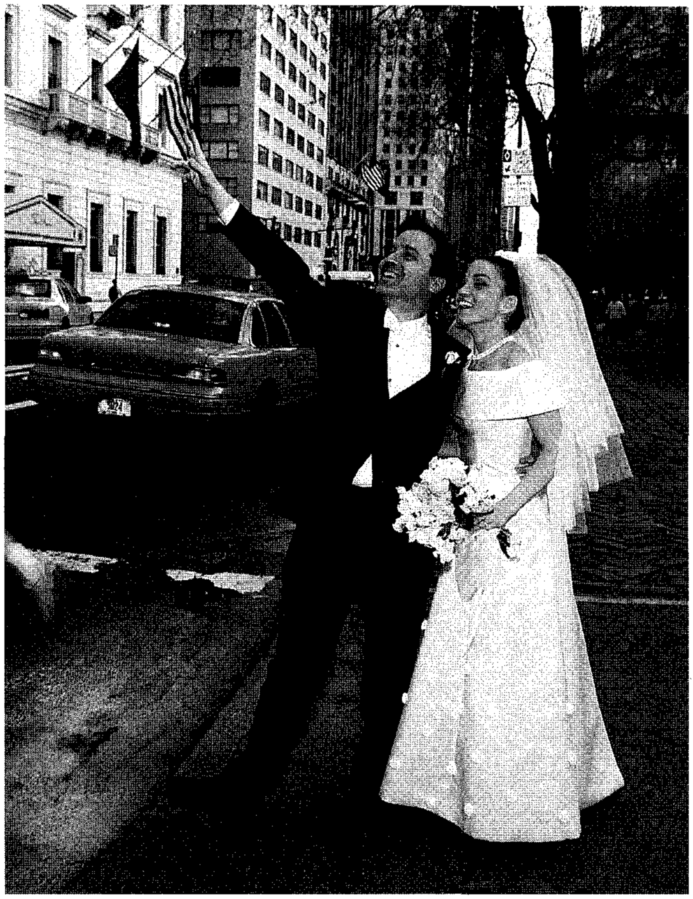
The Big Day

"A New York wedding is a little ritzy, and it sounds glamorous," says Stephanie. Chris, who grew up on Park Avenue, said he never thought about getting married anywhere but The Big Apple. Stephanie admits she's dreamed about her New York wedding since she was a little girl–but with a twist. "Most little girls dream about their wedding dresses," she says. "I've always dreamed about the great pictures I could get." In fact, the one must-have picture on Stephanie and Chris' list when they tie the knot at The Mark on May 16, will be of the two of them flagging a taxi. "I want a black and white shot of us hailing a cab–me in my wedding gown, and Chris in his tuxedo," adds Stephanie, who hired Sarah Merians Photography & Co. for the task. "That's the kind of picture you can only get in New York City," which is why Houston, Atlanta, or Florida never would have flown for the Dunne-Cohen wedding.



Besides acting as a great backdrop for their photographs, New York City will provide Stephanie and Chris–and their guests–with a unique wedding experience. By booking The Mark for their wedding, they've found, as Stephanie calls it, an intimate space in a city of 10 million people. "We'll have an entire floor to ourselves," says Stephanie, who adds that finding a space that could accommodate both the ceremony and the 125-person reception was also key in Stephanie and Chris choosing their New York locale.

Stephanie's sorority sisters from Emory University and Chris' fraternity brothers from Washington University in St. Louis are all looking forward to the Dunne-Cohen wedding, not only because they want to celebrate with Stephanie and Chris, but also because of the wedding's locale. "New York is such an exciting place for people to come to visit, and most of our friends and family will be adding a vacation to their trip," says Stephanie. In addition, she and Chris plan to sneak away one evening for a romantic hansom cab ride through Central Park as well as a stroll down Fifth Avenue, which is just steps from the hotel.

From the way it sounds, Stephanie and Chris are going to have a one-of-a-kind wedding. But isn't that quintessentially New York anyway? As you plan your own unique New York wedding, keep in mind that weddings can take on a life of their own. In fact, if it weren't for the wedding planner that Stephanie and Chris hired, they may have not been able to pull the whole thing off. However, whether or not you decide to hire a planner of your own, you'll definitely want to keep this bi-annual edition of "The City Wedding" with you as you begin your long walk down the wedding planning aisle. It's your ultimate guide to the best and brightest vendors in town as well as companies that can make you and yours look dazzling for the big day. Take a deep breath, get ready for the all the excitement that lay ahead, and get busy!

PHOTO: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.

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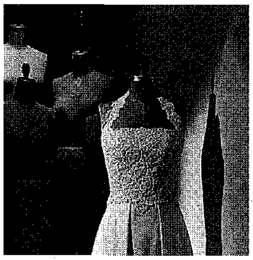
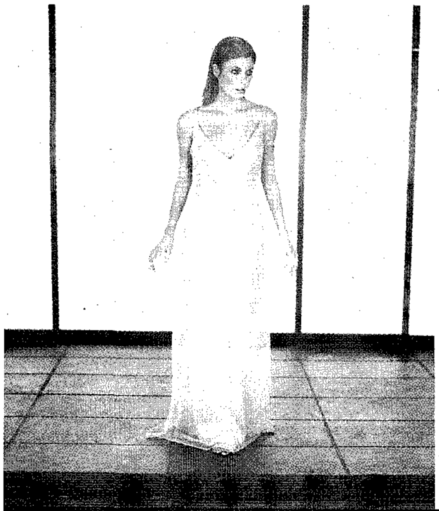


The Beautiful Bride

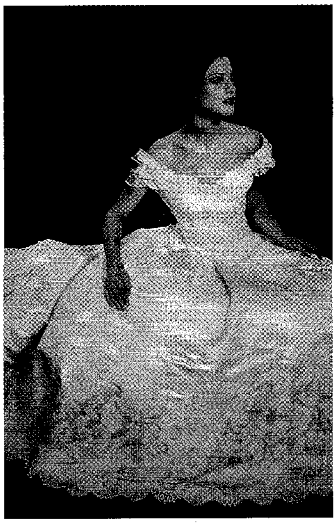


Yumi Katsura Bridal House

Just ask any woman about her dream wedding, and without ever having tried on a bridal gown in her life, she'll probably be able to describe the dress she wants to wear—right down to the number of beads on the bodice and the length of the train. Women fantasize about their wedding dresses from the time they're little girls playing dress up. While imaginary play is healthy for a child, it isn't good for a woman who is about to embark on one of the most important purchases of her adult life: her wedding gown.

Sure, it's okay to look like a princess on her big day, but a bride-to-be should keep other considerations in mind when shopping for her gown. "She should think of her personality, the theme of the wedding, and where the wedding will be held" when trying on dresses, says Erisa, the designer for **Yumi Katsura Bridal House** (907 Madison Ave., 772-3760), whose gowns have graced the bodies of such celebrity brides as Nadia Comaneci and Demi Moore. In fact, there are a number of do's and don'ts to deliberate before buying a wedding dress, and following is sound advice from some of New York's top bridal businesses:

♡ Do look at bridal magazines before you hit the stores. "Tear out the pages of the dresses you like, and create your own personal file," says Michelle Weinreich, the owner of **Michelle Bridal** (24 W. 57th St., Suite 203, 245-3390), a wonderful by-appointment-only bridal salon that stocks the stunning creations of European, British, and



Michelle Bridal

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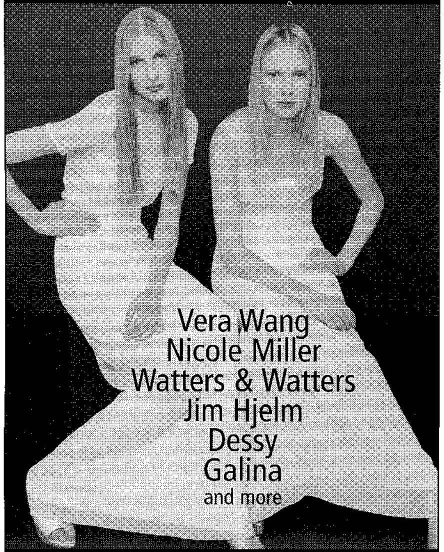

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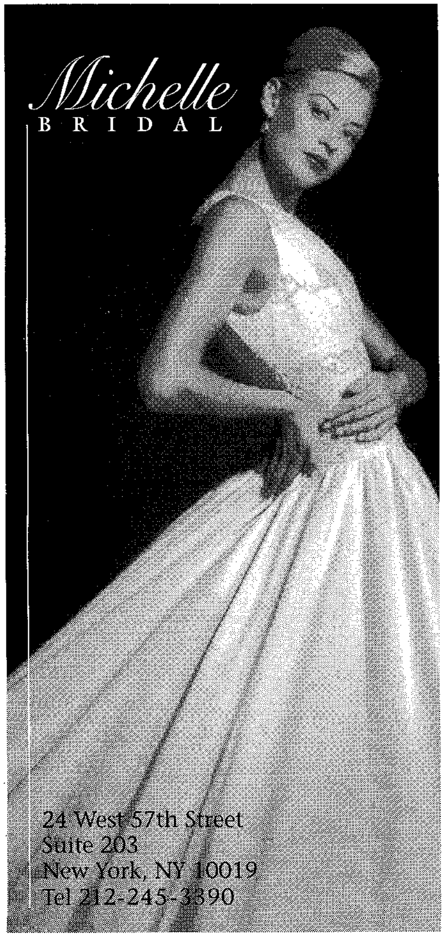

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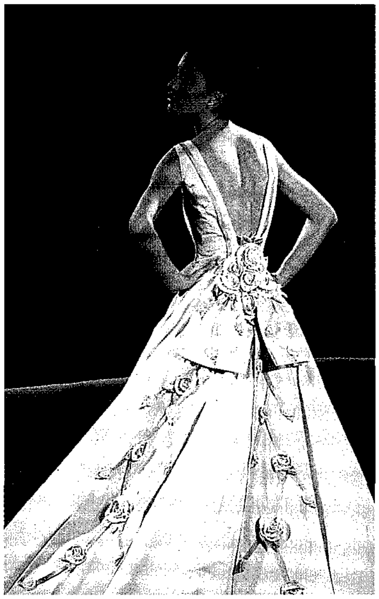


Michelle Bridal

American designers. "It gives me an idea of what type of gown the bride is looking for," adds Michelle, whose salon carries couture bridal gowns by top designers like Cynthia C. & Co., Richard Glasgow, Ron LoVece, and Catherine Rayner.

♡ Do respect your body type when considering gowns. "When a woman walks down the aisle, her dress must move with her," says Erisa of Yumi Katsura. Ivonne Hendricks, 25, of Brightwaters, New York, is 5' 9" and discovered that long, sleek gowns were best for complementing her stature. Her choice for her Nov. 15, 1997 wedding? One of Yumi Katsura's trademark sheath gowns.

Mika Inatome

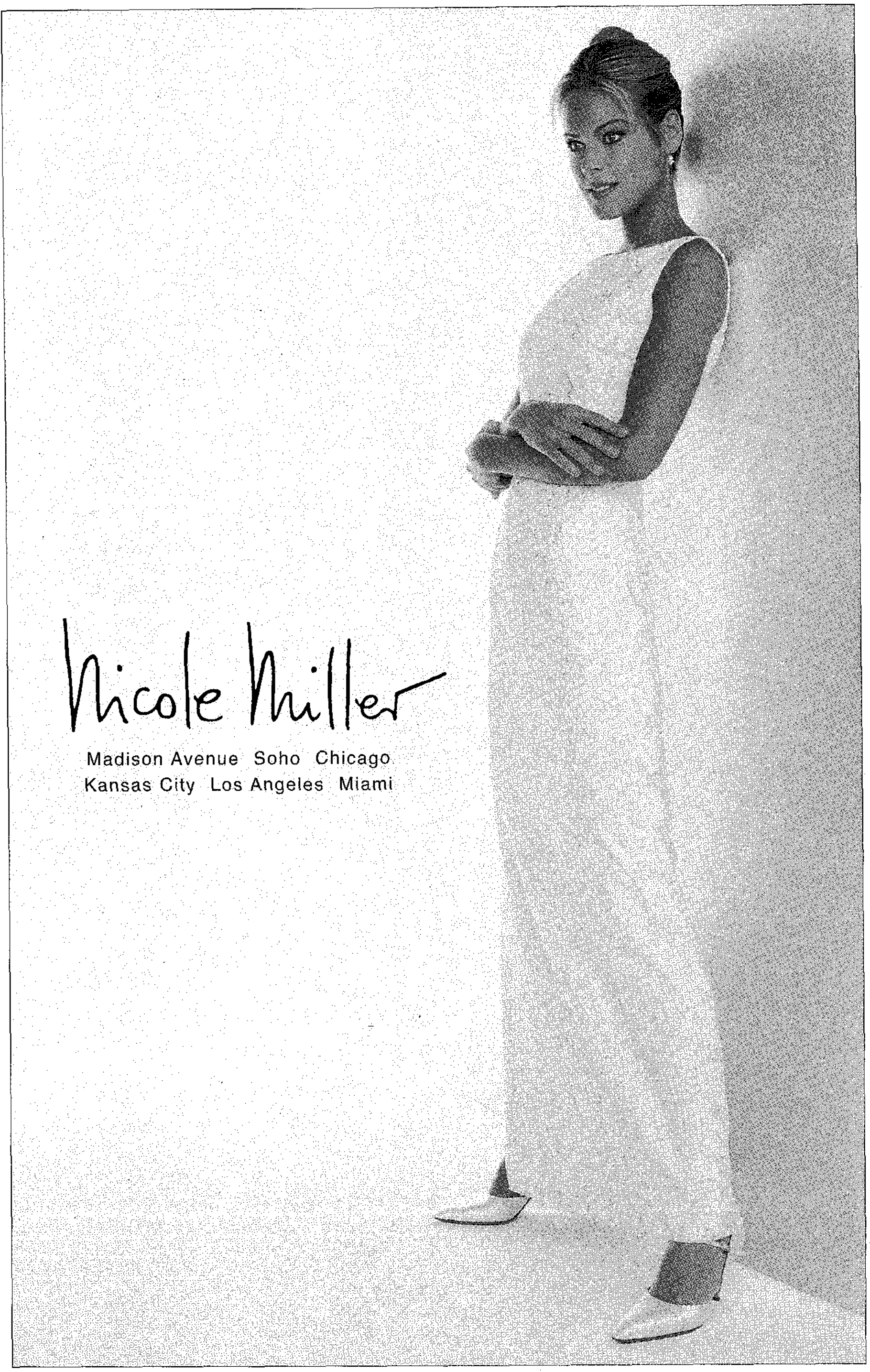
♡ Do determine ahead of time what your bridal gown budget is. "Our gowns, which are all custom made, start at $1,500," says Mika Inatome, designer and owner of **Mika Inatome** (11 Worth St., Suite 4B, 966-7777), a bridal shop that specializes in sophisticated and contemporary gowns made from the finest fabrics and materials available. "We are able to develop individual styles according to a bride's personal taste," Inatome adds.

♡ Don't buy a dress that is inappropriate for your wedding. "If you're getting married in a big space, then you need a big dress," says designer Erisa of Yumi Katsura Bridal House. Additionally, "find out ahead of time if your rabbi or priest has a requirement for covering your arms or shoulders," says Inatome, who specializes in slim and body-grazing silhouettes.

♡ Do allocate at least an hour and a half per salon for trying on dresses. An experienced consultant will take her time with you, and the best way to make sure she can concentrate on your needs is by making an appointment.

♡ Trust your instincts. "I always tell my brides to close their eyes and go back to the vision they've always had of what they would look like on their wedding day," says Jennifer Dule, owner of and designer for **JR Dule Studio** (133 Fifth Ave., 3rd Floor, 777-2100), who creates custom-made gowns for brides, mothers of the bride, and bridesmaids, "and that's the kind of dress they should wear."She tells of one bride who simply wanted to look lovely on her wedding day and hired Dule to create her dream dress. "And when her groom saw her,

PHOTO: Right page: Fred Marcus Photography.



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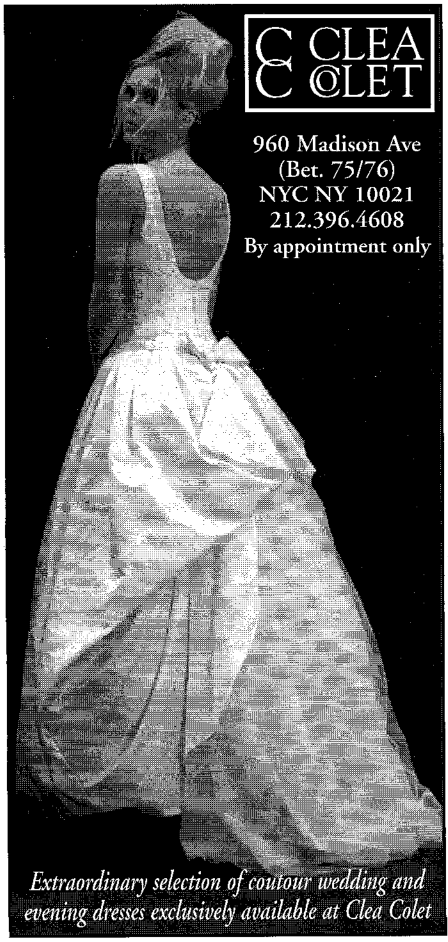
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he said, 'Oh my gosh, that's exactly how I pictured you on our wedding day,'" recalls Dule, who works by appointment only.

♡ Don't worry if you can't try on your dream gown at the bridal shop. "Most bridal shops stock gowns in a sample size, which may be too big or small for you," says Clea Colet, owner of **Clea Colet** (960 Madison Ave., 396-4608), which stocks an exclusive selection of gowns, made with a combination of unmistakable French couture workmanship, the finest French lace, Italian fabric, and hand-beaded embroidery.

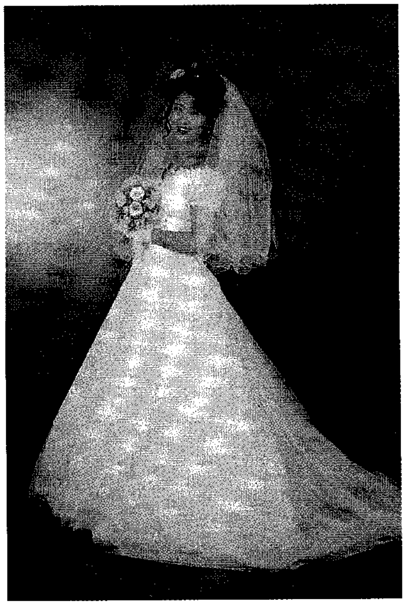
Clea Colet

♡ Do try to keep an open mind about your ultimate gown. "You may have a slim style in mind, but when you see a puffier dress, you may fall in love with it," says Clea Colet, whose dresses have a simple, sophisticated look with a modern twist.

♡ Do purchase your accessories at the same time as you do your bridal gown. That's why it's important to find a full-service salon where you can try on your shoes, veil, and even lingerie to make sure that all complement your gown.

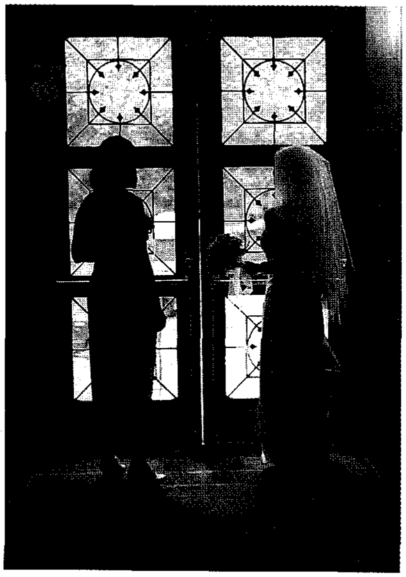
♡ Don't make yourself crazy if your schedule doesn't allow you to make appointments at multiple bridal shops. Busy brides should check out **Independent Visions /New York Bridal Visionaries** (397-7766), a national couture bridal trade show coming to New York March 21-24 at the Pennsylvania Hotel. It will feature American, Canadian, and European designers, and is for brides spending $2,500 and above for their gowns. Interested parties should fax their name, phone number, and wedding date to 397-7765.

♡ Don't despair if you can't afford to spend thousands on your wedding gown. You can still get a great gown by visiting a store like **Michaels** (1041 Madison Ave., 2nd Floor, 737-7273), a consignment shop that offers "an outstanding selection of delicately pre-owned bridal gowns at a fraction of their original cost," says Laura Fluhr, owner. They offer well-known names like Vera Wang, Scassi, and Christian Dior in sizes 2 through 12, priced from $250 to $1,700.



Michaels

Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed, Something Blue



Many brides enjoy following this four-part tradition of things old, new, borrowed, and blue. Here are some suggestions for ways you can make this tradition part of your big day:

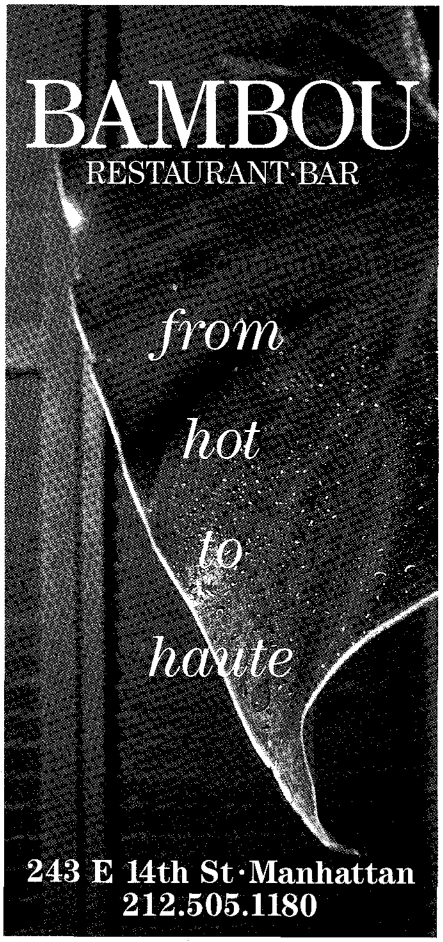
OLD: Take a piece of lace from your mother or grandmother's dress, and sew it inside your gown

NEW: Treat yourself to new lingerie, including a garter that your groom can remove at the reception

BORROWED: Ask your mother, grandmother, sister, or a close friend if you can borrow a pearl necklace or a pair of earrings to wear on your wedding day

BLUE: Treat yourself to a pedicure, and have your toes painted with one of the new blue nail polishes that are all the rage

PHOTOS: Top: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.
Right: Fred Marcus Photography.



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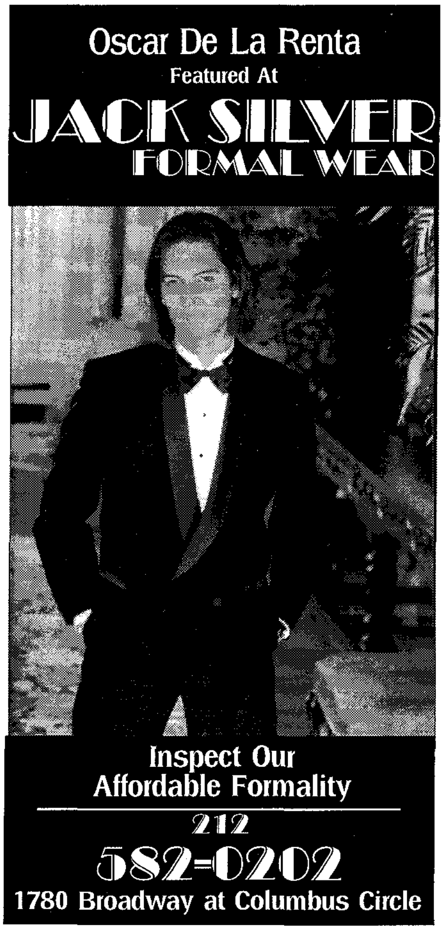

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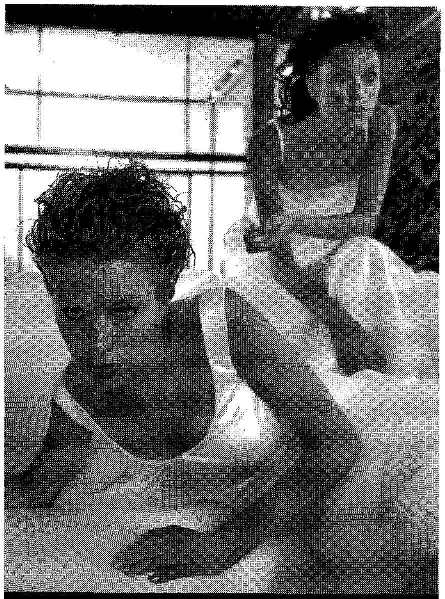

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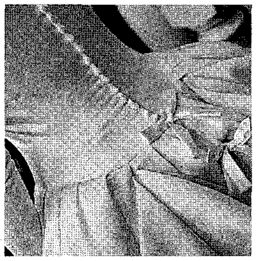

Attending to the Attendants

Years ago, a major magazine did a feature on a girl who seemed destined to be a bridesmaid her entire life. This poor young lady had been in countless weddings, and had an entire closet filled with dresses that would never again see the light of day—except maybe on Halloween. Thankfully, times have changed, and bridesmaid dresses are no longer hideous creations that your attendants wear simply to make you happy. There are designers now who have woken up and smelled the taffeta, and who realize that, yes, bridesmaid dresses can be pretty, and yes, they can actually be worn again. Before you take your entire bridal party shopping for dresses, keep the following six tips in mind:

Bride's Best Friends

1. Never bring all your bridesmaids with you the first time you go shopping for dresses. Ultimately, everyone is going to like something different, which will make your decision that much more difficult. Instead, take only one or two bridesmaids with you, advises Ilene Rauch and Elizabeth Fisher, owners of **Bride's Best Friends** (11 E. Palisade Ave., Englewood, NJ, 201-541-1333), a shop just over the George Washington Bridge specializing in bridesmaids dresses by Watters and Watters, Dessy, Jim Hjelm, Galina, ABS, Vera Wang, and more. Because of its New Jersey locale, there is no sales tax on clothing.

2. Try on any bridesmaid dresses you might be considering. "It's important for the bride to try each dress on herself to see what it looks like," says Nicole Miller, namesake of **Nicole Miller** (525 Seventh Ave., 1-800-365-4721), who

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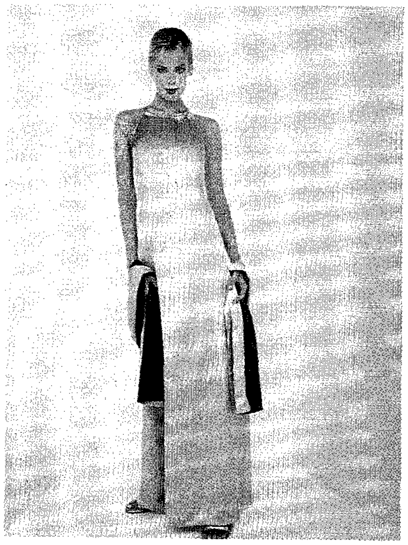
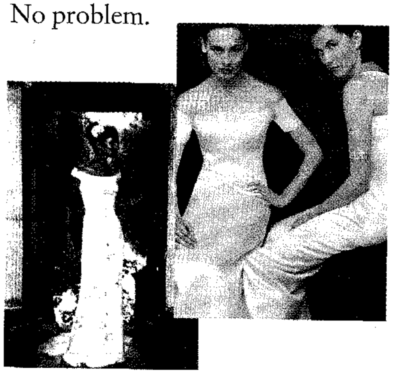
Bottom left: Sarah Merians Photography & Co. Bottom right: Fred Marcus Photography.



Nicole Miller

has created a line of dresses, as she says, that are "meant for brides who want to keep their friends." The popular Nicole Miller bridesmaid dresses are priced between $350 and $750, and are available at specialty stores as well as by special order from Nicole Miller boutiques.

3. Determine ahead of time whether or not you want your bridesmaids to wear matching dresses. "There's a trend of bridesmaids wearing dresses of their own choosing," says Daphne Silverstein, owner of **The Bridal Party** (243 E. 82nd St., 861-2318), a Manhattan-based by-appointment-only shop that sells bridesmaid dresses only. Michelle Weissman, 24, who lives in Chicago but is getting married in Long Island on March 28, decided that she'd like her bridesmaids to wear matching dresses. However, the maid of honor wanted to wear something a little different. The Bridal Party's response: No problem.



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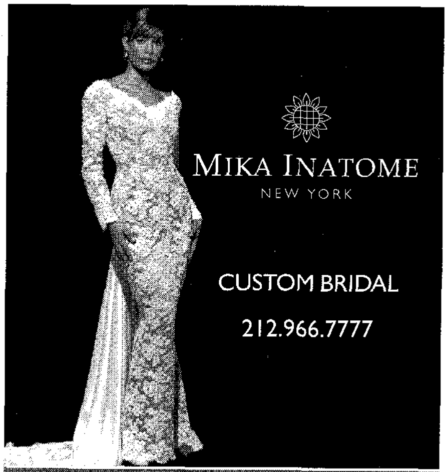
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When she visited The Bridal Party to buy dresses, her maid of honor found a great Vera Wang dress. "Then the staff helped us find complementing dresses from Watters and Watters for my bridesmaids," says Michelle, a five-time bridesmaid herself who proclaimed shopping at The Bridal Party "the most painless experience I've had."

Nicole Miller

4. Find a dress that your bridesmaids can wear again. Thankfully, Nicole Miller has kept this idea in mind when designing her line of bridesmaid dresses. Selections range from sheer topped dresses with solid bodices to sleek crepe gowns worn with a bolero jacket. They're so stylish that after your wedding, your bridesmaids could easily don these fabulous frocks for a cocktail party or a formal event. For more information on Nicole Miller dresses, check out her website at www.nicolemiller.com.

Magic Windows

5. If you're having children of varying ages in your wedding party, don't expect to find perfectly matching outfits. "It's very difficult to find an outfit for a four-year-old flower girl that will be identical to a dress that a 12-year-old junior bridesmaid will wear," says Carole French, owner of **Magic Windows** (1186 Madison Ave., 289-0028), a traditional children's store that specializes in outfits for special occasions. Here, brides can find flower girl dresses by Elena Do Vale, Posies, Sylvia Whyte, Susanne Lively, and Vivian Nicole.

6. Allow sufficient time in your planning calendar to shop for and order dresses. At The Bridal Party, evening and Saturday afternoon appointments get snapped up fast. Therefore, it's wise to call at least two weeks ahead of time to schedule an appointment. Magic Windows' Carole French suggests purchasing flower girl dresses and ring bearer outfits at least six weeks ahead of time. Because Michelle Weissman's bridesmaids live all over the tri-state area, she ordered her dresses four months before her wedding, which will allow ample time for shipping and alterations. Some brides may feel comfortable buying the bridesmaid dresses up to six months in advance, just to be on the safe side.

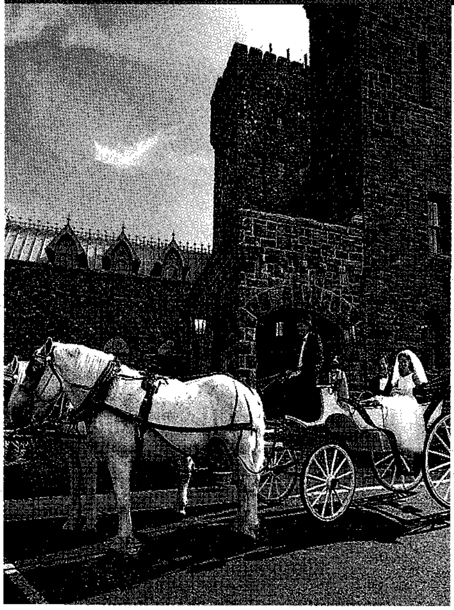
New Hues for Bridesmaid Dresses

According to those in the know, there are certain shades of bridesmaid dresses that are, thankfully, no longer in vogue, including fuschia and sea foam green. Here are five hot hues for 1998: chocolate brown, champagne, navy, platinum, and mint.

PHOTOS: Above right: Fred Marcus Photography. Right page: Cyndy Warwick Photography.

Beware The Castle...

you may start believing that fairy tales can come true



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The Groom and His Guys

Nothing looks nicer at a wedding than a line of neatly groomed men, all wearing matching tuxedos. One way to pull the entire look of your wedding party together is by dressing your guys alike. Unless all the groom's men own identical tuxedos, they're going to have to rent tuxedos, bow ties, shoes, and accessories that match. Additionally, if you're having a morning wedding, when a grey stroller or cutaway jacket is more appropriate than a tuxedo, you'll definitely need the services of a formalwear shop. Whether you're having only a best man stand up with you or a group of your fraternity brothers, you'll want to check out the services of the three businesses listed below:

Barneys New York (Madison Ave. at 61st St., 826-8900) offers a wide range of tuxedos to reflect the personal style of each groom. He may choose a single-breasted, basic Armani tuxedo, which is beautiful and elegant. Or, he may decide to go with fashion and choose an amazing iridescent Gucci or Helmut Lang tuxedo.

Jack Silver Formal Wear (1780 Broadway, 582-0202) offers rental and sales of the most current designer tails, tuxedos, strollers, morning suits, and accessories by Perry Ellis, Christian Dior, and Chaps Ralph Lauren–all at affordable prices. If five or more of your groomsmen rent here, the groom's outfit is free, or you get 20 percent off the entire party's tab.

Lexington Formalwear (12 E. 46th St., 867-4420) has been providing the finest rental and retail tuxedos to New Yorkers for more than 50 years. This 3,000-square-foot shop contains New York's largest in-house selection of tuxedos, white tie and tails, morning suits, and accessories by such designers as Perry Ellis, Chaps Ralph Lauren, and Oscar de la Renta. Grooms and their attendants will appreciate the custom fit that Lexington Formalwear achieves with each of the suits it rents. "You'll walk out looking as if you own it," says Lexington Formalwear president Susan Schreiber.

Tuxedo Trends

Here are two of the hottest trends in men's formalwear this year:

*Vests are the accessory of choice this season, says Susan Schreiber, president of Lexington Formalwear. "Vests are more comfortable than cummerbunds. They always look neat and never slide around. Additionally, if a gentleman wishes to remove his tux jacket, he still looks 'dressed.'"

*The Euro tie looks like a combination of an ascot and a four-in-hand tie, which is the most formal of ties a guy could wear. It goes as well with a tuxedo as does a traditional bow tie. It is new, "in," and hot!

PHOTOS: Top left: Rob Fraser. Top right: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.
Bottom left: Sarah Merians Photography & Co. Bottom Right: Rob Fraser
Right page: Cyndy Warwick Photography.

Planning Particulars

According to latest Census Bureau figures, brides and grooms are getting older as we approach the new millennium. Currently, the approximate age for a bride is 24 and a groom 26. Additionally, most of today's brides and grooms have jobs of their own and are busy people. Not surprisingly, once they become engaged, their busy lifestyles don't allow them much time to plan a wedding. That's when you need to call in the cavalry–or a company that can help you put together your wedding. Remember Stephanie J. Dunne and Chris Cohen, the Atlanta couple getting married in New York this spring? They're a two-career couple who realized that their busy schedules–and the fact that they live out of town–wouldn't allow them to plan the New York wedding they wanted, so they hired a wedding planner. Even if you live nearby in Hoboken or in SoHo, you may find that you need a little help, too.

"Most of our clients are working people who have their own ideas of how they want their wedding to be, but they're lacking two key elements: time, and the resources to pull the whole thing off," says Ellen Eskenazi, a partner with Jackie Zirkman in **Event of the Year, Inc.** (807-0907), a full-service event planning company that can create every kind of wedding, from a black-tie gala to a casual brunch. "Our goal is to give them the party they've always dreamed of." Event of the Year can work for a couple in two capacities. "We can take their wedding from inception to completion and help them in the decision-making process," says Eskenazi. "Or we can simply offer them advice and contact information on reception locations, florist, photographers, etc."

Lynn Margulies finds that her clients are also busy, professional couples "who want to be able to plan their wedding in one stop." To that end, Margulies' company **LM Productions** offers **The Bridal Event at the Pierre Hotel** (61st St. at Fifth Ave.), a high-end couture bridal show happening February 28. "You can meet the best of the best, and save about four to five months of legwork and research," says Margulies. Exhibitors include reception sites, wedding gown designers, photography companies, makeup artists, and more. One such notable participant is Colin Cowie, wedding designer to the stars who helped people like Lisa Kudrow, Kenny G., Paula Abdul, and Kelsey Grammer tie the knot in style. Tickets are $18 through Ticketmaster, 307-7171, or $25 at the door.

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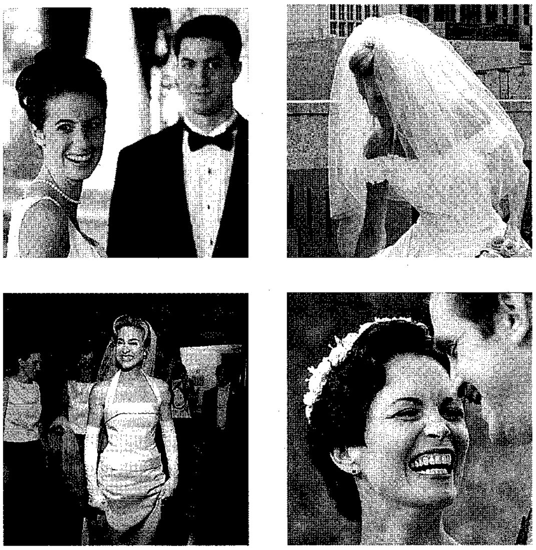


Looking Good

Every bride and groom wants to look fantastic in their wedding photographs. Besides hiring a professional photographer, taking care of their appearance ahead of time is the best way for a bride and a groom to look their best. If ever there was a time to splurge on beauty treatments, this is it. In addition to professional makeup application, you may want to consider teeth whitening, massage, facials, and other spa services to make you look and feel energized and refreshed. Following are four tips for looking fantastic on your big day:

♡ Take care of your smile. If you've been putting off seeing your dentist, now is the time to do it. "Get a checkup, if you need one, before your wedding. It would be terrible to go on your honeymoon and then discover that you need a root canal done," advises Dr. Gabriel Golan, president of Teledontics, which runs **1-800-DENTIST** (1-800-336-8478) on the East Coast. 1-800-DENTIST has approximately 175 participating dentists in the New York area including those that do teeth bleaching and bonding–a great way to improve your smile before the wedding.

♡ Consider cosmetic surgery. "If you've always hated the way your nose looks, why not get it done so you can look beautiful in your wedding pictures?" asks **Denise Thomas** (734-0233), a shopper and a consultant who can help you find the right doctor for the specific kind of cosmetic surgery you want done. Thomas believes there's no reason you shouldn't have the face you've always wanted, especially on your wedding day.

♡ Pamper yourself in the days and weeks before the wedding so you'll look and feel relaxed and refreshed. "To relieve stress before the wedding, you should have a full body massage, reflexology, and a seaweed wrap," says Lia Schorr, owner of **Lia Schorr Skincare** (686 Lexington Ave., 4th Floor, 486-9670), a full-service salon that specializes in preparing the bride and groom to look and feel their best. Additionally, "the bride and groom should have four consecutive facials to clean the skin up to two weeks prior to the wedding day," says Schorr.

♡ Make sure you make time for a manicure and a pedicure. The bride will be shaking a lot of hands on her wedding day, which is why it is imperative that she "present her hands with a well-polished and classic look that complements the dress and the ring," advises Laurie Raimo, a spokesperson for **DePasquale, The Spa** (Rte. 10 East, Powder Mill Plaza, Morris Plains, NJ, 973-538-3811). Treat the groom to a manicure, too. DePasquale, The Spa also offers a range of facial and body treatments, including full body exfoliation and makeup lessons.

PHOTOS: Top left: Fred Marcus Photography. Top right: Cyndy Warwick Photography.
Center left: Cyndy Warwick Photography. Center right: Fred Marcus Photography.
Bottom row: Michael Lavin Flower Photography.

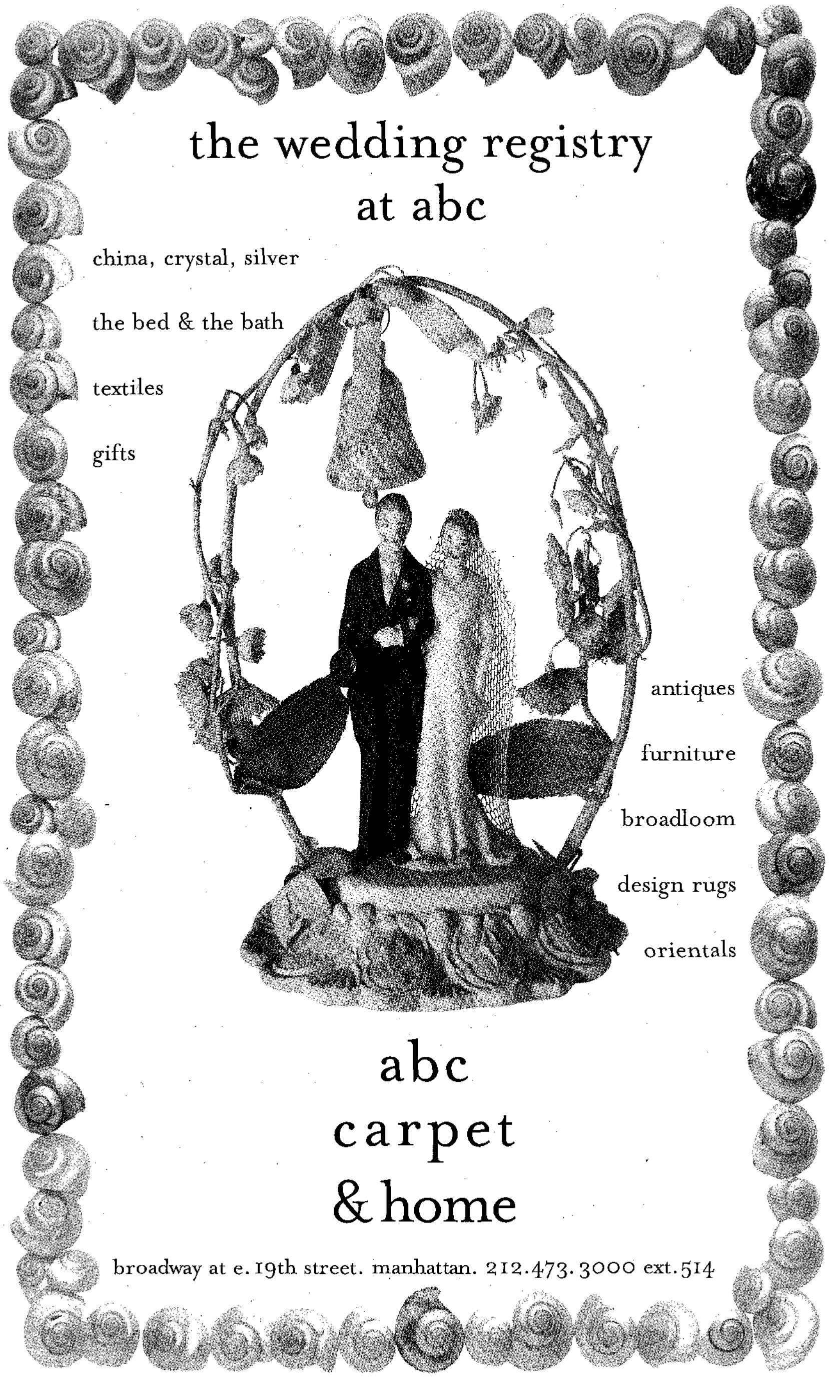
Heavenly Hair

Most brides and grooms can count on their hair looking great on their wedding day, that is, if they've gotten a good cut and a few styling tips beforehand. But what about the millions of men and women with hair loss? For them the walk down the aisle, with all eyes on the back of their head, can be the longest walk of their lives. Thankfully, three New York area companies offer services to help turn thin hair into a magnificent mane.

DonCosa Images (475 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 1-800-IMAGES-3 or 201-569-7339) offers the exclusive, trademarked technology, The MicroDot™ process, a non-surgical approach to fine, thin or damaged hair for men and women. Human donor hair is looped around points of fixation to create the hair you always dreamed of. Call DonCosa Images, and they'll send you a free video that explains this revolutionary technique.

LeMetric Hair Center (124 E. 40th St., Suite 601, 986-5620) is for women who are experiencing hair loss, which, according to LeMetric founder and president Elline Surianello, affects nearly 20 million women. LeMetric provides not only information but solutions through permanent hair replacement.

Sequence (106 Grand Avenue, Englewood, NJ, 1-888-BLEND-88) offers Hair Blending® to add more fullness and length to your hair for that special occasion. Since Hair Blending adds one real hair at a time between your own hair, you can create any look you want. It increases your hair's volume and length naturally.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A Pampering Party

In the months before their wedding, an engaged couple might attend as many as five parties in their honor. To spice things up, the bride-to-be might suggest that her bridal party forego the ho-hum bridal shower and plan a pampering party instead. For just such an occasion, there's **Scott J. Salons & Spas** (257 Columbus Ave., 769-0107). Here, the bridal party can rent out the entire salon for the day, and enjoy one or all of the spa's services with lunch, fruit, and champagne. Besides massages and manicures, the bride-to-be, her maid of honor, and her bridesmaids can take advantage of the hairstylists on staff to learn about the latest wedding hair-dos. Furthermore, they can pick up tips from the resident make-up artist for looking gorgeous on the big day.

Music Masters

Perhaps what sticks in the mind of your wedding guests most is the music at your ceremony and your reception. Talk to frequent wedding guests, and they can tell you whose wedding ceremony music brought tears to their eyes and whose ceremony music was so awful it brought them to tears. Guests never forget a reception filled with great music, but they'll also never forget a reception where the band was so loud or the deejay so full of himself that they were unable to relax and have a good time. That's why it's imperative to choose a band or deejay that meshes with your personality, can and will play the kind of music you prefer (and your guests do, too), and, of course, fits your budget.

That was the criteria Howie and Toby Kaye of Riverdale, New York, used when selecting musicians to play at their June 25, 1995 wedding. "We'd heard so many musicians who provided cookie-cutter music for weddings, and we just didn't want that," recalls Toby, 36. She and Howie, 34, were interested in an entertainment company that would provide music for the ceremony and the reception, but with a twist: "My husband is a folk music aficionado, and

PHOTOS: Top: Fred Marcus Photography. Bottom: Rob Fraser Photography.

we wanted the music at our ceremony and reception to reflect our love of eclectic folk music," says Toby. To that end, they needed to find musicians who would be willing to learn new music for their wedding and play it well. **Ken Gross Orchestras** (1-800-688-4480) did the job and, according to the Kayes, did it well. "We were especially pleased that Ken Gross was able to accommodate our request for an obscure, Irish folk song called 'Si Bheag Si Mhor' at our ceremony. The flutist and keyboard player played the song as if they'd been playing if for years," adds Toby. That should come as no surprise, considering Ken Gross Orchestras employs more than 70 full-time, professional musicians in set groups.

Besides honoring the bride and groom's request for specific music, a good band or deejay should also listen to and respect any requests the couple makes about not playing certain kinds of music. "We try to tailor make the music for the party, welcome their list of favorites, and honor the things they don't want played," says Lester Lanin, whose company **Lester Lanin Orchestras** (157 W. 57th St., 265-5208), which has performed at more than 30,000 weddings, represents ensembles ranging in size from a single piano player to a full orchestra. The company's repertoire ranges from Count Basie to Celine Dion, Duke Ellington to Elton John.

Before you book a band, make sure you see the musicians in action on a live video. "Always ask to see a video of a band or deejay ahead of time," advises Barry Herman, president of **Barry Herman Entertainment** (755-1940 or 1-800-915-1940). Prospective brides and grooms view live performance videotapes of the bands and deejays the company represents. Because Barry Herman Entertainment offers more than 14 different live bands and as many

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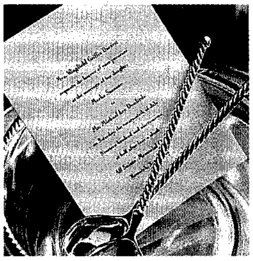
deejays, it can meet the music needs of any couple. "We can provide anything from a single musician playing classical guitar, a keyboard synthesizer, or a violin up to a full-size orchestra of 50 musicians," Herman adds. Couples who want to scope out Barry Herman Entertainment's band selections ahead of time can visit the company's website (www.bhermanentertainment.com) where they'll find full-view video and audio samples of the bands in action.



The Write Stuff

"An invitation is the only part of your wedding that will sit in someone's home for six to eight weeks and remind them of the event to come," says Rachel Yohai, owner of **Rae Michaels Ltd.** (521 Madison Ave., 688-2256), a full-service announcement and invitation company that has been commemorating weddings, births, and bar/bat mitzvahs of New Yorkers for the past seven years. "Therefore, your invitation should truly reflect your wedding, and give guests an idea of how to dress and what to expect." For example, if you're having a formal hotel wedding, which will require black-tie dress, you'll want your invitation to mirror the formality of the event. A good choice? White or ecru paper with black engraved ink.

Conversely, "if you're having an afternoon, outdoor garden wedding, we might used hand-made papers with pressed real flowers," says Laura Leigh, owner of **Alpine Creative Group** (159 W. 25th St., 6th Floor, 989-4198), which does custom invitations for events both corporate and private. Alpine Creative Group also acts as a printer, and offers six on-site graphic designers to create an invitation that's as unique as your wedding.

Besides having an invitation that reflects the tenor of your wedding, here are other tips to keep in mind:

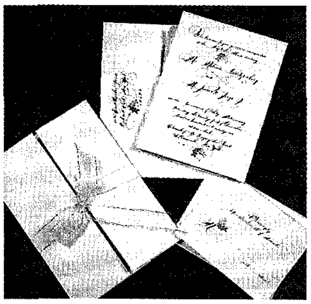
♡ Don't be stingy with your budget. "If you're spending $40,000 on a wedding, you should spend about $6 per invitation set," says Yohai. "Think about how much your basic birthday card costs. Shouldn't you spend as much or more on your wedding invitation?"

♡ Shop around. "Do your research ahead of time so you'll know what kind of invitations you like, and what you don't like," advises Leigh.

♡ Don't choose invitations more than six months in advance. "If you like imported papers, they change with the season," says Leigh. "You wouldn't want to choose your invitations a year-and-a-half in advance, because by the time you're ready to order them, the paper may not be available any more."

PHOTO: Cyndy Warwick Photography.

♡ If you want to add a little panache to your invitation, do it simply. "I have conservative customers, but if they want to add something unique to their invitation, they usually do it in an understated way," says Yohai. For example, a bride-to-be might choose an ecru rice paper instead of a traditional Crane cotton paper. Or she may adorn the envelopes with a wax seal.


Rae Michaels Ltd.

Creating the Mood for the Big Event

A full-service invitation company can do more than just produce and print an invitation for you—they can create the entire mood of the party. One such company is Alpine Creative Group, which has, in the past, designed an entire banquet room at a wedding to match the bride's gown or the invitation she and her groom have chosen. Here's what Alpine has done for weddings in recent history:

♡ A bride wore an ivory silk gown, so Alpine found linens and china that almost perfectly matched her gown to use at the reception.

♡ For a bride who wore a gown decorated with pearls, the company created table cards, place cards, and escort cards all outlined in the same pearls from the bride's dress.

♡ At a fall wedding, Alpine created a gift of the season for each guest. It was fragrant soaps in the shape of leaves, wrapped in tulle and satin ribbon.

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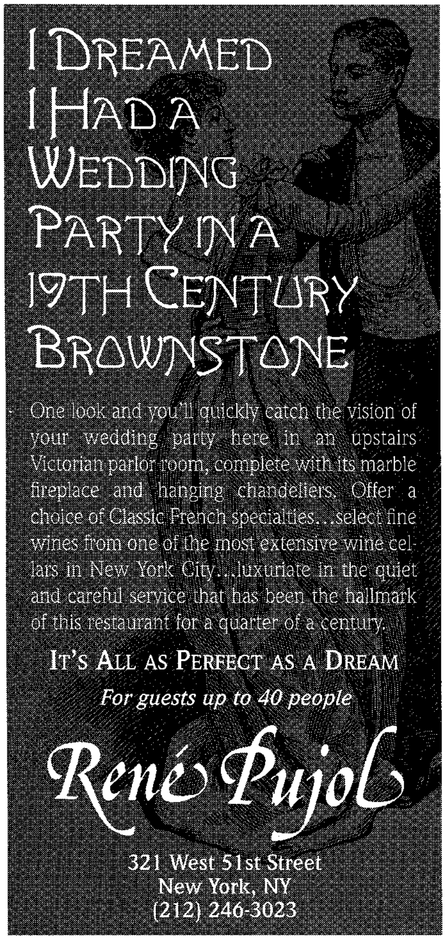
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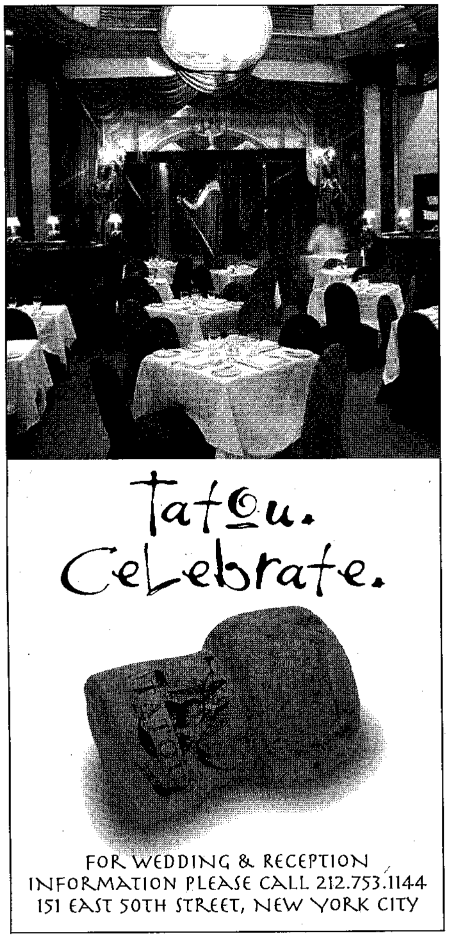
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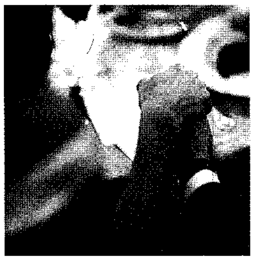


Picture Perfect

You've all seen them: the wedding photographer with a too-tight tuxedo, a toupee just slightly askew on his head, and a Napoleonic complex. He's the one who attempts to choreograph the wedding, yells at the guests when they don't cooperate, and keeps the bride and groom away from the wedding so long that they never even get to have a good time. A great wedding photographer, on the other hand, is one who can snap all the pictures the couple wants for their wedding without getting in the face of the couple and their guests.

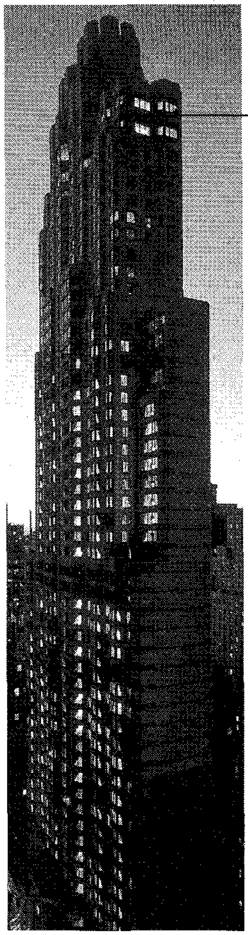
"We didn't even know she was there," recalls Dani Kolben, 25, of photographer Sarah Merians, of **Sarah Merians Photography & Company** (104 Fifth Ave., 4th Floor, 633-0502), who photographed her recent wedding to Eric Kolben, 27. At one point Dani and Eric were worried that Sarah wasn't doing her job because they were so unaware of her presence. "Then we got 700 pictures back, and we loved them all. There were tons of candid photos, and she caught moments you wouldn't expect." Dani and Eric's favorite is a picture of them standing together, underneath Dani's veil, looking at each other. "It's in black and white, and we didn't even know she was taking it." Sarah Merians is one of 14 photographers at the studio. Each experienced professional offers a unique style and perspective.

So that you'll be pleasantly surprised when you get your wedding pictures and video back, here are tips for finding a picture-perfect wedding photographer:

1. Choose a photographer and videographer who is familiar with your location. For example, if you're having your wedding in a large cathedral and then a hotel ballroom, don't use someone whose only experience is working in a campus chapel or at outdoor weddings.

2. Be sure you look at samples of the photographer's work before signing on the dotted line. "When you're looking at samples, look at the moment being captured. Are you moved? Does it seem real? Look for joy and emotions in people's faces," advises **G.E. Masana Photography** (330-7934 or 516-224-5214), a photographer who does candid, photojournalistic photography, and an artistic mix of black and white, color, and hand-colored photographs.

PHOTOS: Top: Fred Marcus Photography. Center: Sarah Merians Photography & Co. Bottom: G. E. Masana Photography. Right page: Fred Marcus Photography.



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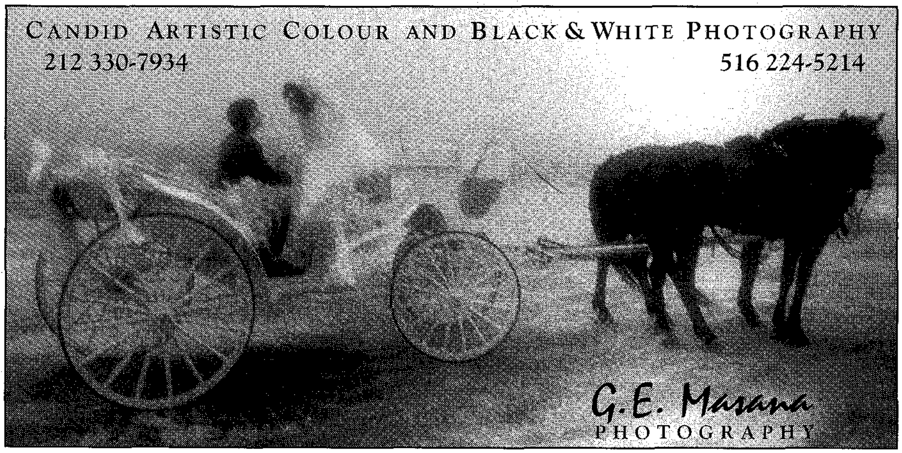

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3. Make sure you see pictures from an entire wedding. "Don't settle for looking at individual pictures of many different weddings," warns Andy Marcus, president of **Fred Marcus Photography**, (245 W. 72nd St., 873-5588), one of the top wedding photographers in New York. "Anybody can take one good picture at a wedding, but it takes a true professional to capture the entire event and make both portraits and candids work together," adds Marcus, whose studio shoots weddings in both color and black and white.

4. Ask if your photography studio can also do videography.

5. Make sure you meet with the actual photographer and/or videographer who will be shooting your wedding. "This is the person you'll be spending the most time with on your wedding day, so you should trust your instincts when you choose someone," advises Cyndy Warwick of **Cyndy Warwick Photography** (420-4760), who describes herself as more than just a wedding photographer. She blends fashion, photojournalism, and fine art to create, what she calls, honest, cinematic images.

6. "Once you have chosen a photographer who's going to treat your wedding like a work of art or a feature story, don't get scared and try to change that photographer's style," advises photographer **Rob Fraser** (941-0433). "Trust in your photographer is essential," adds **Michael Lavin Flower** (413-528-0174).

With This Ring

You're going to wear your engagement and wedding ring for the rest of your life. So make sure the one you choose wasn't done so on a whim. "A wedding ring should not be a last-minute purchase," says Mel Krumholtz, owner of **Wedding Ring Originals** (674 Lexington Ave., 751-3940), which sells wedding and engagement rings and offers more than 1,600 ring variations. However, that doesn't mean that it's wrong to like the very first ring you see. "The most important thing to keep in mind when buying your ring is it should be pleasing to you at first glance; it shouldn't have to grow on you," adds Krumholtz, whose company has a complete website on wedding and engagement rings at www.weddingrings.com.

Wedding Ring Originals

PHOTOS: Top: Fred Marcus Photography. Center photos (2): Cyndy Warwick Photography.

Here are other things to keep in mind when shopping for rings:

♡ Know your budget. "You could end up spending much more than you wanted, because you think you should spend a certain amount on an engagement ring," says Michael Eigen, president of **Michael Eigen** (1198 Madison Ave., 996-0281), which has a large collection of wedding bands, diamonds, and engagement rings, featuring Kretchmer tension rings. "Make sure the jeweler you're dealing with can educate you on why you're paying what you're paying for your ring," adds Eigen, a fourth-generation jeweler. "I always share my expertise with my customers. If you find a jeweler who withholds information from you, then you should find another jeweler."

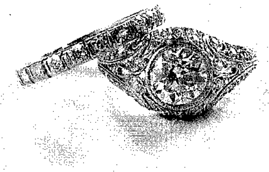
♡ Make sure the diamond you buy comes with a grading report issued by a recognized gemological institute. This report will let you know the 4 C's (cut, color, clarity, and carat weight) of the diamond. In fact, the **International Gemological Institute** (1-888-BUY-IGIS), which grades diamonds, offers a booklet and video that will teach you about diamond grading, and make you a more educated shopper. To order "What You Should Know About Buying a Diamond," call 1-888-BUY-IGIS.

♡ Always buy diamonds loose, not mounted in a ring. "A mounted diamond may be that way in order to hide some of its inclusions," says David Levy, vice president of **The Diamond Co.** (62 W. 47th St., Suite 1208, 1-888-825-1233 or 819-0336). The Diamond Company offers 2,500 styles of rings, earrings, necklaces, and bracelets and will help customers create a custom piece to suit their taste. In addition to providing an education in the 4 C's, The Diamond Company makes stunning pieces at a fraction of the retail cost because it manufactures all of its own diamonds.

The Diamond Co.

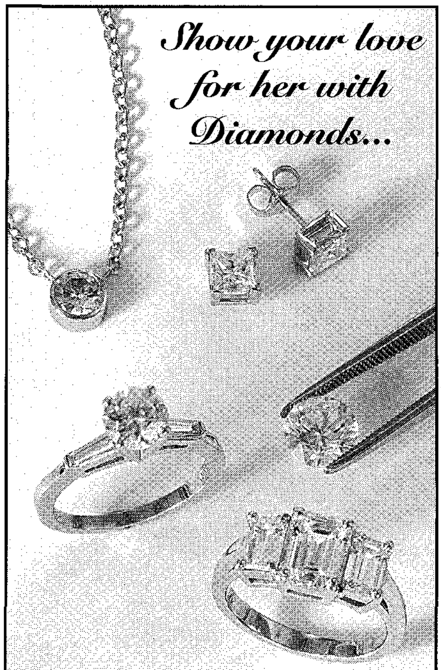
The Clay Pot

♡ If a bride is going to wear her engagement ring and wedding band on the same hand, make sure they go together. For example, if you choose a platinum engagement ring, you must go with a platinum band, too. Additionally, "a lot of jewelers make engagement rings that can't go with straight bands," says Bob Silverberg, owner of **The Clay Pot** (162 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, 718-788-6564). The Clay Pot has built its reputation by offering unique rings (there are nearly 700 designs on display) from the studios of more than 100 contemporary design artisans.



Stardust Antiques

♡ If you're looking for something a little different, consider an antique ring. "The benefit of an antique ring is that you'll find beautiful, one-of-a kind settings that are very different from what's being made today," says Ken Gold, owner of **Stardust Antiques** (38 Gramercy Park on 21st St., 677-2590), which specializes in antique diamond and platinum engagement rings and wedding bands. "The uniqueness of every couple should be matched by a special wedding ring," he adds.



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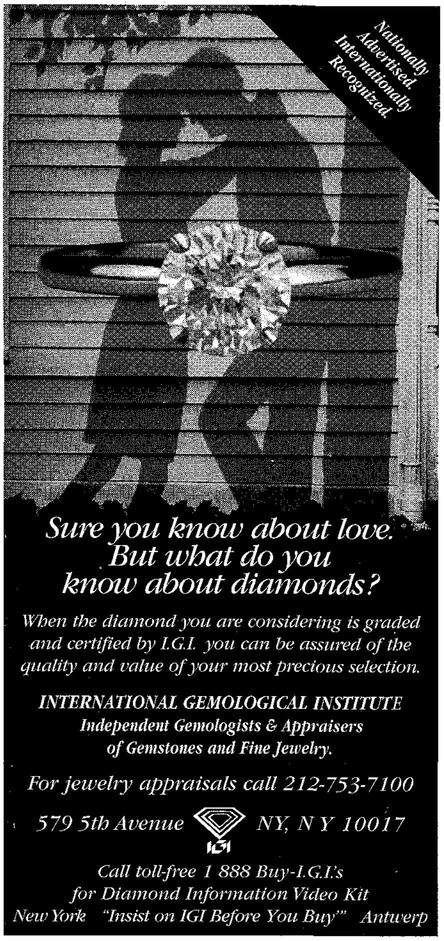
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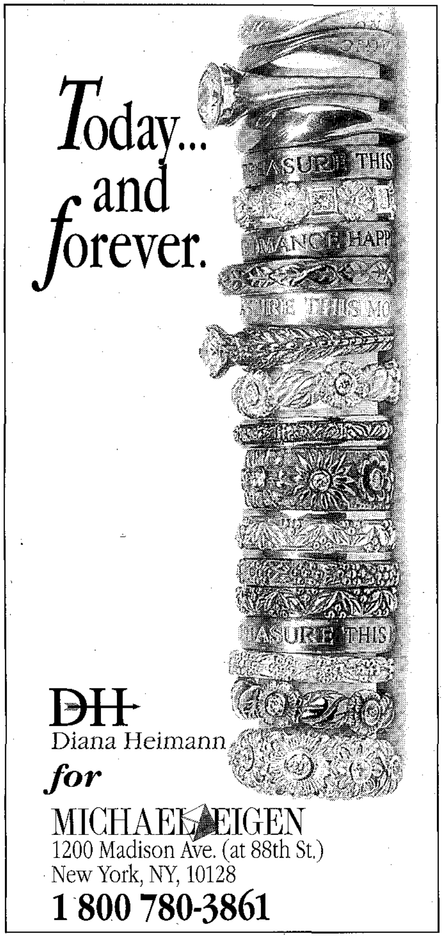
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Registry and Home

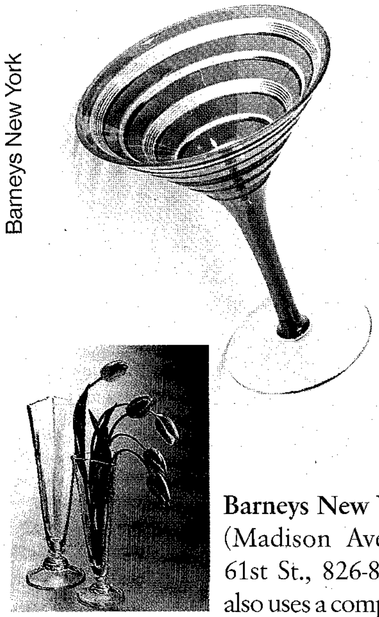
Macy's

When it came time for Sheri and Rich Wachenheim of Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, to register for their August 9, 1997 wedding, there was only one department store for them to consider: **Macy's** (151 W. 34th St., 1-800-44-WED-DING). "It made the most sense to register at Macy's," says Sheri, 26. "We have a lot of family in other states where there are Macy's, and we found the selection of china, crystal, and cookware to be great." In fact, Macy's Bridal Registry is available at more than 250 stores nationwide. Sheri proclaimed the entire registry process to be painless, mostly because she and Rich, 27, were armed with a scanner gun that allowed them to zap the sku numbers of all the items they wanted to add to their list. "It was really easy to register that way," she says.

Another store that lets engaged couples use scanner guns to "zap" together their registry list is **Target** (1-800-800-8800 for a store nearest you). Target is just expanding onto the East Coast. Currently, there are four locations in New Jersey–Edison, Union, Cherry Hill, and Mays Landing–and more stores will be opening soon in New York. Registering here is easy. Couples register their name and wedding information into the computer located at the "Club Wedd" kiosk. Then they take their registration sheet to Guest Services where they are given a bar-code scanner gun to register selections throughout the store. When finished, the couple returns the gun, the information from it is downloaded into the computer, and, within minutes, their registry list is

PHOTOS: Top left: Sarah Merians & Company. Top right: Macy's.
Bottom left: Sarah Merians & Co. Bottom right: Rob Fraser Photography.

available at any of the 797 Target stores nationwide. What's great about Target's registry is it offers a range of affordable items from a variety of categories, including bedding, cleaning products, and lawn and garden.



Barneys New York

Barneys New York (Madison Ave. at 61st St., 826-8900) also uses a computer for its registry as well as a toll-free number to prevent duplicate gifts, and make shopping and shipping easier for out-of-town guests. Guests shopping at any of the Barneys New York locations have access to a particular customer's registry. Barneys New York carries traditional lines of china and crystal, such as Lalique, Limoges, and Baccarat, as well as an assortment of hand-crafted ceramics and hand-blown crystal. Some of the more popular registry items in recent history have include Jars tableware, Mary Rose Young tableware, Victoria Glass, and the Robin Mix vases. Barneys New York consultants encourage couples to mix and match lines to create unique place settings

Unique is a good word to describe the registry at **ABC Carpet & Home** (888 Broadway at 19th St., 473-3000 ext. 514). "The Wedding Registry at ABC Carpet & Home is as unusual

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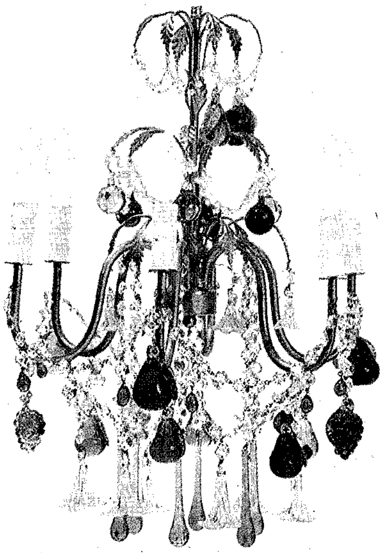

ABC Carpet & Home

and unconventional as the store itself," says store spokesperson Loren Pack. This is the place where couples who want to register for a French cherry sleigh bed or an Oriental rug won't get any crazy looks from the store's personal shoppers, who help each engaged couple who registers here. That's because ABC offers ten floors of unusual and eclectic home furnishings from around the world. Couples can choose items from the following categories: bed and bath basics, tabletop, table linens, electronics, furniture, rugs, the garden, and antiques. For indecisive brides and grooms-to-be who know they want gifts from ABC Carpet & Home but just can't decide what to put on their registry, a gift certificate in any denomination is always appropriate.

Those looking to register for–and set up their new home together with–more substantial items should check out **Foremost Furniture** (8 West 30th St., 889-6347). This five-floor, 50,000-square-foot store is a veritable furniture warehouse that offers a range of furnishing styles–from modern to traditional, country to eclectic. Foremost Furniture offers a free design service "to help couples incorporate what they already own with new pieces they plan to buy," says Richard Broderson, vice president of sales. Prices are 30 percent to 50 percent off retail, and any couple who registers here gets 50 percent off their first purchase. Registry on website: www.foremostfurniture.com.

If you always have guests staying over, you'll want to visit **Carlyle Convertibles** (1056 Third Ave., 838-1525). This store, with three Manhattan showrooms, specializes in high-end sleep sofas that sleep as close to a bed as the real thing. Carlyle's sleep sofas are sturdily constructed and customized to your liking. "Ours is not throwaway says Darren DeMatteo, vice president of Carlyle Convertibles. "It's made to last for generations."

Want to furnish your new home in a more unusual manner? Then you should attend the **New York Armory Antiques Show February 4-8, 1998** (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave., & 67th St., 472-1180/0590). It is the source for more decorators, designers, and collectors than any other antiques show. More than 100 dealers here, showcasing 17th, 18th, and 19th century American, English, French, Oriental, and continental furniture, accessories, decorative arts, estate and designer jewelry, clocks, and more, will help you get the best that money can buy without paying a fortune.

PHOTO: Right: Fred Marcus Photography

Fred Marcus
PHOTOGRAPHY & VIDEOGRAPHY

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Five Fundamental Registry Tips from a Professional

1. Register at a fully assorted department store. "That way you don't have to register at more than one store or call two or more places to update your registry when a gift is bought elsewhere," says Linda Lee, Group Vice President, Macy's By Appointment and Bridal Registry.

2. Rely on knowledgeable professional consultant to guide you through the registry process.

3. Register for items in a broad range of prices. "Remember, not all of your guests are working with the same budget," Lee adds.

4. Pay attention to special advantages offered by your registry. "You may save 10 percent on completing your registry," says Lee, "be eligible for fabulous prizes when you register, and receive invitations to exclusive bridal events."

5. Select a registry with stores and affiliates nationwide, like Macy's, so that no matter where your guests live, they can access your registry locally.

Top Traditional and Nontraditional Registry Selections

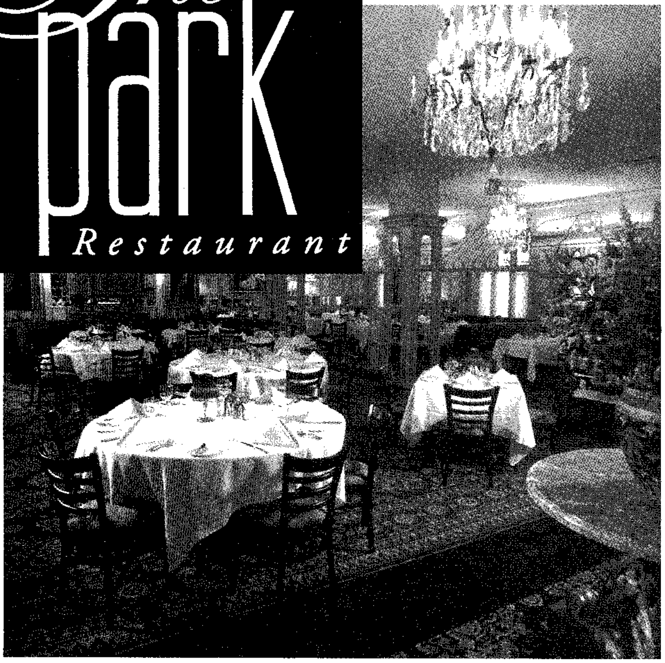
According to Bonnie Sain, a spokesperson for Target Stores, following are the top ten traditional and top five nontraditional registry selections at Target's Club Wedd:

Traditional

1. Kitchen plastics set
2. Muffin pan
3. Bath towels
4. TV table
5. Cookie sheet
6. Cutlery sets
7. Placemats
8. Griddle
9. Spice rack
10. Blender

Nontraditional

1. Chee-tos and Pepperidge Farm Goldfish crackers
2. Dog food
3. Car care products
4. Cases of Coke and Pepsi
5. Lawn mower



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'"beautifully prepared" American fare, "polished service," posh decor and dynamic Scotto family management...'
1998 Zagat Survey

NY Magazine Gael Greene's choice for "an incurable romantic"
NY Magazine, Jan '97

'Everything was impressive...a splendidly ornate space with sumptuous walls, patterned rugs, green velvet banquets...'
Ruth Reichl, The New York Times

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Reception Directory

Leslie Lido always knew that she'd be married at Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill. "It's the only place I considered. They catered my Bat Mitzvah, my family has a history with them, and they have such a fabulous location overlooking the Hudson River that I knew it would be perfect for my fall wedding," says Lido, 31, of Long Beach, New York, who married Ben Lido, 33, on October 26, 1997. The fall foliage was in full color for Leslie and Ben's wedding, and thanks to all the help they got from their assigned banquet manager, "I knew from beginning to end, I was well taken care of," says Leslie. "It was a very classy event."

The Fountainhead

You know your reception site has done its job well when the bride and groom can recall their special day with tears in their eyes—even years later. That's how Dedra Tate-Rice, 34, feels about her wedding two years ago at The Fountainhead. "I loved that my guests arrived down a driveway decorated with lighted trees," recalls Dedra, who married Donald Rice, 37, on December 30, 1995. "Then, they were greeted by a doorman who led them into a marble entranceway where there was a roaring fire and glasses of champagne."

Nearly 10 years after the fact, guests from JoAnn Falco and Donato Basso's wedding on the World Yacht still talk about how great their wedding was. "Our ceremony was right before sunset," recalls JoAnn, 49, "and it was just so beautiful seeing the setting sun reflecting off the Manhattan skyline as we sailed down the Hudson River toward the Statue of Liberty." Because JoAnn and Donato, 48, had a late afternoon wedding that lasted through the evening, "it was almost like having two different backdrops for our wedding," she says. "First, you saw the city at dusk, and then you watched it change to night with all its twinkling lights."

Some of New York's finest places to tie the knot:

Abigail Kirsch at NY Botanical Gardens

Abigail Kirsch at The New York Botanical Garden
200th St. at Southern Blvd.
Bronx
718-220-0300

The Garden Terrace Room, featuring the food and service of Abigail Kirsch, is a private entertaining facility at the New York Botanical Garden. This handsome structure sits on a sunny hilltop surrounded by spruce trees, lush gardens, and terrace. Inside, its spectacular wall murals reflect garden vistas for an enchanting setting. The Snuff Mill is an authentic stone mill that handles smaller

PHOTOS: Top left: Sarah Merians Photography & Co. Top right: Fred Marcus Photography.
Middle left: Fred Marcus Photography. Middle right: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.

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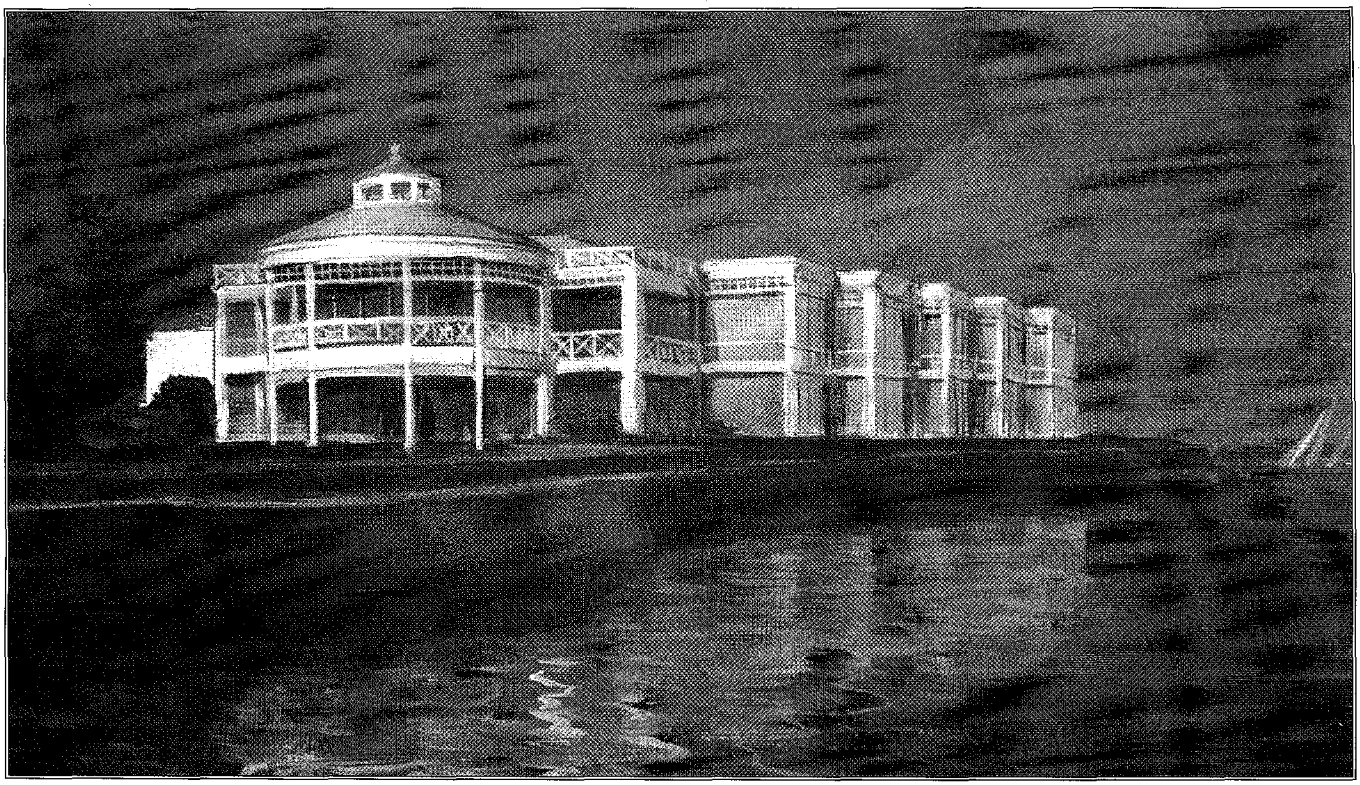

Glen Island Harbour Club

For your wedding, nothing quite compares with The Glen Island Harbour Club, the ultimate "on the water" location. A truly spectacular place... surrounded by gently breaking waves, lush park grounds set on an island, breathtaking sunsets, a storybook chapel and dramatic views with New York Skyline bridges.

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Glen Island
◆ Harbour Club ◆

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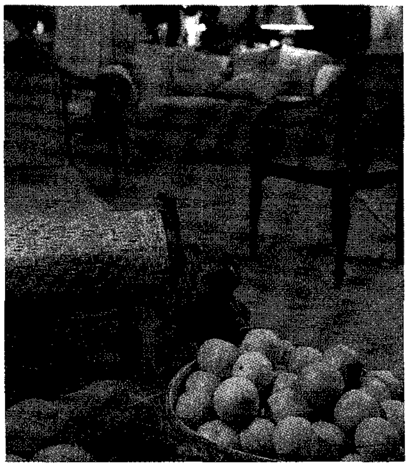
New Rochelle, NY 10805
(914) 636-6500

functions. In season, the unique Conservatory Tent, adjacent to the Garden's famous Enid A. Haupt Victorian Conservatory accommodates 1,000 or more guests.

Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill

Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill
81 Highland Ave.
Tarrytown, NY
914-631-3030

Forty-five minutes from Manhattan, Tappan Hill in Tarrytown is a landmark structure starring the impeccable cuisine of Abigail Kirsch. The elegant mansion is famous for its soaring, marble-floored rotunda with a conservatory ceiling and its classic curving staircase. Both the Pavilion and the newly redecorated Hudson Room have wall-to-wall windows overlooking rolling hills, the river, and the Palisades. Outside, there are charming areas for a romantic outdoor ceremony.



Bambou

Bambou
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A tropical gem set in the heart of Manhattan, this exquisitely romantic room is reminiscent of colonial great-house elegance and splendor. With lush tropical foliage, louvered windows, and lazily turning ceiling fans, Bambou's legendary cuisine makes it the perfect setting for weddings and receptions.

The Boathouse at Central Park
Entrance at E. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave.
517-2233

Imagine your wedding at a country manor, surrounded by lush foliage, a placid lake, and a manicured English garden—all in the middle of New York City. That's what makes the Boathouse, a private escape nestled on the lake in Central Park, a sought-after location for couples in search of a fairy tale wedding. You and your guests may roam the grounds, take a ride on a San Francisco-style trolley, or relax and allow expert oarsmen to escort you through time in an authentic Venetian gondola. The Garden Pavilion and dockside are tented for year-round dining.

Casa Pepe

Casa Pepe
114 Bay Ridge Ave.
Brooklyn
718-833-8865

This highly regarded Brooklyn restaurant is a great place for a wedding reception. A warm inviting fireplace in the winter or a lovely outdoor garden in the summer makes this location a perfect choice for a wonderful party. Accommodating parties to 120, Casa Pepe offers Spanish-Mexican cuisine at reasonable prices. A friendly staff will make your guests feel comfortable.

Castle At Tarrytown

Castle At Tarrytown
400 Benedict Ave.
Tarrytown, NY
914-524-6366

The Castle at Tarrytown, with exquisite furnishings, gourmet cuisine, and exceptional service, makes every bride feel like a princess on her big day. From enchanting decor to magnificent views of the Hudson River, The Castle brings fairy tales to life!

The Fountainhead

The Fountainhead
55 Quaker Ridge Rd.
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914-235-4400

A $5 million renovation has made this luxurious catering facility feel even more like a private mansion. Its charm includes a glass-enclosed atrium, marble foyer, waterfall, and working fireplaces. A skylight soars over the non-denominational chapel and altar of white marble. The Fountainhead specializes in creating elegant custom weddings.

Glen Island Harbour Club
Glen Island Park
New Rochelle, NY
914-636-6500

The Glen Island Harbour Club is nearly complete with major renovations that will make it the tri-state's premier waterfront location. Uniquely located on a secluded island with a park setting, The Glen Island Harbour Club offers dramatic water views from every corner, and a chapel on location with sunset views. All this will make your wedding day extremely special.

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at Millennium Broadway

Hudson Theatre at
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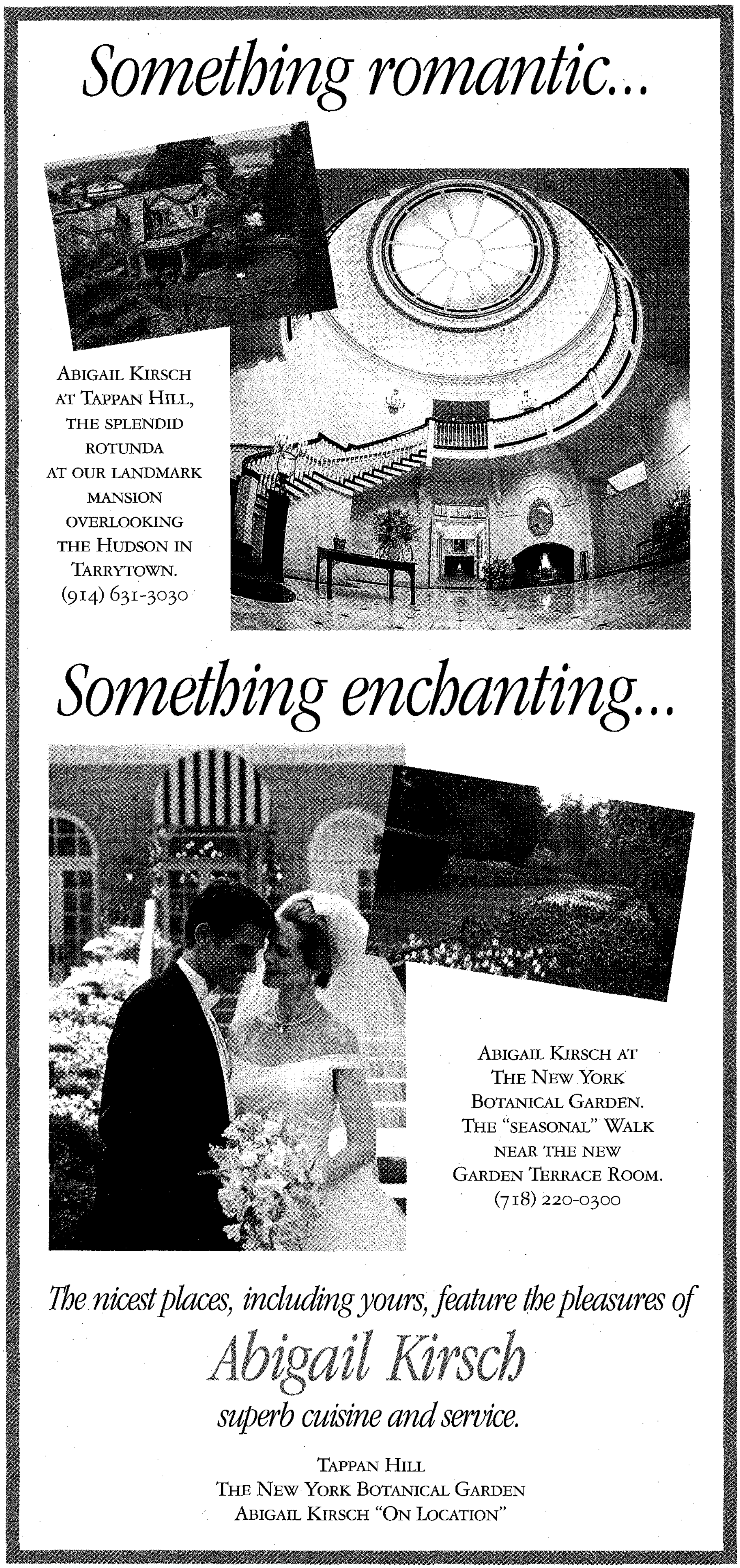

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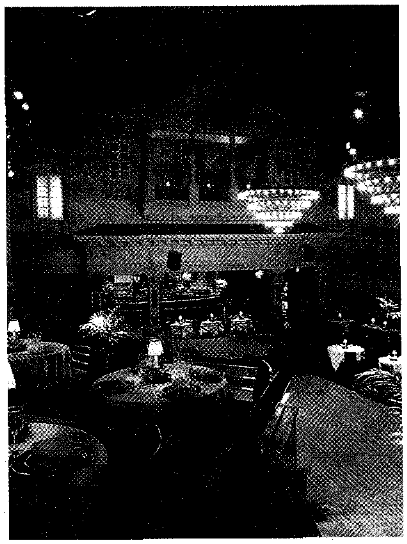

Laura Belle

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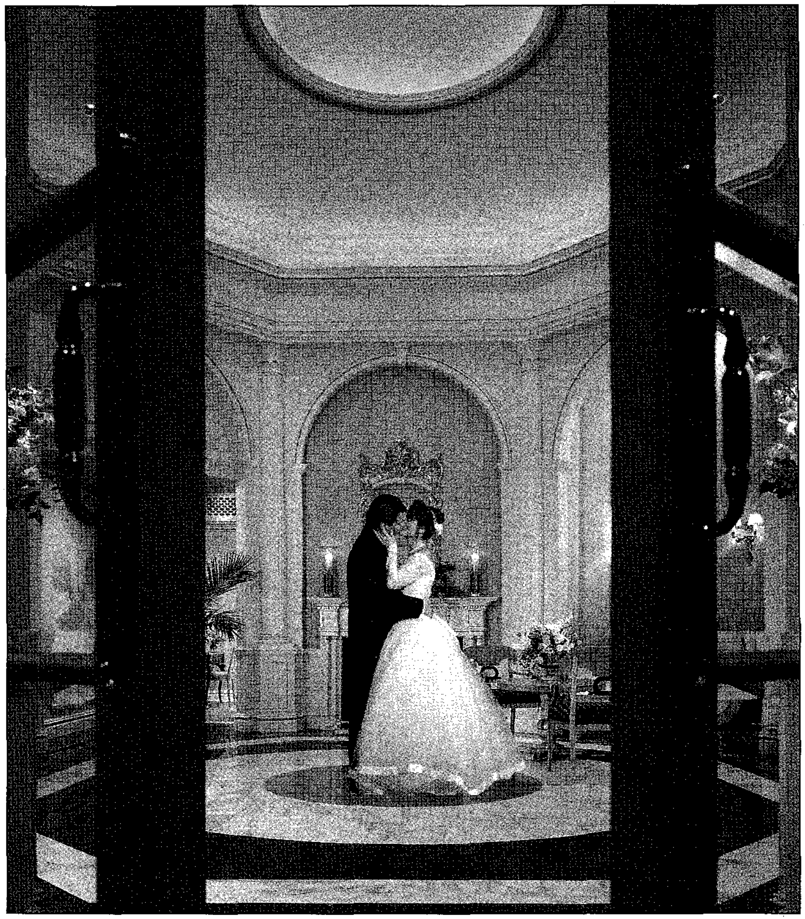

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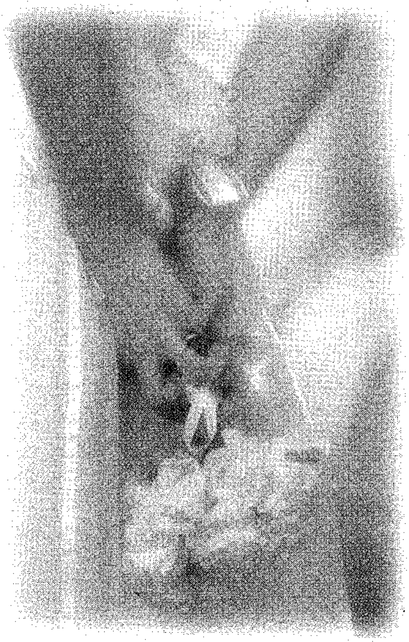

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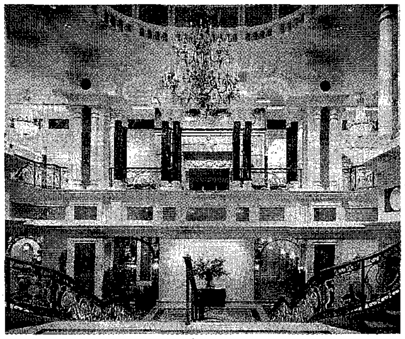

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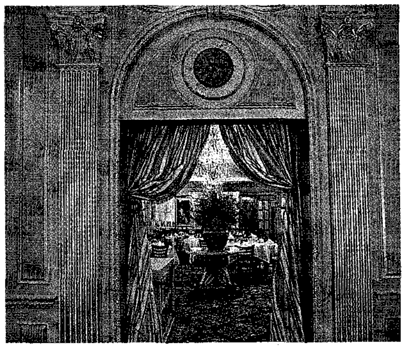

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The Park Restaurant
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RIHGA Royal Hotel
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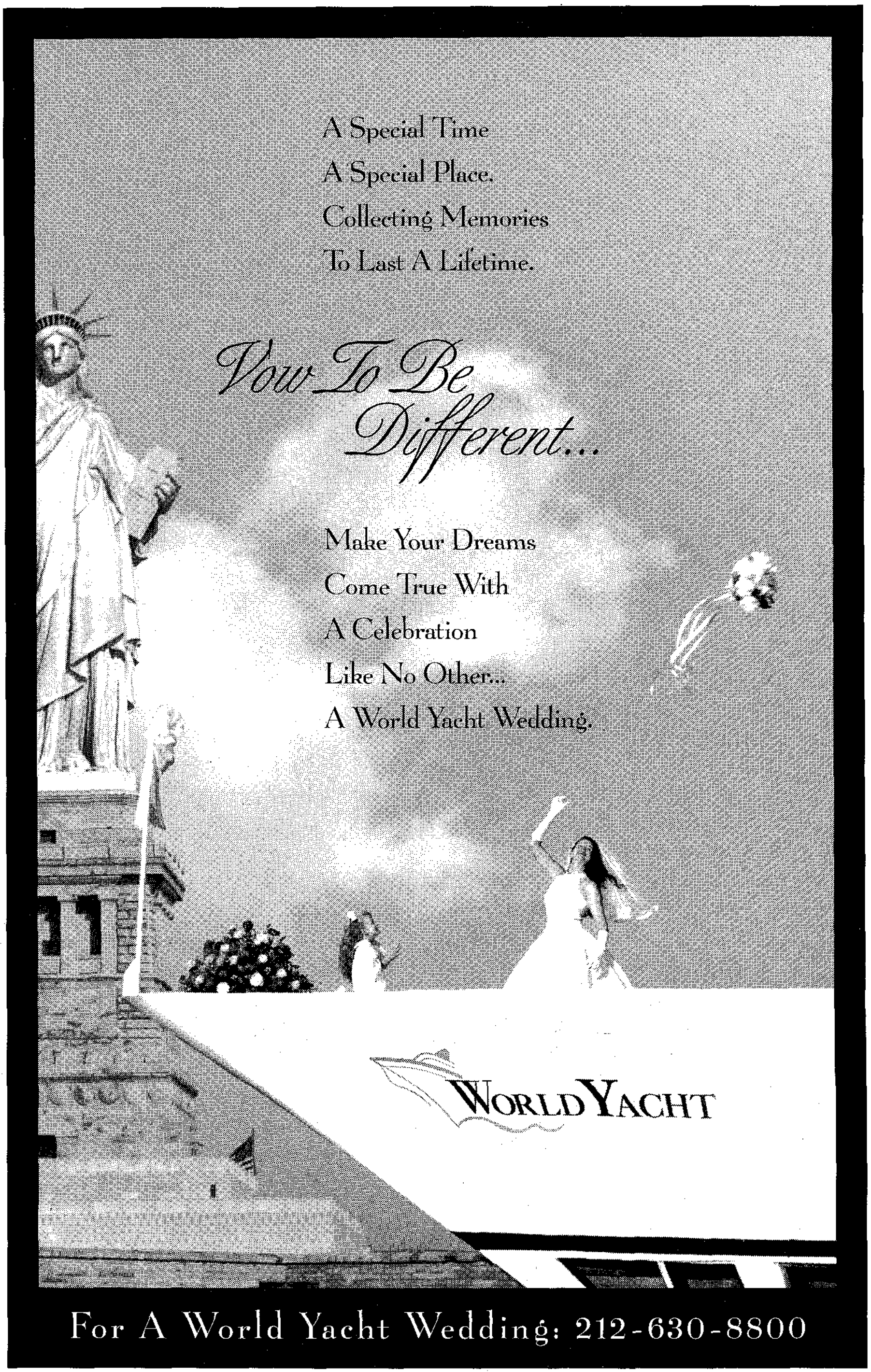
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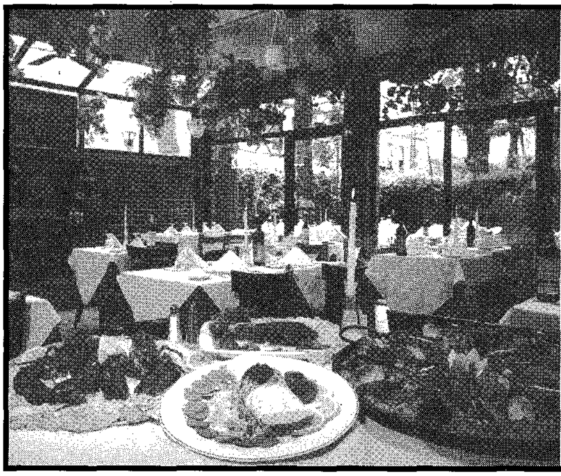

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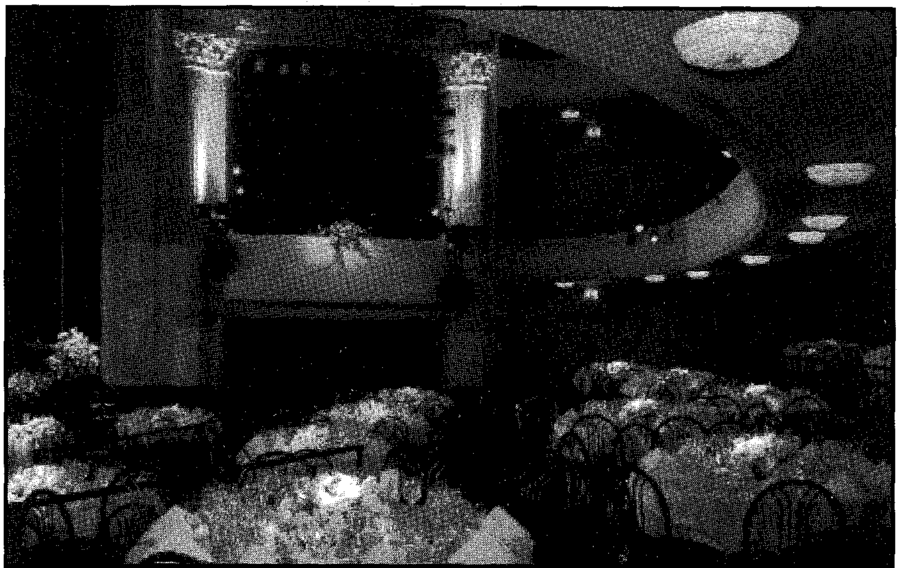

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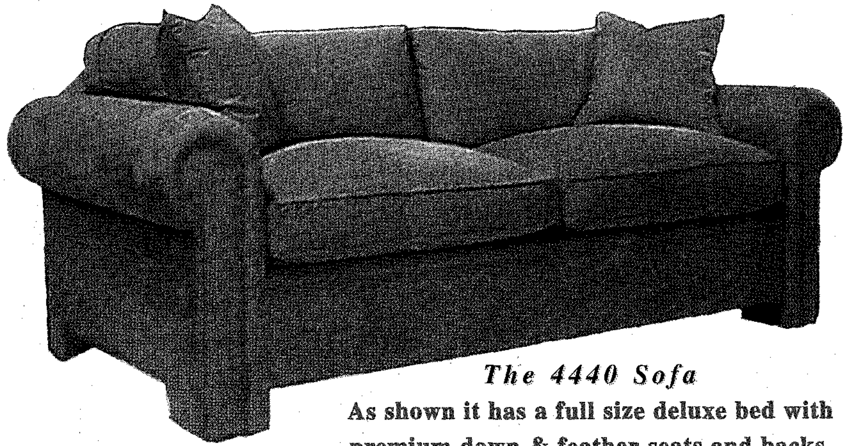

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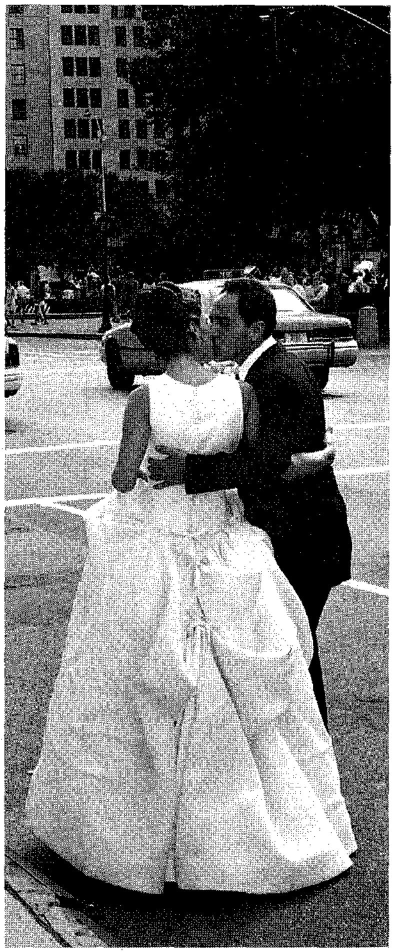

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PHOTO: Left page: Fred Marcus Photography

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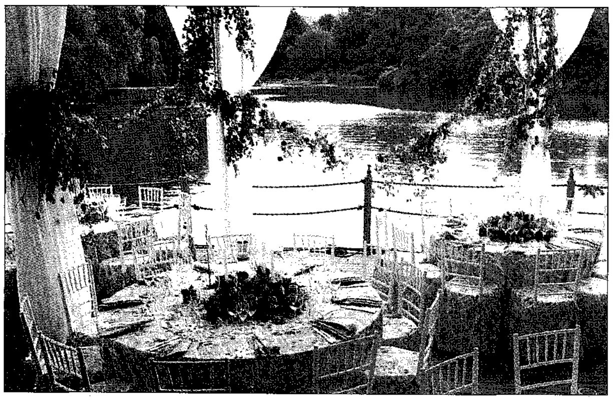
AUTHOR'S BIO: Leah Ingram is the author of *The Portable Wedding Consultant* (Contemporary Books, 1997) and *The Bridal Registry Book* (Contemporary Books, 1995).



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RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

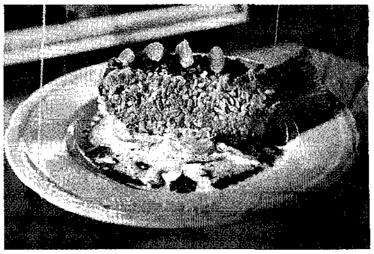
'21' of a Kind

Now that the power-lunching scene at the '21' Club is dead, its food can't be politely overlooked anymore. So get that kitchen a spice rack.

IT WAS A LEGENDARY PLACE TO BE LONG BEFORE YOU ever thought you knew where you were supposed to go. Before everyone began craving tapas and tirami su, or ever heard of a fruit named in honor of passion; before the pilgrimage of Jews to Chinatown for what they unknowingly called "chinks"; before outsiders realized that Le Cirque's famed pasta primavera wasn't actually on the menu; before Ian Fleming's revelatory declaration of "shaken, not stirred," **'21'** beckoned with curved red banquettes, steak tartare, and martinis as breathtakingly dry as George Sanders's putdowns of Anne Baxter between bites at a table there in *All About Eve*. Going to Paris for the weekend was never "hot." It was just something you wanted to do at least once before you died. Like boarding the Orient Express. Like throwing three coins in the Fountain of Trevi. Like lunching at '21.'

How did its desirability become so ingrained? Not by its looks. Though changing its celebrated setting would be as unthinkable as stripping Sardi's of celebrity caricatures or Sheetrocking the Eiffel Tower, '21' has always been a diorama of male insecurities, pompous and silly, yet yearningly wish-fulfilling. Hey, guys, here's the alumni club of the university you didn't graduate from, combined with the frat house whose letters you never got to wear. Ladies, if you ever bemoaned his lack of participation in redecorating the den, here is the likely scope of his taste: big wingbacks, Frederic Remington paintings, framed cartoons, lots of brass, bronze, and dark wood, along with every toy truck and sports souvenir he ever wanted. Plus a bar.

Scroll back across years of microfiche and discover critic after critic declaiming that few ever came here hankering for the food. Until its recent tweakings, this was a surf-and-turf house upgraded with crème brûlée. The wine cellar was another story. Many are the oenophiles who spent the better part of an evening ignoring their guests while reading the wine book. And many are the neophytes who stared at checks for almost as long—except for them it was less in awe than in disbelief. You could have bought your way into a fraternity for less.



Fit for a frat: The sea bass with champagne sauce. Below, the CEO-rumpus-room interior at '21.'

There really was only one reason to visit the cast-iron jockeys of '21,' but it was an unassailable beaut. No restaurant in America could boast the staggering mix of Bill Paley power and Babe Paley society. Society—remember when people gave a crap about it? When women died for Jacqueline de Ribes's gown and Gloria Vanderbilt's pageboy? When success meant living one floor above Ahmet and Mica, and Roxanne Pulitzer scandalized every palmed beach by going to bed with a horn?

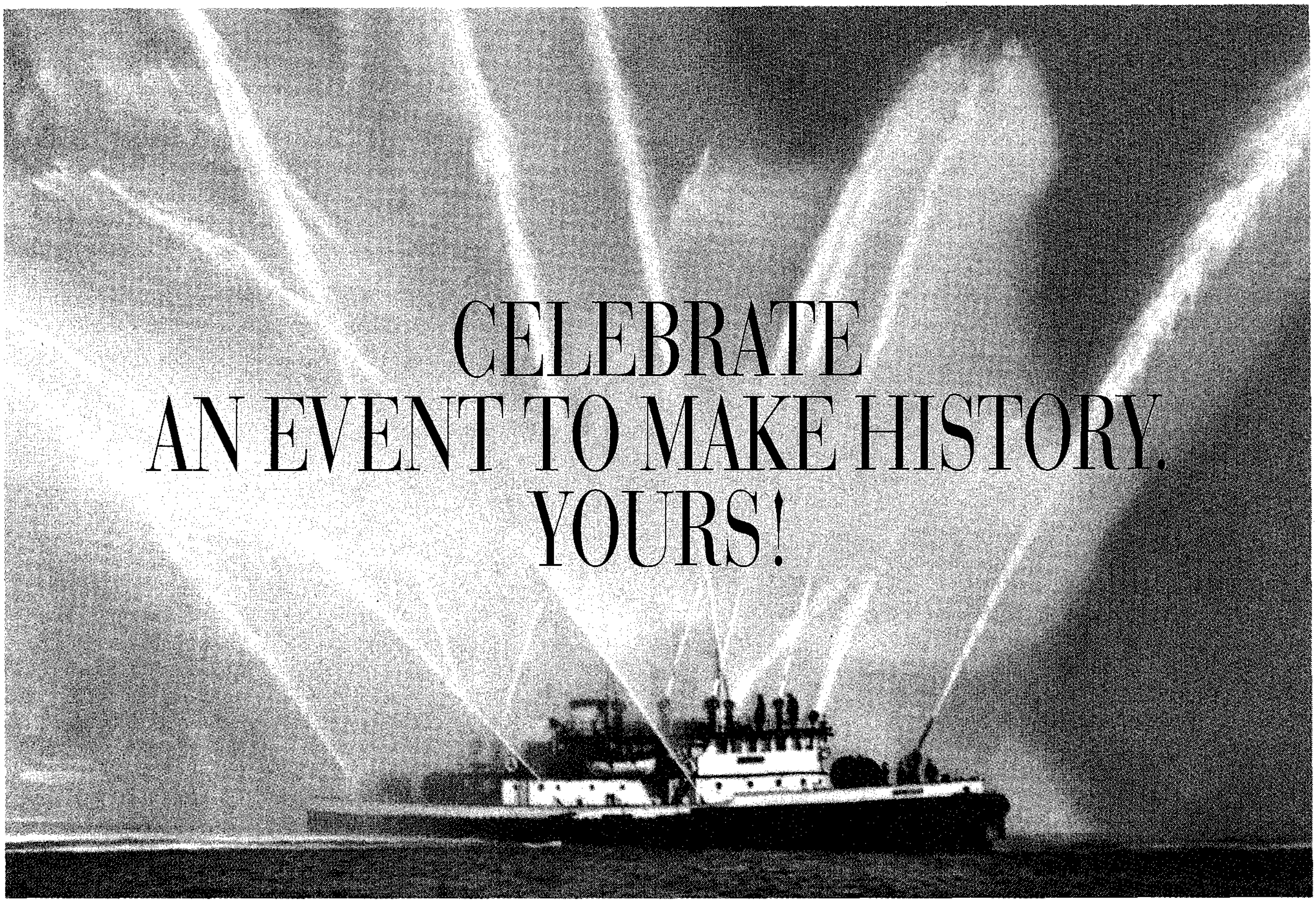
Now scores of women want whatever Kate and Amber are wearing and follow Oprah's diet. The biggest tower apartment in the San Remo belongs to Bruce and Demi. Unless you look upon Suzy's column as a latter-day version of Balzac's *The Human Comedy,* society is as pointless as Cinerama. Especially since it's much more fun to get off on celebrity. Celebrity is more pervasive, more diverse, and so much more accessible.

That's the '21' Catch-22. Since the parameters for gawkability have relaxed, so many places (and cheaper ones) now qualify for prime-time viewing: Balthazar, Nobu, Four Seasons, Orso, 44, Asia de Cuba, Patroon, Pravda, the Odeon, Le Cirque, Chez Es Saada, Indochine. And that's just a shortlist. Frankly, pick any good restaurant, and chances are you're gonna spot celebrities. How simple it is when sitcom stars, divorce lawyers, microchip moguls, and makeup artists have the same marquee value in a gossip column as Payne Whitney.

Given these numerous venues, you are now no more likely to see any of the *Forbes* 400 at '21' than you are to see handsome midwestern change-of-life blondes. Women who've intensely studied all the knot variations in the book *Scarf Magic,* sitting with their "happy"-print-tie-wearing husbands. And they're sure to say, "Hey," since it is an odd policy of the house to seat new parties next to other patrons, regardless of how many other tables are empty. It is a testament to his impeccable discretion, however, that when your unexpectedly French waiter arrives, he treats you as if you were the only party in the room.

To me, Jean at '21' is one of the great waiters of the world. He has that enviably precise balance of familiarity and distance, humor and restraint, insouciance laced

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.



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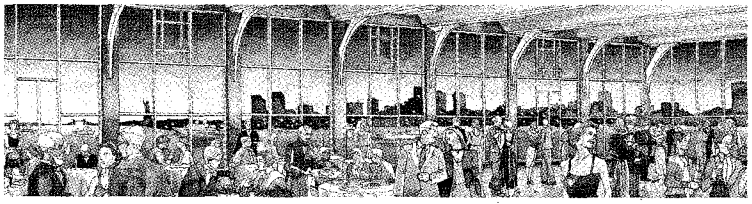

CHELSEA PIERS
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with respect. When he turns on his heels with a trayful of martinis, nothing shivers. And if steak tartare were as popular as hamburger, the absolutely stunning, caper-studded, mustard-spiked version he brings to the table would be reason enough to ensure lines out the door. Jean prepares it himself at the table. Unfortunately, it is the only thing he makes.

Because with the diminished wattage of the clientele, the food at ‘21’ can no longer be beside the point. And if all you ate was the aforementioned tartare, chef Erik Blauberg’s densely rich wild-mushroom-and-truffle risotto, a dozen Malpeque oysters, and the most wonderful baked Alaska anyone’s ever set aflame, you might leave ‘21’ convinced that he can fulfill the house’s needs better than playboy Porfirio Rubirosa ever satisfied any of the bored heiresses he seduced here.

If you order anything else, however, excepting desserts and a bouillabaissian pumpkin soup with shellfish, expect boarding-school fare. That such blandness should still predominate is all the more befuddling because the quality of the main ingredients is impeccable. The shrimp are huge and succulent, the gravlax like the coral in David Webb’s window. Every single meat dish arrives looking so all-Americanly good. The veal chop is ravishing. The roast duck perfectly cooked. The mixed grill promises to be more invigorating than 400 cc’s of testosterone.

Then you bite down, and it’s like Invasion of the Flavor Snatchers. Granted, the filet is its least gamy cut, but how can venison taste just like lamb, whose flavor is almost identical to the rabbit, which could have fooled us as chicken except that the wood-fired organic bird is even paler. Bass, snapper, swordfish—all indistinguishable except for the overcooked accompaniments. Is there no spice rack in the kitchen? No marinade? Garlic, lemon, salt? Ketchup, even? Nothing going on with the shrimp, nothing at all. Caesar salad is fair, but so is Soup Burg’s. The game broth is like College Inn low-sodium broth. Everyone stares at the “classic Senegalese” soup because no one believes it really isn’t cold milk and parsley. Grilled rib-eye creates a bit of spark, but only because it actually has a passing scent of steak. Pork chops are impenetrable, though the apple-cidered yams are great. We hate to do this to Jean, so we spit out the chicken hash when he isn’t looking. Adding up how many Big Macs you could buy for one $24 ‘21’ burger isn’t fair. But that’s because the former has more personality.

It’s a hell of an expensive alternative to Serendipity 3, but I could go back to ‘21’ for the desserts, those delightful chocolate s’mores with chocolate-peanut-brittle ice cream, the crisp pineapple dumplings, a real two-fisted (if Jean wasn’t looking again) apple pie with great crust and maple-walnut ice cream. The rice pudding deserves to follow the chicken hash, however, and the chocolate soufflé isn’t worth the wait.

Is there even one irrefutable reason to come here anymore, then? Yes, if you regard it as part of the history of New York, in the same way that we visit Fulton Fish Market or Chinatown, row across the Central Park lake, or walk across the *Intrepid*—all anachronisms that remind us of how things once were. But with a tariff this hefty, is dining at ‘21’ still something you must do once before you die? Perhaps you should know that American Airlines is currently offering special weekend rates to Paris during February and March of $289 round-trip. Chicken hash or a walk in the Bois de Boulogne? Sure is a tough call.

The ‘21’ Club, 21 West 52nd Street (582-7200). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, 5:30 to 11:30 P.M. Appetizers, $13–$21; entrées, $25–$39. All major credit cards. ▬

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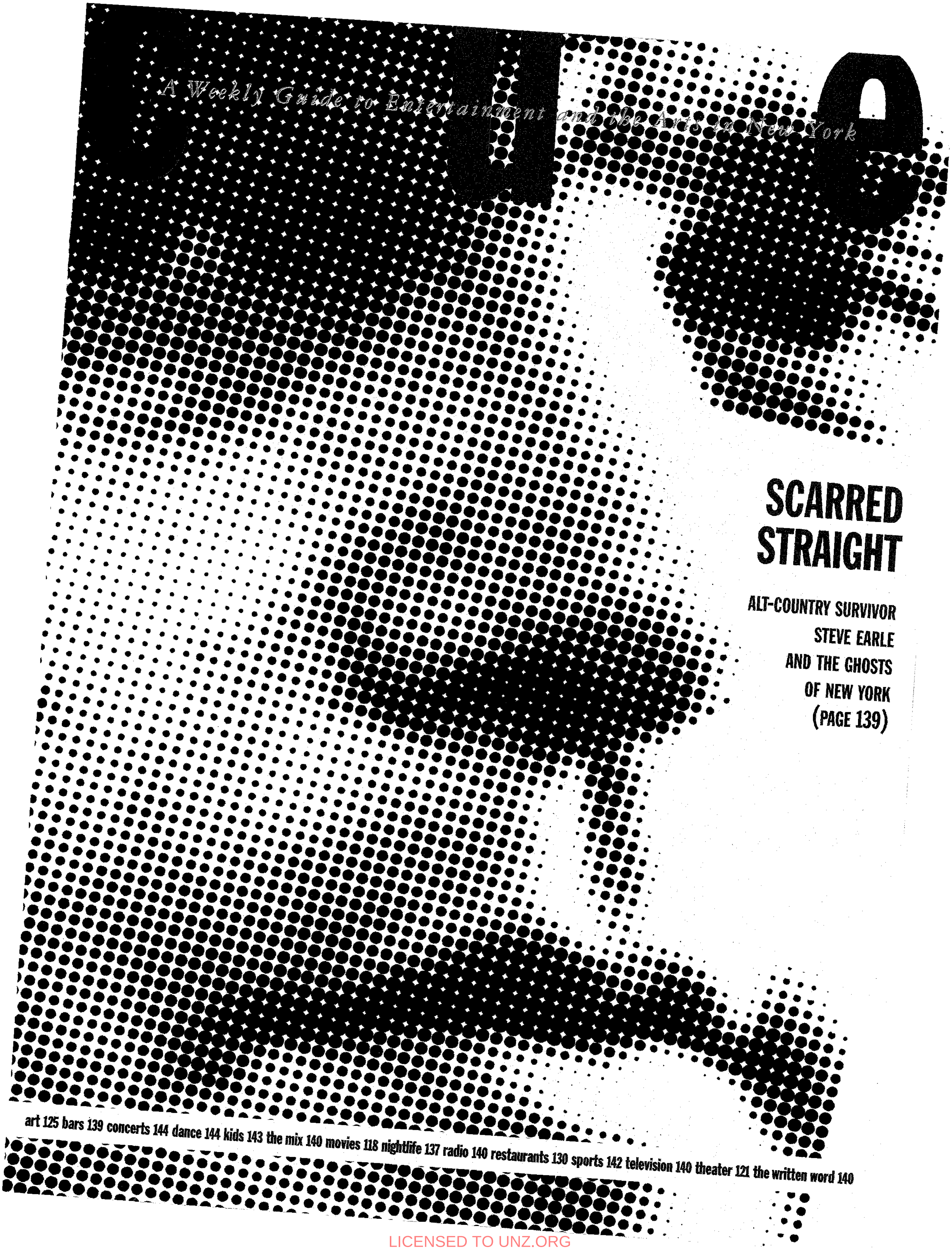

SCARRED STRAIGHT

ALT-COUNTRY SURVIVOR
STEVE EARLE
AND THE GHOSTS
OF NEW YORK
(PAGE 139)

art 125 bars 139 concerts 144 dance 144 kids 143 the mix 140 movies 118 nightlife 137 radio 140 restaurants 130 sports 142 television 140 theater 121 the written word 140

movies

Nil by Mouth...8-mm. America...Mother and Son

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Regency.*

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad*. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as "the middle passage." The cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne) wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texan Pentacostal preacher. One night, on the road, Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, and after deep-sixing his car, he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God, a preacher without a congregation. Sonny finally settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. The movie sags a bit as Duvall romances Miranda Richardson, who plays a genteel southern lady both attracted to and repelled by the dynamic preacher. Still, *The Apostle* gets at the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Whatever judgment you might make of Sonny, he certainly delivers the goods. And so does Robert Duvall, who has made a movie devoid of both illusion and cynicism. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Opening
Fun With Guns

Harvard gal Mira Sorvino is equal parts attitude and firepower in The Replacement Killers, in which she fights the Chinese Mafia alongside Hong Kong superstar Chow Yun-Fat. Her fans will note, sadly, that the Mandarin-speaking actress sticks with English throughout the film. Opens February 6.

Photograph by Frank Masi/Columbia-Tristar Pictures.

★**Arguing the World**—This film, written and directed by Jonathan Dorman, a public-TV veteran, is firm yet nuanced, accurate yet never pedantic. Using interviews and newsreel footage, Dorman has woven together the life and work of four representative New York intellectuals—Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, and the late Irving Howe—all of whom came from poor Jewish-immigrant backgrounds in New York and attended, in the thirties and early forties, City College, where they partook in endless debates over socialism, capitalism, democracy, and tyranny. All four were members of the anti-Stalinist left, but except for Howe they moved rightward after the war—all the way right in the case of Kristol, who wound up tutoring the Reagan administration on the failures of liberalism. Dorman follows the complex pilgrimage of each with proper regard for detail and variation, and he lets us hear the men speak at some length. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Ferociously intelligent but mad as a hatter, Melvin needs two bars of soap to wash his hands and hates to be touched or even spoken to. Melvin torments his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Blues Brothers 2000—Dan Aykroyd returns with a new crew—John Goodman, Joe Morton, and J. Evan Bonifant—and more celebrities, including Aretha, Steve Lawrence, Erykah Badu, and the late Junior Wells. Directed by John Landis. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

★**Boogie Nights**—It's the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A. and a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on are gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

★**The Boxer**—An IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis) comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels hatred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. He likes the discipline of training, and after so many years of numbing self-suppression, he actually needs to feel the

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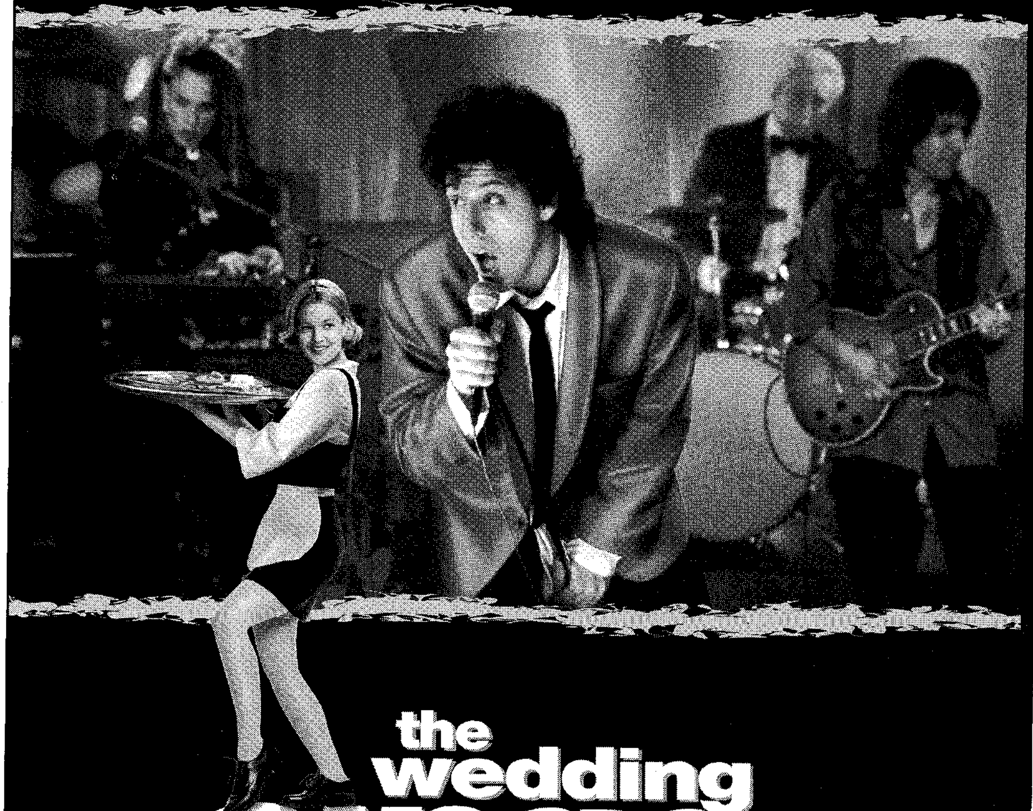

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pain of being hit. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish powerhouses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. (Denby; 1/12/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Deceiver—Tim Roth is suspected of murdering a prostitute. With Renee Zelwegger. (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he's a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry's books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of "self-criticism"? It's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. I have nothing against egocentricity, but Allen doesn't seem to realize that he's left the impression that women are drawn to Harry only because his creator is a famous movie director. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Deep Rising—Passengers on a cruise are terrorized by serpents from below, and the few survivors must escape before the ship goes down. With Treat Williams and Famke Janssen. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside.*

Desperate Measures—Andy Garcia is a police officer with a son who needs a donor transplant, and the perfect match is a convicted multiple murderer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside.*

Don't Look Back—D. A. Pennebaker's classic on Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Eve's Bayou—A little girl in Louisiana discovers the mix of fact, fiction, and fantasy in her family's lives. Starring Samuel L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Fallen—Denzel Washington stars as a detective who put away a demonic serial killer, only to find that there's an evil copycat on the loose. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Fallen Angels—Wong Kar-Wai's latest frantic fantasy, about a hit man who's ready to wind things down and the two women who keep him in the game. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Four Days in September—In Brazil, anti-government revolutionaries kidnap the American ambassador and hold him hostage for four days in 1969. Based on a true story. Starring Alan Arkin as the U.S. diplomat. Directed by Bruno Barreto. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Sutton.*

Full Speed—A young writer becomes successful and uses his friend's life story for his follow-up project. Directed by Gaël Morel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Gingerbread Man—Shakespearean actor Kenneth Branagh plays a Savannah attorney (a drawling Famke Janssen plays his ex-wife) who gets involved with a trashy waitress (Embeth Davidtz) and her crazy old man (Robert Duvall). Story by John Grisham; directed by Robert Altman. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't want to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. People turn themselves inside out trying to help him, but he repels them all. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Great Expectations—A modern-day twist on the Dickens tale, with Ethan Hawke as a poor artist and fisherman whose mysterious benefactor sets him up as SoHo's newest hot talent. Gwyneth Paltrow is the pretty girl he's known and loved forever—though, given her pervasive unpleasantness, it's not clear why. Directed by Alfonso Cuaron. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Half Baked—A band of guys who smoke too much dope sell stolen medical marijuana to get a buddy out of jail. Starring comedian David Chappelle, who co-wrote the script. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Hard Rain—Morgan Freeman and Christian Slater do battle over $3 million while riding Ski-doos in a flooding midwestern town. With Minnie Driver and Randy Quaid. (About 2 hrs.; R) *34th Street Showplace; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

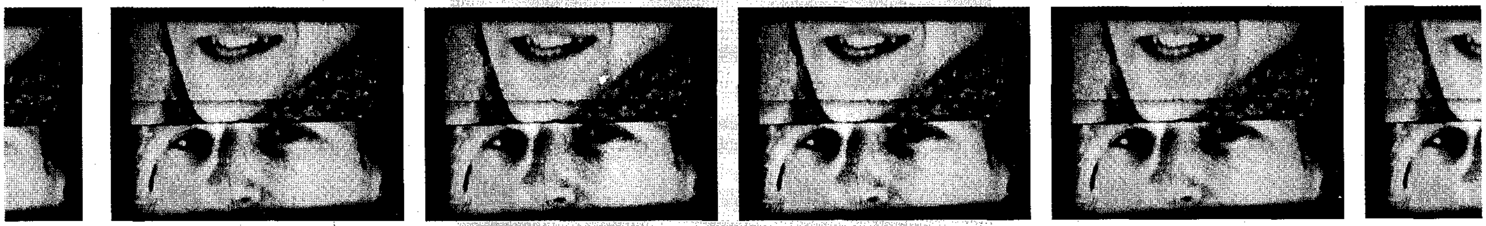
The Ice Storm—It's the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Ben Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. But perceptive as it is, the film feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. (Denby;

Festival

Taking Their Shot

The 8-mm. camera—everyone's cinematic play toy in the fifties and sixties—has been all but abandoned by Kodak, the company that introduced it in 1932. But for 50 years, both avant-garde and homespun artists have exploited the small-gauge tool, fervently attached to a medium that allows for fantastical and inexpensive manipulation of the moving image. The camera's popularity is such that "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films" (starting February 6) promises to be MOMA's longest-running film series yet: The museum has scheduled two years of screenings. More than 120 artists—like pioneers Ken Jacobs, Stan Brakhage, and Saul Levine—have contributed to the survey, which includes retrospectives of key figures in the field, plus home movies and industrial films. "It really was kind of an archeological project," says co-curator Jytte Jensen. "People would dig into their pasts, and we would force them to dig deeper. They would come up with things they hadn't thought about in years." The series features many filmmakers known only in their hometowns, 8-mm. hot spots like Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and, interestingly, Baltimore. Chicago's Bill Stamets documents city politics; Baltimore's Martha Colburn is a kind of Situationist, using ads and pop culture in a critical context. Keeping with the spirit of the small-format film, the movies will be shown in the intimacy of a 50-seat room. Jensen hopes the series will spread passion for the aging apparatus. "It's very, very hard to get laboratory work done," she says, "and it's very hard to get the actual film to shoot on. It really is an endangered medium."

Patricia Falvo



Photographs: courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

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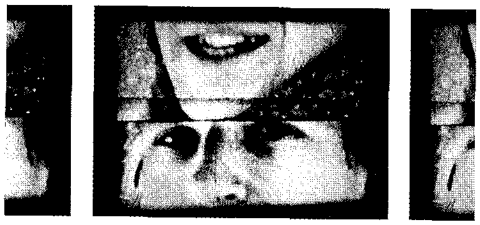
10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

illtown—Lili Taylor and Michael Rapaport are narcotics traffickers whose lives fall apart when an old partner gets out of jail. With Kevin Corrigan, Tony Danza, and Isaac Hayes. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–3; 86th Street; Metro Cinema.*

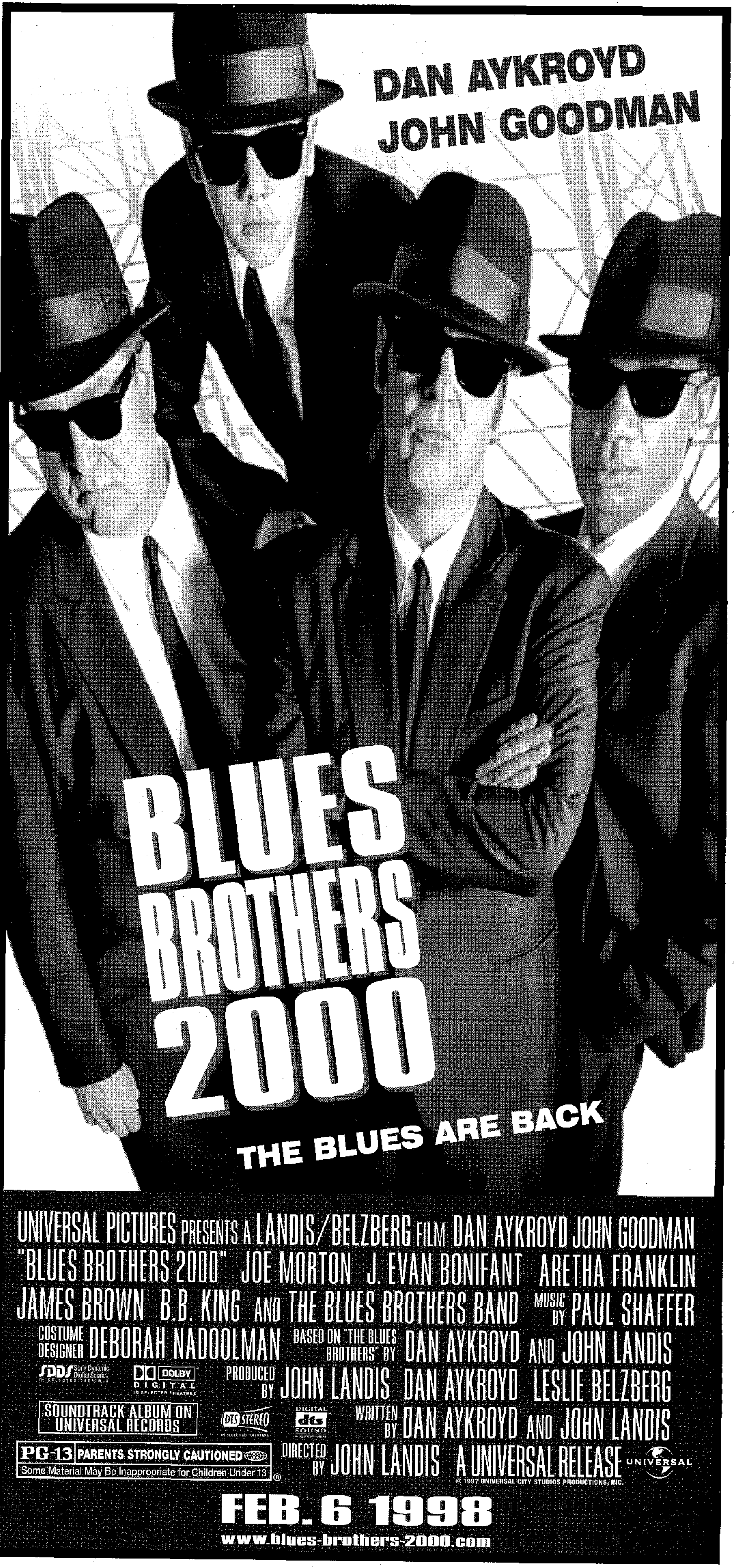
Killing Time—An English auctioneer murders a cop and becomes the target of a black-comic death plot. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *86th Street East.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. I can't escape



the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square.*

★**Live Flesh**—This is the best movie from Almodóvar since that Iberian screwball classic *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown.* The story, which has been freely adapted from a Ruth Rendell novel, teases symmetry into an Almodóvarian pretzel. Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives



DAN AYKROYD
JOHN GOODMAN

BLUES BROTHERS 2000

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of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow—a better man, in every sense. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mother and Son—A haunting, quiet scene of a dying woman comforted by her adult son. Directed by Alexander Sokurov. (1 hr. 13 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

The Next Step—An aging Broadway dancer, reduced to working in a restaurant, fights to get back on stage—dancing the role he once originated. Directed by Christian Faber. Starring Rick Negron and Kristin Moreu. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Village East.*

Nil By Mouth—Gary Oldman wrote and directed this story of the grim realities of today's working class in England. Starring Kathy Burke and Ray Winstone. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

No Ordinary Love—Romantic and financial complications arise when four roommates in Los Angeles deal with the death of a fifth—and find that the dead man left two of them without a lover. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Waverly; 72nd St. East; 62nd and Broadway; Pavilion Theatre.*

Paul Monette: The Brink of Summer's End—Last year's Sundance audience favorite in the documentary competition is a captivating biography of the late gay writer and activist Paul Monette. Created by Monte Bramer and Leslie Klainberg. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at the Quad.*

Phantoms—Peter O'Toole, Rose McGowan, Ben Affleck, and Liev Schreiber star in Dean Koontz's thriller about a terrifying underground force. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.*

Ratchet—A down-and-out screenwriter hides out in Nantucket for inspiration and gets involved in a local circle of violence. Written and directed by John Johnson. Starring John MacKay and Mitchell Lichtenstein. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Village East.*

The Replacement Killers—Chow Yun-Fat is an assassin whose desire to leave the business gets him into trouble with the mob; Mira Sorvino is the petty criminal who guides him out of trouble. Directed by Antoine Fuqua. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Spice World—The U.K.'s Spice Girls tool around London. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Star Kid—A beleaguered boy befriends a space hero and together they fight aliens and the problems of adolescence. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Stephen King's The Night Flier—A pushy tabloid reporter (nicknamed "The Godfather of Gore") gets what's coming to him when he goes after a serial murderer. Directed by Mark Pavia. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Swept From the Sea—Rachel Weisz and Vincent Perez are star-crossed lovers in this screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's short story "Amy Foster." (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Tomorrow Never Dies—The first hour or so is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite ("Bond . . . Jim Bond")—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch–like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750IL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo's being hung up in the closet for good. (Denby; 1/12/98) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema.*

Village of Dreams—Two boys grow up in the Japanese countryside after WWII. Directed by Yoichi Higashi. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the Washington *Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris–like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously

Opening

Blowing It

Eighteen years and a few pounds later, Dan Aykroyd's Elwood Blues emerges from prison for 'Blues Brothers 2000' and picks up where his "mission from God" left off. (With Joe Morton, J. Evan Bonifant, and John Goodman, below.) Starts Friday, February 6.

Photograph by George Kraychyk/Universal Studios.

Opening
Hard Times

Gary Oldman borrows bleak scenes from his childhood (like when Mom brought Dad's dinner to the bar because he wouldn't come home for it) in *Nil by Mouth,* his directorial debut (starring Kathy Burke, above) about the travails of today's working-class Londoners. Opens Friday, February 6.

funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence, even though her Kate is not brave enough to live with Densher in poverty. Kate plays for the largest stakes; she wants her handsome young man and she wants to be rich, too. By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfish, benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher with her provocative ambivalence. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously, and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a long cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Zero Effect—Bill Pullman and Ben Stiller star as a private detective and a lawyer who try to trip up a blackmailer. (1 hr. 55 mins; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Days in September; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Live Flesh; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L.A. Confidential; Deceiver.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Arguing The World; Gonin; Village of Dreams.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Don't Look Back; Fallen Angels; Mother and Son.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Full Speed; The Ice Storm; Ma Vie en Rose.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Full Monty; The City of Lost Children.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Half Baked; illtown; Jackie Brown; Kundun; No Ordinary Love; Phantoms; Swept From the Sea; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Apostle; Fallen; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog; Zero Effect.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Boxer; Oscar & Lucinda; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Wag the Dog.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Boxer; The Gingerbread Man; Great Expectations; Kundun; Phantoms; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Zero Effect.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Deceiver; Good Will Hunting.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *As Good As It Gets; Deceiver; Fallen; Wag the Dog.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Deconstructing Harry; Kundun; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Gingerbread Man; Great Expectations.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *As Good As It Gets; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Four Days in September.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Boogie Nights.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Deep Rising.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Deceiver; Jackie Brown.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Amistad; Good Will Hunting; Scream 2; Wag the Dog.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Deep Rising; The Full Monty.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; The House of Yes; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Great Expectations.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Deceiver; Half Baked; Jackie Brown.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Deep Rising; Killing Time; Phantoms.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The Apostle; Deceiver; Fallen; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Desperate Measures; Mouse Hunt; Swept From the Sea.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Deconstructing Harry.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Apostle; Deconstructing Harry; Four Days in September; Live Flesh; Ma Vie en Rose; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L.A. Confidential; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Deceiver; Fallen; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Swept From the Sea; Titanic; Wag the Dog; Zero Effect.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; L5—The First City in Space; Into the Deep; Titanic; Four Million House Guests*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Great Expectations; Titanic.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Scream 2; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson

River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Deceiver; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Opening

A Death in the Family

In the whispers and quiet of Alexander Sokurov's ethereal Mother and Son, a young man cares for his dying mother in a desolate stretch of Russian countryside. At Film Forum, February 4–17.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Deceiver; Deep Rising; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Amistad; Desperate Measures; Titanic.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *As Good As It Gets; The Full Monty; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Oscar & Lucinda; Wag the Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Spice World.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Amistad; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Deep Rising; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *As Good As It Gets; Desperate Measures; Great Expectations; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Deceiver; Desperate Measures; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Star Kid.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Oscar & Lucinda; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Spice World; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *As Good As It Gets; Deep Rising; Fallen; Great Expectations; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *As Good As It Gets; Deep Rising; Fallen; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Phantoms; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Deceiver; Deep Rising; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Wag the Dog.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *As Good As It Gets; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Hard Rain; Spice World; Titanic.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *As Good As It Gets; Deep Rising; Fallen; Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Kundun; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Boxer; Fallen; Mouse Hunt; Star Kid; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Deep Rising; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Star Kid.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Desperate Measures; Fallen; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Mouse Hunt; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Phantoms; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Great Expectations; Spice World.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Deceiver; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Deep Rising; Half Baked; Spice World.*

Main Street Cinemas—72–66 Main St. (263-4828) *Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Mouse Hunt; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Deconstructing Harry; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Phantoms; Titanic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *As Good As It Gets; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *As Good As It Gets; Deceiver; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"All That Heaven Allows: A Douglas Sirk Retrospective." 2/7: *The First Legion* (1950). 2/8: *Magnificent Obsession* (1954) and *Sleep, My Love* (1947). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $12–$15 nonmembers; $8–$10 members; $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 2/19: *The Oyster and the Wind* (1997). 2/7–2/8: *On Purge Bébé* (1931) and *Scenes From Allen's Last Three Days on Earth as a Spirit* (1997). "Essential Cinema: Robert Nelson." 2/8: *The Great Blondino* (1967) and *Bleu Shut* (1970). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"A New Day in Taiwan: Four Films by Edward Yang." 2/7: *Mahjong* (1996). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Village 12th Street—Beginning 2/6: *General Chaos: Uncensored Animation* (eighteen shorts by various artists). Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363). $8.

Congregation Emanu-El—"Israelis & Palestinians: Troubled Neighbors." 2/3: *Beyond the Walls* (1984). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 E. 66th St. (744-1400).

Different Light—2/8: *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"William Haines." 2/9: *Speedway* (1929) and *Slide, Kelly, Slide* (1927). "Universal Noir." 2/3–2/4: *This Gun for Hire* (1942) and *The Blue Dahlia* (1946). 2/5: *Phantom Lady* (1944) and *The Black Angel* (1946). 2/6–2/8: *Touch of Evil* (1958) and *Cape Fear* (1962). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"A History of Hungarian Cinema." 2/3–2/4: *Pacsirta (Skylark)* (1963) and *Sodrasban (Current)* (1963). 2/5 and 2/7–2/8: *Szerelem (Love)* (1970). 2/5 and 2/8: *Magasiskola (The Falcons)* (1969). 2/6: *Apa (Father)* (1966) and *Csillagosok, Katonak (The Red and the White)* (1967). 2/7: *Sziget a Szarazfolden (The Lady of Constantinople)* (1969). 2/7–2/8: *Hideg Napok (Cold Days)* (1966). 2/10: *Meg Ker A Nep (Red Psalm)* (1971) and *Szindbad (Sindbad)* (1971). "Movies for Kids." 2/7–2/8: *James and the Giant Peach* (1996). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—2/3: La Cérémonie (1995). 2/10: *Ponette* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Jewish Museum—2/10: *The Exiles* (1989). 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); General public $7; members $5.

Museum of Modern Art—"Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 2/6: *Intimate Worlds 1* and *Intimate Worlds 2*. "Frances Marion and Her Circle." 2/3: *The Love Light* (1921), *The New York Hat* (1912), *Joanna Enlists* (1918), and *On Dangerous Ground* (1917). 2/5: *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (1917), *The Little Princess* (1917), *The Cheat* (1915), and *Tillie Wakes Up* (1917). 2/6: *Lightnin'* (1925), *Back Pay* (1922), *Wild and Woolly* (1917), *American Aristocracy* (1916), and *The Flapper* (1920). 2/7: *The Ten Commandments* (1923) and *When a Man Loves* (1927). 2/8: *A Woman of Affairs* (1929) and *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921). 2/9: *Arsene Lupin* (1930) and *Lazybones* (1925). 2/10: *Possessed* (1931) and *Blood and Sand* (1922). "From the Archives: Shirley Clarke." 2/3: *The Connection* (1962). "From the Archives: Fernand Léger." 2/8: *Le Ballet mécanique* (1924) and *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (1947). "New Documentaries." 2/5–2/6: *Verrückt Bleiben Verliebt Bleiben (Mind the Gap)* (1997). "Cineprobe." 2/9: Filmmaker Alan Berliner and *Nobody's Business* (1996). "New York City 100." *Empire* (1965). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York University—"Colour Screens: Film and Video by African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain." 2/6: *The Economics of Skin.* Tisch School of the Arts, 721 Broadway (998-2130); free.

PHAT Shorts Film Festival—2/2, 2/9, 2/16, and 2/23: An adventurous new collection of short films and videos. Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St.; $5 suggested donation. Call 979-6792 for more info.

Screening Room—2/3: Contemporary Scottish shorts and *Local Hero* (1983), *Whisky Galore* (1949), and *Trainspotting* (1995). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Village East—2/6–2/12: "Five Decades of Outstanding Chinese Cinema." Call 888-980-8688 or the box office, at 529-6799, for more info.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 2/7–2/8: *Hakuchi (The Idiot)* (1951). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers

theater

Loose Lips '98...Keymáh...Interrogations

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about a misspent and unholy adolescence. Horror stories about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and his evil grandmother abound. $10–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/12 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower-captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a mix of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life, as he metamorphoses from gang tough to jailhouse poet. Book by Nobel Prize–winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 1/29/98. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls*, stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Previews
The Men Who Would Be King

Theatre for a New Audience, a company renowned for tackling Shakespeare with both moxie and majesty, is currently presenting 'Richard II' and 'Richard III' in rotating repertory at the Playhouse at St. Clement's. For maximum impact, go on alternate nights or back-to-back on weekends. (Though be forewarned: That's six hours of alarums, exeunts, and pentametric verse.) Performances run through April 5.

Photograph by Ken Howard.

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Marie Osmond stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed.

and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple–vs.–New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen on Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo,* stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/22. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Eyes For Consuela—A new play by Sam Shepard, based on Octavio Paz's short story *The Blue Bouquet.* While wandering through the Mexican jungle, an American traveler is taken hostage by a love-struck bandit who demands not money but his victim's eyes. Starring David Strathairn; directed by Terry Kinney. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Good Doctor—Neil Simon's comedy, adapted from a Chekhov short story, is presented by the Melting Pot Theatre. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 2/4 for a 2/6 opening. *Theater of the Riverside Church, 120th. St., at Riverside Dr. (279-4200).*

Opening Character Issues

T'Keyah Crystal Keymáh, one of the original cast members of *In Living Color,* brings to life a gallery of vibrant, conflicted souls in *Some of My Best Friends: A Collection of Characters,* now previewing at the Producer's Club. Opens February 6; for tickets ($25) and more information, call 354-2220.

Photograph by John Filo.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his band, Cheater. $35. Mon at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/14 opening. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Lypsinka is Harriet Craig!—The mute chanteuse speaks—!!!—and waxes really, really bitchy in this adaptation of the 1950 Joan Crawford film. A return engagement. $25. Thurs., Fri., and Sun. at 8. In previews for a 2/8 opening. Through 3/8. *Mother, 432 W. 14th St. (539-7585).*

The Maiden's Prayer—A new comedy from Nicky Silver *(Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity)* about five adults interconnected through blood, friendship, marriage, and less meaningful unions. Starring Joanna Going, Patricia Clarkson, Daniel Jenkins, Geoffrey Nauffts and Christopher C. Fuller. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 2/5 for a 2/22 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "Schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Hollywood, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by the always estimable Theater for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles; Ron Daniels directs. $37.50 per *Richard.* Schedule varies. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Opens 2/2. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Misunderstanding/Le Malentendu—Camus' story of an estranged son who comes home to find himself the target of a murder. Starring Miriam Cyr. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 12, Sun. at 3. Opens 2/4 in French, 2/11 in English. *Ubu Repertory Theater, 15 W. 28th St. (679-7562).*

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bashevis—Tales of I.B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize–winning author. Starring David Margulies. $20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 2/14. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Benita Canova—Struck by Balthus's erotic depictions of little girls, Richard Foreman responded with this, his own metaphysical portrait of sex and violence among the nubile. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Ontological Theatre at St. Marks, 131 10th St. (533-4650).*

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. $25–$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Through 2/14. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Century City—A professional baseball player is accused of sexual assault and hires one of L.A.'s most successful female defense attorneys. Ellen Parker, always a pleasure to watch, and Marcus Giamatti play the leads; Constance Grappo directs. Written by Mark Lee. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this scabrous comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked, Secrets and Lies,* and *Career Girls.* Scott Elliott directs. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Gun-Shy—Richard Dresser's new comedy about divorce, bicoastal parenting, and the perils of starting over. $37.50 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

House/Lights—The Wooster Group re-examines Gertrude Stein's *Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights.* Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 2/15. *The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Cotter Smith. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Can't Remember Anything/The Last Yankee—The Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with these two relatively recent one-acts, both directed by Joseph Chaikin. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-7529).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard resumes her one-woman show, taking aim at Mariah Carey, supermodels, and other deserving targets. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 2/14. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking at the McCarter Theatre. Directed by Mark Nelson. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/15/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (239-6200).*

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS, and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home further uptown. $25–$45. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra in Delirium—A contemporary perspective on the myth of the woman who falls in love with her stepson. Written by Susan Yankowitz; Kathleen Chalfant, the woman of multiple star-turns from *Angels in America,* plays the title role. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Pride's Crossing—One of our subtlest playwrights (Tina Howe) and one of our most incisive performers (Cherry Jones) have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to

Performance

The Sound of Two Hands Clapping

Yoshi Oida—Peter Brook associate, and student of Noh and Kabuki theater—performs 'Interrogations' at the Japan Society, February 6 and 7 at 8 P.M. The performance includes music, movement, philosophy, even a few Zen riddles. (To wit: "How does a man who has climbed to the top of a pole go farther?" Hmmm. . . .) For information and tickets ($20), call 752-3015.

Photograph by Tom Dombrowski.

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90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that may stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. The show was well reviewed when it played earlier this season at Expanded Arts, and the conceit—that a quartet of private-school boys perform Shakespeare's drama on a lark and actually learn something—has its charms. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—This is a repeat engagement from the actor-prestidigitator, who in 1994 first presented crowds with this strange evening of card tricks. Some you've seen before—like the three-card monte—and some you surely haven't; he makes cards levitate, for example, and cuts them in midair with scissors. David Mamet, long fascinated by the power of the scam and human gullibility, directed. $55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/29 *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3471).*

Romeo & Juliet—As interpreted by the Acting Company, one of the country's leading touring repertories. $10–$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 3. Through 2/8. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Scotland Road—A thriller-mystery by Jeffrey Hatcher about a neglected, underexploited topic: the *Titanic.* A man obsessed with the ship's doomed voyage finds a young woman clinging to an iceberg in the North Atlantic. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Show Goes On—Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt offer a charming retrospective of their work in this revue. Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best known peaks were *The Fantasticks, 110 in the Shade,* and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, as well as writing for nightclubs, cabarets, and movies. (Simon: 1/12/98.) Audience discussions with the duo follow every Thursday-evening performance. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/28. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Onstage Gaffe Riot

Loose Lips*, that amusing revue of celebrity indiscretions, is back for one week only at Eighty Eight's. The conceit—verbatim reenactments of ugly moments caught on transcript, videotape, or audiocassette—is well suited to these Tripp-wired times. (In fact, the confessions of Monica Lewinsky are a featured attraction of the evening.) Watch the all-new cast tackle such time-honored favorites as Nixon's anti-Semitic rants, Charles Manson's pleas for parole, and the Barbi Twins' exchanges on diet tips. Conceived by Kurt Andersen, Lisa Birnbach, and Jamie Malanowski; Andy Richter, Conan O'Brien's sidekick, plays master of ceremonies. Performances begin February 2. For tickets ($20, plus two-drink minimum) and more information, call 924-0088.

Song at Sunset—A tribute to the playwright Sean O'Casey by his daughter, Shivaun O'Casey. The one-man show, which proved enormously popular in London, Belfast, and Glasgow, stars Olivier Award winner Niall Buggy. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Anton Bruehl...Ralph Humphrey

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Biala/Barry Parker—Paintings and drawings of cats/Hammered-bronze figurative sculptures; 2/4–28. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Herbert Brown—Painted subway posters from the early sixties; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Carol Diehl—Recent paintings depicting dense configurations of numbers, words, and symbols; 2/5–3/14. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Eric Fischl—Recent sculpture; through 2/28. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Kazuko Inoue/Jerry McLaughlin—New abstract paintings by both; through 2/28. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Tony Scherman/José María Sicilia—Encaustic paintings of faces from the artist's Napoleon series/Paintings of flowers on fields of honey-colored wax. Through 2/27. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Fulvio Testa—Watercolors of imaginary landscapes; through 2/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (743-3670).

Helen Torr/Vivienne Foley—Paintings, watercolors, and charcoal drawings of still-life arrangements and landscapes by this artist (1886–1967) whose husband was the painter Arthur Dove/New porcelain vessels by the London-based ceramist. Through 2/21. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—Print editions from Lococo-Mulder, including serigraphs, aquatints, and monoprints of landscapes, flowers, birds, and other imagery; through 2/28. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Jud Nelson—Realist marble sculptures of such small-scale objects as Saltines, bottle corks, aspirins, dog bones, and light bulbs; 2/5–28. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Donald Judd—Early fabricated works; through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Wes Mills—Small-scale abstract drawings in powdered pigment and graphite; through 2/21. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Daniel Morper—Realist paintings of the Santa Fe rail yards; through 2/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

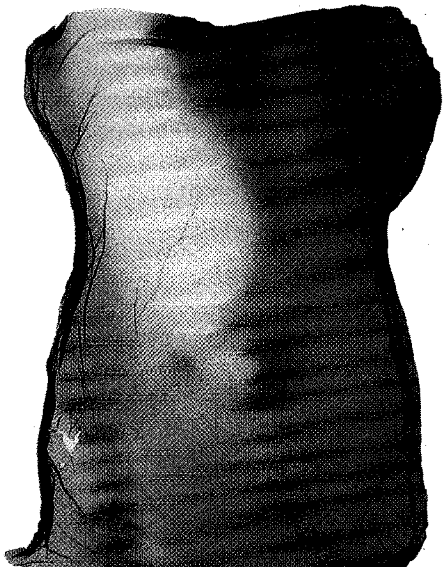
Grandma Moses—A survey of paintings of the American countryside by America's best known folk artist (1860–1961); through 2/28. Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Michel Nedjar—An exhibition pairing the mixed-media paintings of this self-taught artist with works by Expressionists; through 3/14. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Fred Otnes—Recent collage paintings; through 2/28. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Pablo Picasso—A exhibition of prints focusing on the artist's collaborations with various printmakers; through 3/14. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Vivian Springford—The artist's abstract "Black Paintings" from 1957 through 1964, in which she first began exploring the effects of staining on unprimed canvas, and her vividly colored amorphic stained canvases of the seventies and eighties; through 2/28. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1180).



Talent
Body Image

By photographing the living female figure instead of classical statuary, and trading traditional platinum printing for the vagaries of Polaroid emulsion (transferred to sheets of glass or mylar), Tanya Marcuse manages to evoke the ambiguous moment between image and abstraction. At Yoshii Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through February 28.

Manolo Valdés—New paintings and wood sculptures; 2/4–28. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Jeff Wall—Cibachrome transparency lightboxes and large-scale black-and-white photographs from the past three years; through 3/14. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

John Baldessari—Recent paintings from "The Goya Series" that combine photographic images and text on canvas; through 2/14. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Still" series; through 2/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Daniel Buren—Three series of unique prints by the French conceptualist; through 3/14. Gemini G.E.L. at Weyl, 375 Broadway (219-1446).

Marie José Burki—Recent videos that explore the unbridgeable differences between animals and people; through 3/14. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Ground Rules:
Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings incorporating text and pictographs; through 2/14. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Elizabeth Catlett—Recent figurative sculpture in wood, terra cotta, marble, and bronze by this artist who began her career in the forties and whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Neuberger Museum of Art in Purchase, New York; 2/6–3/4. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

George Condo—New collage paintings combining figuration and abstraction; through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Peter Dreher—Three separate installations of the artist's paintings of nudes, flowers, and glasses; through 3/7. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Sally Elesby—Three-dimensional painted structures made from wires covered with acrylic-coated glue; through 2/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Yizhak Elyashiv—Large-scale drypoints that depict random configurations of grains of wheat; through 3/14. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0906).

Pamela Fraser—New large-scale paintings that depict tiny, multicolored racing stripes that stop short, go in circles, and comprise an enormous variety of clashing colors; through 2/21. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Bruno Hadjadj—A sculptural interpretation of the 1656 Velazquez painting, *Las Meninas*; through 3/14. 123 Watts Gallery, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Arturo Herrera—A installation of minimally presented objects in a variety of media, among them wall painting, photography, sculpture, and works on paper; through 3/7. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Anselm Kiefer—Five new paintings that measure 9 feet high by 23 feet wide and a series of books; through 2/28. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Paul Laffoley—Recent paintings and prints of diagrams for imaginary systems; through 3/7. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Sang Nam Lee—Minimal paintings of concentric circles that appear to advance and recede within the picture plane; through 3/7. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Donald Lipski—Book works—sculpture using books as subject matter—made between 1982 and 1997; through 2/14. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Louis Monza—Paintings on the theme of war that were first exhibited at the Artist's Gallery on 13th Street in Manhattan, by the self-taught Italian expatriate; through 2/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Robert Moskowitz—Recent paintings that continue the artist's investigation of the relationship between abstraction and selected representational images; through 3/21. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Ulrich Rückriem—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Edgar Sanchez—Paintings of solitary figures against empty landscapes or imaginary cityscapes; through 3/5. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Alyson Shotz—Photographs, sculptures, and video that focus on man's relationship to nature; through 2/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Rudolph Steiner—Blackboard drawings that were the visual component to Steiner's lectures given be-

Photograph courtesy of Yoshii Gallery, New York.

tween 1919 and 1924; 2/7–3/21. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

James Turrell—An installation of a single free-standing transmission hologram; through 2/14. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Roxy Walsh—Small, intensely colored frescoes whose shapes are often based on a stylized letter from the alphabet; through 2/21. Sundvik, 26 Grand St. (226-6361).

Andy Warhol—Fifteen abstract paintings that were produced in 1962 and have not been previously exhibited; 2/6–3/21. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Jan W. Zakrzewski—Paintings that combine geometric abstraction with lyrical images from the artist's own history; through 2/14. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9069).

Chelsea

Pia Andersen—Abstract paintings inspired by South American landscapes; through 2/14. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Suzan Batu/Jeremy Kidd—Paintings that incorporate pom-poms, costume jewels, and glitter/Microscopic views of natural objects rendered in artificial materials and saturated colors. Through 2/21. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (574-1024).

Robert Brady/Stephen Whittlesey—Recent wood sculptures by both; through 2/28. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Marco Breuer—Photographic sketches juxtaposing personal and public images; through 2/21. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Keith Edmier—Sculptures based on the artist's reconstructed childhood memories and fixations; 2/7–3/7. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Joy Episalla—Sculptures and large-format black-and-white photographs of curtains; through 2/21. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Dara Friedman/Mark Handforth—New works by both; through 2/14. Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (627-5258).

Guy Goodwin—Paintings of a derelict midwestern town; through 2/28. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Gary Hume—Small paintings made between 1991 and 1997; through 2/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Joan Jonas—A film/video projection of an outdoor work performed in 1970 and a new video work; through 2/28. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Omar Lopez-Chahoud—Compositions of found objects that use the gallery's interior as a metaphorical canvas; through 2/21. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Helen Marden—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 2/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Martin G. Larralde—New figurative paintings by an Argentinian artist that depict him as an adolescent; through 2/26. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Matthew McCaslin—Recent video sculptures; through 3/7. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Ingo Meller—Paintings on unstretched, irregularly-shaped canvases in which strokes of color move in two directions; through 2/28. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Daniel Oates—Hand-carved cartoonlike sculptures of human and animal figures; through 2/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Ross Rudel—Recent sculpture; 2/7–3/7. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Jane Schiowitz/Claudia Roberts and Thomas Weaver—New abstract paintings depicting loosely repeated patterns/A collaborative installation of an oversized staircase. Through 2/28. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Dan Witz—Photographs of the artist's own street works in Williamsburg, Brooklyn; through 2/21. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Betty Woodman—Recent ceramic sculptures based on specific works by Picasso and Matisse, and works in glass; through 2/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Richard Woods—Painted photographs of cars and trucks and customized piles of timber and painted carpets; through 2/14. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Other

Nigel Hall—Large-scale drawings dating from 1964 to the present by the British sculptor; through 2/21. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "From Sacred to Sensual: Italian Paintings, 1400 to 1750," with works by Bellini, Canaletto, Tintoretto, Titian, others; through 3/14.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; 2/5–6/20.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). "Patriarchs and Prophets," an exhibit of Old Testament paintings from 1550 to 1800 by Italian and Dutch artists Bassano, Procaccini, Guercino, Preti, Bravo, others; through 2/28.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Abstract and representational drawings by 28 artists, among them Africano, Arm, Bocchino, Bovasso; through 3/7.

Hunter College—695 Park Ave. (772-4991). "Roots & Reeds: The Amazing Grace of the Gullah People;" through 3/21.

MMC—221 E. 71st St. (517-0634). "On Location," with paintings, drawings and photographs depicting architecture, landscapes, and cityscapes by Cross, Gallego, and Moumin; through 2/14.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). Sculpture, paintings, and drawings by contemporary Italian artists Finotti, Cascella, Castagna, Guadagnucci, Sironi, others; through 2/28.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "*Fotomontage:* European and Russian Collage, 1920–1950," with more than 30 collages that incorporate original photographs and newspaper and magazine clippings by Blumenfeld, Brzeski, Galadjev, Hofmann, Hugnet, others; through 2/14.

57th Street Area

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; through 2/28.

Equitable Gallery—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "The Dutch in the Americas, 1600–1800," with rare prints, maps, and illustrated books from the John Carter Brown Library; through 4/4.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). "Points of Origin" examines the teacher-student relationships of Arneson and Nauman, Chihuly and Horn, and others; through 2/21.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). An exhibition of American self-taught artists, Hicks, Moses, Hirshfield, Kane, others; through 2/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Print and photographs of still life compositions spanning the past 100 years, by Brandt, Braques, Freud, Kockney, Kertesz, Picasso, others; 2/4–28.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Rubber," with sculptures incorporating that material by Booker, Bourgeois, Hesse, McGill, Nauman, Overby, Silverthorne, Whiteread; through 2/28.

PaineWebber—1285 Avenue of the Americas. "A Central Park for the World: New York's Adirondack Park;" through 4/3.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Twentieth-century masterworks by African-American artists Alston, Catlett, Delaney, Gilliam, others; through 3/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). An exhibit examining the work of Pollock, Orozco, and Siqueiros; through 2/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

AC Project Room—15 Renwick St. (219-8275). Sculpture and painting by Smith, Kim, Chu; through 2/28.

Boesky—51 Greene St. (941-9888). "Real Stories," work from the eighties that has set precedents for work in the nineties, with Gober, Kelley, Kippenberger, Prince, others; through 2/28.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "WILD," an exhibition of the work of Brody, Closson, Cohen, Currie, and others, exploring the boundaries of traditional media; through 3/15.

Feature—76 Greene St., second floor (941-7077). Paintings by Ross, models or prototypes by Bome, and drawings by Bransford, Fury 161, Hammond, Hug, Jones, others; through 2/13.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). "Abstraction," with works by French, Soreff, Neher, Rose, others; through 2/28.

Pratt—200 Willoughby Ave. Brooklyn (636-3471). "Sculptors and Their Environments," photographic essays on nineteen sculptors and examples of their work, by Acconci, Bourgeois, Chamberlain, Coyne, others; through 2/26.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Young Artists," the abstract work of up-and-coming painters; through 3/7.

Stefanelli—132 Crosby St (539-6793). "Glyph Riff," with works on paper by Jolicoeur, Lyon, McMurray, Seward; through 2/15.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Technosophia I: Overpromised," a multimedia exploration into the convergence of artistic practice and new digital technologies with installations by Swiss artists and D.J.'s Schumacher and Clavadetscher; through 3/1.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Abstracted Presence," with paintings by Appel, Bladen, Held, Leroy, Leslie, and Resnick; through 2/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). A main gallery exhibition entitled "Lo-Fi Baroque," with works by Ahwesh, Bartlett, Brezany, Green, Hanson & Sonnenberg, Harrison, others; through 2/14.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). The work of four Austrian artists in diverse media presented on a 40-foot wall viewable 24 hours a day from the street; through 2/14.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoum, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "Vertical Time," an exhibition in which five artists share their ideas about personal space to counter the fragmentation of contemporary reality; through 2/21.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). "Maverick," new sculpture, photography, drawing, painting, and video from Bustamante, Fischli, Fritsch, Horn, others; 2/7–4/11.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "Male," a show curated by Vince Aletti of photographs, paintings, drawings, and prints depicting male subjects by more than 75 historic and contemporary artists, among them Ahearn, Beaton, Haring, Hujar, Mann, Mapplethorpe, Verger; through 2/22.

Other

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288). "The Visual Front: Spanish Civil War Posters;" through 3/28.

Forbes—62 Fifth Ave. (209-5549). "Art from Scotland," an exhibition of contemporary paintings by traditional and avant-garde artists; through 3/21.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Reading Between The Lines," an exhibition of artists' books by Beube, Belichick, Cooperider, Kino, Marcano, others; through 3/7.

Photography

Anne Barnard—Black-and-white photograms; through 2/21. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). A survey of photographs from the fifties by Arbus, DeCarava, Frank, Strand, Winogrand, others; through 3/7.

Marta María Pérez Bravo—Manipulated and fragmented images of the artist's body; through 3/14. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Anton Bruehl—A survey of prints by this photographer (1900–1982) who pioneered color photography in the early thirties and was well known for his work for *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*; through 3/7. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Paul Caponigro—Photographs of prehistoric megaliths, Celtic crosses, and Druid abbeys in remote regions of the British Isles and France; through 2/14. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.–Fri. 11–6; $2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." An exhibition of large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Dorothea Lange/Lewis Hine—Vintage prints made in the fifties, from the photographer's early San Francisco period to her work for the Farm Securities Administration/A survey of works from all the photographer's series, among them images of Ellis Island, child labor, and the construction of the Empire State Building. Through 2/28. Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. (222-7381), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

Arnold Eagle—Photographs documenting Jewish daily life in New York in the thirties and of personalities and artists; through 2/21. Van der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (691-5973).

Peter Garfield—Images of airborne houses in various stages of destruction; through 3/7. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Jan Groover—Recent photographs of highways under construction in rural France; through 2/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraïdari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Yevgeny Khaldei—Photographs and photocollages dating from 1934 to 1946 by the Russian photographer who is best known for his image of the raising of the Soviet flag over the Reichstag in Berlin in 1945; through 2/21. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Laura Letinsky—Photographs of couples in domestic settings and still lifes that suggest the presence of couples; through 2/14. McIntyre, 45 Crosby St. (334-9666).

Rose Marasco—Images of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century domestic items used by women; through 3/7. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Tanya Marcuse—New photographic emulsion transfers on glass and mylar that depict fragmented torsos; through 2/28. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Wayne F. Miller—Photographs of Chicago's African-American community taken between 1946–47; through 2/26. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Peter Moore—Lesser-known works by this photographer (1932–1993) who is primarily remembered for his images of happenings, performances, Judson Dance Theater, and other manifestations of performance art, including photographs documenting the destruction of New York's Pennsylvania Station, taken between 1963 and 1966, and of his family and close associates; through 2/21. Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348).

Roberto Schezen—Photographs depicting Greek Revival statues of male athletes that were erected in Rome in the thirties under Mussolini's direction; through 3/14. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

David "Chim" Seymour—Vintage prints by the photojournalist who co-founded Magnum Photos in 1947; through 3/7. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Kiki Smith/Joey Kötting—Straightforward photographs of wildlife and of the artist in sequential stages of blowing an egg/Paintings, video, and photographs that depict the artist outdoors in various activities. Through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs from issue ten of *Blind Spot* magazine, by Crewdson, Fontcuberta, Hocks, Misrach, Parr, others; through 2/17.

Arne Svenson—Photographs from the new book *Prisoners* (Blast Books); through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen/Robert Frank—Recent pinhole photographs of fabricated classical scenes/A selection of rarely seen prints, ranging from the photographer's earliest work in Paris and New York to his 1960 trip through the South with Jack Kerouac. Through 2/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "The Cottingly Fairies and Other Apparitions," with photographs depicting otherwordly phenomena from the nineteenth century to the present by Atget, Becher, Ess, Maul, Michals, Muniz, Van Der Zee, others; through 2/21.

Penelope Umbrico—An installation of four-by-six-inch photographs of abstracted catalogue products; through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Burk Uzzle—Photographs documenting Daytona Bike Week over the past 25 years; through 3/14. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

James Perry Walker/Bing Wright—Photographs taken in and around Wakulla County, Florida/Black-and-white photographs of abstract paintings. Through 2/14. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Randy West—Photographs that depict the reflections of light on the walls of the artist's studio; through 2/21. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255

Ernest Withers—Images of the civil rights movement and of black baseball players and musicians by this photographer who was born in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1922, and continues to work out of his Beale Street studio; through 3/7. Kasher, 54 N. Moore St. (966-3978).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Photographs depicting various aspects of Italy by Angelo Lomeo and Sonja Bullaty, Linda Butler, and Leonard Sussman; through 3/14.

Lee Evan Zalben—Mysterious images of Manhattan nightlife; through 2/14. Asyl, 547 W. 27th St. (242-9353).

Photography

Bruehl's Rule

The name Anton Bruehl is likely to draw a blank these days, but 50 years ago the Australian-born photographer (1900–1982) was as well known as Edward Steichen and Paul Outerbridge. Bruehl, who'd emigrated to New York at nineteen and studied at the Clarence H. White School of Photography, was a highly successful commercial photographer (he won the Art Directors Club medal for 1928 and contributed celebrity portraits and editorial layouts to *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, and *House and Garden*). With photo-technician Fernand Bourges, he helped develop color photography for Condé Nast magazines. But Bruehl was also an acclaimed fine-art photographer. His 1933 monograph *Mexico*, which predated Paul Strand's Mexican portfolio by seven years, was touted as "magnificent" by the muralist José Clemente Orozco, and his photographs were exhibited in the legendary 1929 "Film und Foto" exhibition in Stuttgart and at the Museum of Modern Art, in Beaumont Newhall's landmark "Photography 1839 to 1937." Advertising work proved irresistible, however, and Bruehl devoted much of his later career to the Four Roses whiskey campaigns and similar high-paying assignments. It wasn't until 1966, when Bruehl retired to Florida, that he returned to fine-art photography, shooting close-up color abstractions of tropical plants. Now, twenty years after Bruehl's last show (at the Witkin Gallery), a survey of his career at the Howard Greenberg Gallery (120 Wooster Street; through March 7) reinstates one of America's most precocious perfectionists. EDITH NEWHALL

Photographs: ©Estate of Anton Bruehl, courtesy of Howard Greenberg Gallery.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 3/22. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 3/22. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Sacred Mountains of the World." Color photographs of revered mountains around the world; through 3/31. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park

West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835–1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

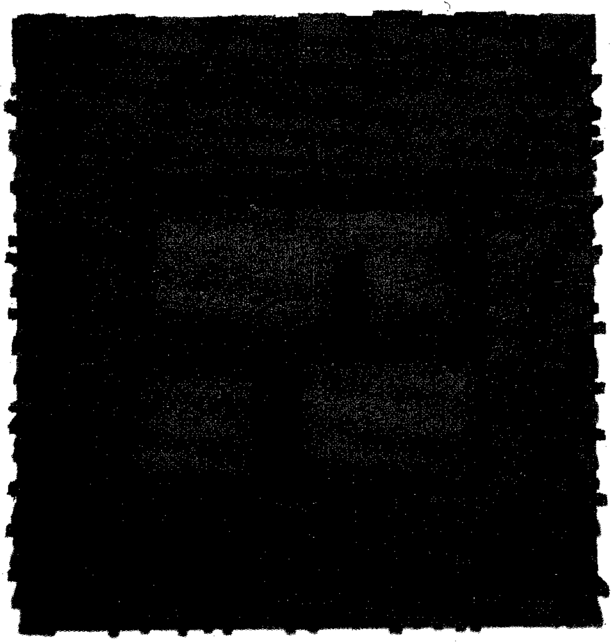
Grey Art Gallery—"Desert Cliché: Israel Now." Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; 2/6–6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; 2/6–5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York–based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . "Francesco Clemente: Indian Watercolors." Eighteen recent watercolors by the Italian artist who spends part of each year in Madras, India; through 2/8. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle"; through 2/8. . . . "Klee Landscapes." Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.



On View **A tightly edited survey of paintings by Ralph Humphrey focuses on the late artist's use of the frame composition—from his muted, minimal abstractions of the sixties to his objectlike works from the seventies (above, *Why I Don't Paint Like Mark Rothko*) to his final and surprisingly buoyant still lifes of the eighties. At Danese, 41 East 57th Street; through February 14.**

Museum at F.I.T.—"Norman Norell." The first retrospective of the American designer (1900–1972) known for his tailoring perfection; 2/10–4/18. . . . "Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A.G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions." A survey of architectural drawings, illuminated poems, and visionary writings by the San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896–1981); through 3/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Steve McQueen." A new film/video, *Deadpan*, that is a play on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827–1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians." Models for public sculpture by Louise Bourgeois, Neil Estern, Marisol, Tom Otterness, Tony Rosenthal, and others; through 3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Fri. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs. and Sat. 12–8

Photograph courtesy of Danese Gallery.

(free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Basement Publishing in New York City and Elsewhere." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 5/30. . . . "The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Subject Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who during her 39-year tenure (1929–1968), built the Picture Collection at the New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; through 3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New York Transit Museum—"50 Years of the Subway Sun." Posters from the "Sunday Sun" poster series that were created for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company between 1910 and the early sixties; through 3/22. Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601), Tues.–Fri. 10–4, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors (free for seniors every Wed. from 12–4).

New-York Historical Society—"Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East. ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/4 at 6: "Pop." On view from 1/30. 2/6 at 10 and 2: "Nineteenth-Century European Paintings." On view from 2/6. 2/10 at 10 and 2: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 2/7.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next auction on 2/19.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/5 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 1/31.

Konigsberg *continued from page 30*

off the chests of two *bustier*-wearing women at a campaign fund-raiser, he's been the Republican working hard to draft Clinton's impeachment papers.

FOR ALL OF THE HIGH-PROFILE IMBROGLIOS, one constantly hears rumblings of others waiting to be discovered. The staff of one member of Congress consider their—also married—boss such an extracurricular swordsman that their private nickname for him is a euphemism for an erection. Warren Rudman began a Washington parlor game that rivaled trying to name the author of *Primary Colors* when, in his memoir, *Combat*, he told of a fellow senator who came to him in despair. "One colleague tearfully told me that his girlfriend was pregnant, his marriage was a disaster, and there was no solution except to resign," the retired senator wrote in the memoirs two years ago. "I urged him to reconsider, and today he's one of the most powerful men in Washington." In a New York *Times* op-ed piece last week, a former congressional aide told of how a senator locked her in his office, pressed his leg against her, and asked her for a date. And one married senator's reputation as a cad has consistently kept him from being named a likely vice-presidential candidate.

Still, this is Washington, and no one is about to blow the whistle without threat of a subpoena. In fact, many of the politicians I called professed total ignorance of any potential scandals lurking in their midst. "I never saw it, but then, some of us don't really fit into that culture," said Pat Schroeder, the retired congresswoman. I asked Jade West, the staff director of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, whether the culture of Capitol Hill made it difficult for her to be taken seriously. "Lunacy," she said. "I've worked for and alongside a number of senators, and I've never been treated with anything but the utmost respect. In fact, I've never heard of any female colleagues' being approached in any improper way." So what about Bob Packwood and Buz Lukens? "Well, I've never heard about it firsthand," she said. "The only things I've heard about are the incidents that broke publicly."

Now and forever, whatever is happening behind closed doors, what Washingtonians constantly emphasize is the city's sexless environment, a notion that is partly fact, partly fig leaf. Last week, a giggling Democratic congressman was heard telling a lobbyist that part of him wanted to condemn Clinton. "On the other hand," he said, "I want a blood transfusion from him." ■

O'Donnell *continued from page 31*

destroy Clinton. McCurry was then spokesman for Senator Bob Kerrey, who looked like the front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination the day he announced his candidacy and never again.

McCurry could not believe his luck when the Gennifer Flowers story broke. According to the laws of politics as all of us then understood them, Clinton would be dropping out of the campaign in a matter of days and Kerrey would have the nomination sewed up in a matter of weeks.

McCurry knew he didn't have to say anything on the record about Flowers. The press would force the story to its logical end and the Kerrey campaign could avoid the mudslinging. But as Clinton went on to win one state primary after another, McCurry, still trying to keep his nose out of the mud, found himself saying things like "We are moving inexorably toward the nomination of a candidate so flawed that we can't win in November." Even with Kerrey out of the race, McCurry continued to take the occasional potshot at Clinton from the sidelines, telling the Los Angeles *Times*, "If I was on the Clinton staff, I would say we have one problem and one problem only: People don't think we're honest enough to be President."

Last week, McCurry insisted there was nothing inconsistent in Clinton's 1992 denial of an affair with Flowers and his rumored 1998 under-oath admission of an affair with Flowers, and no one in the White House press corps laughed. None of them found it at all strange that a well-known disbeliever of Clinton in 1992 was telling them they should believe Clinton's 1992 and 1998 stories. They did laugh the day McCurry began his briefing by saying, "Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the theater of the absurd." They thought that was a joke.

Polls continue to show that the Clinton presidency has forced a new maturity on voters. They finally seem fully at ease with separating a president's job performance and personal behavior. And as the jurors in the court of public opinion, they have admirably reserved passing judgment about the Lewinsky scandal until they hear from all the witnesses. If the day ever comes when the principal witness, Monica Lewinsky, convinces a majority of them that the president of the United States lied under oath about having sex with her, we will discover whether the national tolerance for spinning now extends to perjury. ■

Lawrence O'Donnell Jr., a former Senate Finance Committee chief of staff, is now an MSNBC political analyst.

restaurants

Provençal Palate...Boughalem...Duane Duo

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. New chef Sam Hazen has instituted a hearty, highly seasonal menu with tasting menus for vegetarians and meat-eaters alike. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cellar in the Sky—This oenophile's dream changes its menu, and its well-chosen wine pairings, monthly; the one constant is the spectacular view. Four courses of creatively prepared, seasonal American fare costs $60, and the flights of three wines begin at $35. Lately, offerings have included a chili-grilled blue-prawn salad with mango marmalade and Cuba libre spices, roasted pheasant with spinach gnocchi, and a trio of Sonoma bottlings. Jacket required; love of heights recommended. *1 World Trade Center (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ASK GAEL

I'll go anywhere for good Chinese food.

Raves from Chanterelle's Karen and David Waltuck in the *Manhattan User's Guide* led me to Natural Restaurant at 88 Allen Street, not far from the lounge-murk of modish Ludlow. Plain-as-rice, brightly lit? True. But there are live sea creatures swimming free, waiting to be steamed or wokked on command. Funk-provoked doubts are quickly scotched by salt-and-pepper squid, clams with pungent black beans, crispy lo mein, and the luscious oxtail casserole with anise. From $3.45 for pork chop and egg on rice to $19 for river eel stir-fried with scallions and ginger—the faint muddy taste intrigues our gang, and we can't get enough of the caramelized cuts of Peking pork chop on the bone. (966-1321.)

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and Ger-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

man cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. *126 E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Washington Place—The large, comfortable dining room feels vaguely colonial, with old prints on the walls and lots of dark wood, but the well-executed American menu couldn't be more modern. Standouts include maple-brushed salmon, roasted venison, and an unusually delicious cherry pie. *75 Washington Pl. (539-1776). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Angelo & Maxie's Steakhouse—This luxurious new steakhouse serves enormous portions of beef—plus alternatives for artery-watchers—to a crowd that's come to have a good, gluttonous time. Many choose to follow their meal with a leisurely smoke, which they're welcome to procure in the well-stocked cigar store. *233 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (220-9200). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

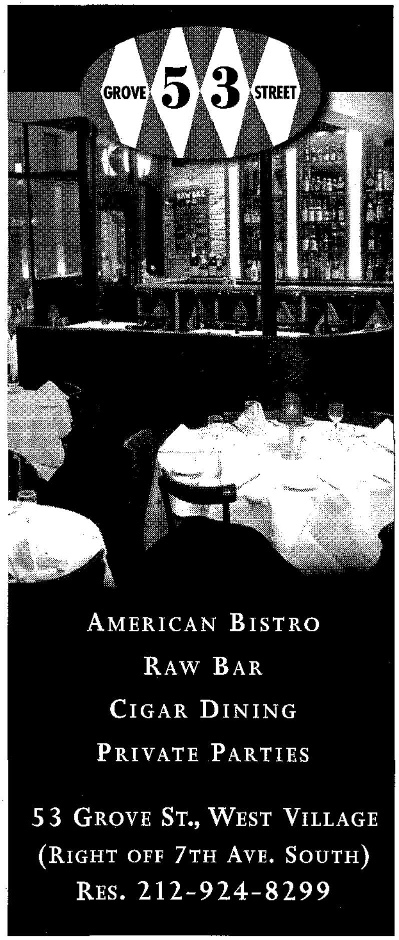
Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with

Object of Desire

There's the Beef

In Argentina—even more than in these Quarter Pounder–addicted United States—beef rules. Zoë chef Kevin Reilly imports prime pampas steak and serves it, char-grilled, over a zesty puddle of chimichurri sauce—the country's parsley-and-spice-purée answer to Heinz 57—with hefty skewered vegetables on the side. (90 Prince Street; 966-6722.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.



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curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood and a variety of Turkish appetizers. *386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Soul Fixins'—Until now, this humble source of delicious soul food has been a convenient pit stop for lunch in the Penn Station–Macy's vicinity. Now house specialties like collard greens, macaroni and cheese, ribs, and sweet-potato pie are available for dinner or catered affairs. Closed weekends. *371 W. 34th St. (736-1345). (I) ($).*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

First Taste
Making Nice

Everyone at the remodeled and just-reopened Jean Lafitte looks so put-together and sophisticated you get the feeling that those who aren't coming from or going to a love affair are, at the very least, contemplating one with their tablemate. In other words, it feels like Paris.

The French connection has recently been strengthened with the installation of chef Eric Gonzalez, a native of Provence, who has, at the age of 28, already wrested a seventeen rating from the authoritative *Gault Millau* guide, as well as one star from the parsimonious *Guide Michelin.* To his native palate, he adds the chefly wisdom acquired in the kitchen of one of the great exponents of deep flavor, Bernard Loiseau, of La Cote D'Or in Saulieu. He also cooked under Jacques Chibois at the two-star Le Royal Gray in Cannes before taking over at Luxembourg's Clairefontaine.

On his debut menu, unveiled last week, the fresh herbs of Provence are just about everywhere, infusing sauces, coating vegetables, or scattered in freshly cut sprigs, which, like the flowers in a sweetheart's corsage or boutonniere, lends heady perfume to an already sensual mix. His pissaladière substitutes monkfish for the traditional anchovies in this Provençal dish, which also has an intense confit of onions and potatoes in an aïgo, the milky seafood broth of Nice. Turbot with smoked milk, carrots, and cumin presents a classic fish in an emulsion that juxtaposes surprising tastes. A terrine of garlic confit, with tomatoes, basil, and lemon, garnished with wild oregano and fresh chervil, is a dish that could easily be called Tincture of Provence. The roast lamb, a benchmark for any country-French chef, is festooned with vegetables roasted to bring out peak flavor. And duck breast with dried-fruit polenta, pumpkin confit, and a sauce of pan juices, vinegar, and cinnamon sounds a bit bizarre, but, once tried, reveals the kind of compelling taste logic that one looks for in any chef with promise. (68 West 58th Street; 751-2323.)

PETER KAMINSKY

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for con-

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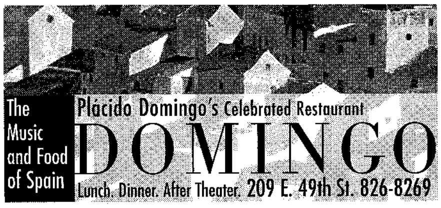

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temporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Crêpe de Bretagne—This midtown bistro specializes in crêpes, serving over 70 varieties, sweet and savory, plus French classics from bouillabaisse to cassoulet. *46 W. 56th St. (245-4565). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This Mediterranean midtowner combines authentic flavors with a polished style that evades too many Greek restaurants. Sit at the bar to enjoy snacks from the meze menu, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and an enticing array of meat and fish entrées. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Texas Texas Restaurant & Saloon—This casual barbecue joint on a bustling Broadway corner attracts tourists and local office workers looking for affordable southwestern grub like baby back ribs, plank-roasted salmon, and barbecued chicken. The CD player is programmed to play recordings by Texas artists only. *1600 Broadway, at 48th St. (956-7427). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Favia Lite—What distinguishes this Upper East Side Italian restaurant from all others is its emphasis on healthfulness. Pastas include whole-wheat lasagne and shrimp alla vodka; the brick-oven pizzas are especially commendable. *1140 Second Ave., at 60th St. (223-9115). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this

Opening
Hey, Joe

The space that was Joe's, then Formerly Joe's, then—for five long years—an empty Village storefront, has been reborn as Joe's . . . Again (230 West 4th Street; 727-3006). The most conspicuous changes made by the new owners, including ex–Bolo chef Neil Manacle, are elegant glass light fixtures and a more ambitious menu of American fare—like maple-glazed salmon, cioppino, and pork chops with applejack sauce and sweet-potato spaetzle (entrées, $14 to $21).

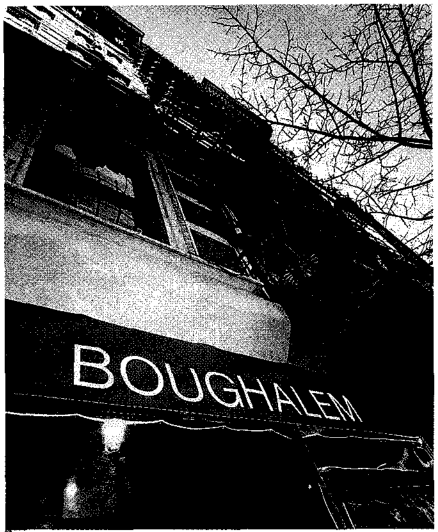
Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'Or—This old-fashioned, family-run French Provincial bistro has been around for an astounding 60 years and serves the usual traditional suspects: cassoulet, braised beef, and calf's liver with onions. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Breaking Away

After seven years of mixing drinks and serving dinner at Bouley and Daniel, Krim Boughalem (along with wife Donna Faircloth) has opened Boughalem, a sleek storefront bistro with just three dozen seats. Bouley alum James Rafferty executes the daily-changing, seasonal menu: roasted-beet risotto and sea scallops with turnip purée exemplify the affordable offerings. (14 Bedford Street; 414-4764.)

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. *1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.*

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

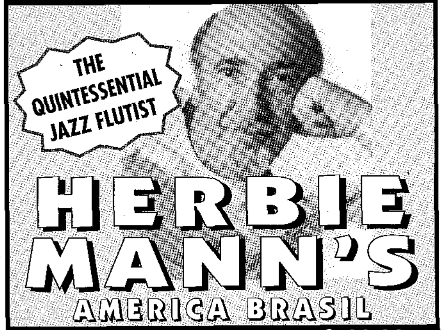
Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled

Photograph by Bernd Auers.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If you or someone you know is in crisis, call The Samaritans 24-hour suicide prevention hotline at (212) 673-3000

pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $26.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

TriBeCa Twofer

Cub Room chef-owner Henry Meer has acquired and reopened the short-lived 131 Duane with the long-term goal of expanding into the empty space next door. Until the April debut of the new megarestaurant, the original romantic, high-ceilinged space with cozy banquettes will serve unfussy, intensely flavorful American fare. Except for lobster and the blue-cheese-slicked "City Hall" rib eye, everything—creative salads, shellfish, simply prepared fish and meat—is $5 to $21. (131 Duane Street; 406-9030.)

Photograph by Barry Munger.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I)*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Tickling the Toy Ivories...Steve Earle

Concerts

Billy Joel—Disregarding the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame's recent thumbs-down, New York looks to be in a Billy Joel state of mind, seeing as how the puppy-faced Long Islander's six nights have been sold out for months. Never mind that he's been a little bleary-eyed lately: Joel captures a certain suburban *je ne sais quoi* better than anyone since Eddie Money. 2/2, 2/9, and 2/11 at 8 P.M. (Additional shows, also sold out, 2/14, 2/16, and 4/30). *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

Judas Priest—Deprived of iron-throated singer Rob Halford (who's moved on to the lackluster supergroup Down), Britain's premier seventies metalists soldier on with a young Yank doing frontman duty. The new kid might sound just like Halford, but the show still seems sorta like Queen without Freddy Mercury. 2/6 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

"Sounds of Nubia: Ali Hassan Kuban"—This being the unofficial year of East-meets-West dance music's big New York takeover, Kuban (the "Egyptian James Brown") couldn't have chosen a more apt moment to bring his deft blend of traditional *kaf* rhythms and Western funk Stateside. 2/7 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

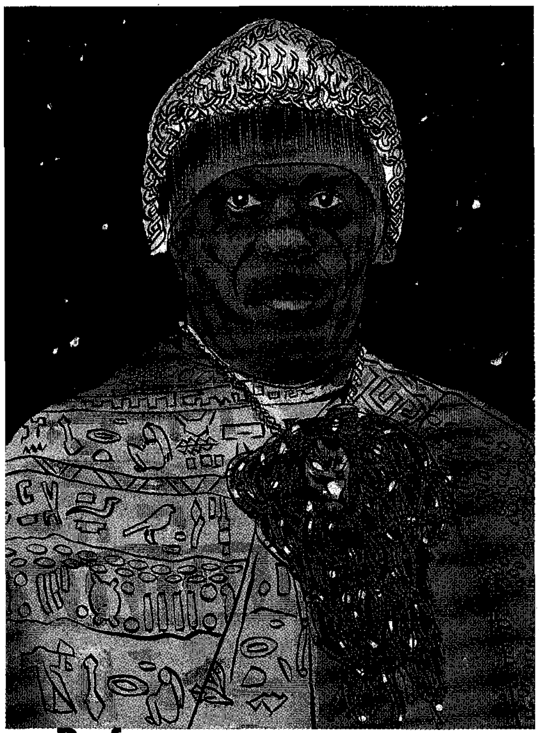
"New Sounds Live"—Toy-pianist extraordinaire Margaret Leng Tan treats her tinny instrument of choice as a serious musical tool. She uses its unique character to conjure completely novel takes on composers from Beethoven to Philip Glass. In this show, she'll focus on new music by fellow avant-gardists Toby Twining, Dary John Mizelle, and accordionist Guy Klucevsek. In the program's second half, Mimi Stern-Wolfe leads the Downtown Chamber Orchestra though Part 2 of Elodie Lauten's *Deus Ex Machina* cycle (for soprano and baroque chamber orchestra), "Akasha, or the Realm of the Unknowable." 2/5 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.50.*

Stanley Cowell Quartet—Once the fourth member of the Heath Brothers, pianist Cowell is an angular, bluesy stylist reminiscent of Monk at some moments, steeped in his own classical training at others. 2/6 at 8 P.M. *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799). $7–$15.*

"Drumming & Dances of Ghana: Odadaa"—Much like Yes, ELP, and other prog-rock stars of yore, this West African troupe of singers, dancers, and drummers demonstrates that complex polyrhythms and large-scale spectacle needn't be mutually exclusive. The Ga tribesman of Odadaa may not have swirling lights or flying drum risers, but under the leadership of Yacub Addy, they do have plenty of out-there costumes and wild motion. 2/6 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

Liu Sola and Amina Claudine Myers—Getting as disparate as one artist can, Liu mingles traditional Chinese folk tunes with blues, jazz, and R&B—to startlingly beautiful effect. Sitting in on organ and piano, Myers specializes in the more obvious (though no less tricky) balance between jazz and pop. 2/6 at 8 P.M. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (346-1715). $10–$15.*

Stanley Turrentine Quintet—Turrentine is a supreme technician of the tenor sax, blending flawless control and a ruthless sense of swing in a peerless hard-bop repertoire. 2/5 at 8 P.M. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (346-1715). $17.50–$20.*



Performance
Basement Space

Their leader has returned, permanently, to Saturn, but the Sun Ra Arkestra is doing some of its finest terrestrial work in years. The weird and joyful free-jazz pioneers have extended their Sunday-night gig at Fez through March—and possibly into the next cosmic plane.

Clubland

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 2/5: Lesion. 2/6: Black Diamond. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/6–2/7: "Jazz Is Dead," with Billy Cobham, Jimmy Herring, Alphonso Johnson, T. Lavitz, and Merl Saunders. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 2/3: Spearheading indie rock's incipient accordion movement, New York quartet Pee Shy takes the wheezy shame out of bellows-pumping. 2/6: Mommy; the Wrens. 2/7: The Brain Surgeons. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, un-scuzzy basement lounge. 2/6: Speed McQueen. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 2/6–2/7: Hiram Bullock. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 2/5–2/7: Plenty of bands—from the Sex Pistols to indie-rock curios Half Japanese—have been cited as punk rock's inventors. The Damned make only the more reasonable claim to have been the first British punk band to release an album, 1977's *Damned Damned Damned.* Now, just like all their aging-rebel cohort, they're back. Though without the significant hype skills of some of their contemporaries, they're playing sweaty East Village dives a few months after the Sex Pistols hit every cavernous hall in the land. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—In Sun Ra's 1974 film *Space Is the Place,* the free-jazz godfather is shown presiding over the "Outer Space Employment Agency." Turning down a NASA rocket scientist for a position in the storefront operation, the Saturnian keyboardist remarks that employees of Infinity, Inc., need, among other skills, knowledge of the "intergalactic realm of eternal black darkness and white darkness." Without the aid of the engineer, Sun Ra managed his final rocket-ship ride in 1993, but the Sun Ra Arkestra swings on in joyful idiosyncrasy Sunday nights through February and March. Wednesday's "Stella" continues to deliver some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 2/6: David Poe; Bubble; Frank

Illustration by Gary Panter.

Bango. 2/7: Buddy Scott Trio; White Knuckle Sandwich; Orson Welk; Laura Ponce. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—Mark Anthony Thompson, a.k.a. Chocolate Genius, is one of the most eclectic and prolific songwriters in the city. Last month's residency at CBGB's basement lounge saw him collaborating with Vernon Reid, Sim Cain, and scads of other New York scenesters. Two of the best, organist John Medeski and drummer Chris Wood, join him for a more formal gig, 2/4. 2/5, in the sub-basement Old Office lounge, Elliott Sharp plays music behind spoken-word performances by a variety of writers, including New York State Supreme Court justice (and top-notch crime-thriller author) Edwin Torres. 2/6: With his new Woo Warriors, P-Funk keyboard vet Bernie Worrell keeps it just as funky (and far less frattish) than his old colleague George Clinton. With Shag, a Cincinnati funk outfit who've come up under the tutelage of former Worrell bandmate Bootsy Collins. 2/7: Supporting their umpteenth fine album, *Ball of Fire*, ska innovators the Skatalites keep on trucking. 2/8: Julius Hemphill Sextet; William Hooker Quintet. 2/9–2/10: Joseph Bowie's Funk Shop. 2/11: Delightfully freaky slide trumpeter Steven Bernstein leads his (only moderately) sleazy outfit, Sex Mob. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 2/5: Mono Puff. 2/6: Paul Narvaez. 2/7: Leslie Nuchow; Lisa Cornelio. 2/11: Jennifer Trynin; Jack Drag. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 2/5: Basement Bhangra. 2/6: Annual Bob Marley Day celebration, with Junior Jazz and some rare, previously unseen footage of the man himself. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 2/4–2/5: Steve Earle & the Dukes (see page 139). 2/6: Little Feat. 2/8: Even though he's only 24 years old, Geno Delafose has been playing zydeco seriously for eighteen years, first in his father's Eunice Playboys, and lately heading up his own French Rockin' Boogie. One of the sharpest Louisiana accordionists to come around in years, this kid is definitely one to watch. Plus, there's free grub at the show. 2/10: The Wailers. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—The big advertisements for this place outside the far end of the Midtown Tunnel really say it all: If you're entering Manhattan in a private car, you're in the right demographic. 2/11: The Spice Network's spokesmodel search seeks out Spice girls of a more explicitly pornographic stripe than the Brit-poppers. *125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, midpriced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Through 2/14: Sandra Bernhard. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/4: Family Stand. 2/5: Edwin McCain. 2/6: Bob Marley Tribute. 2/7: Illuminati. 2/8: 25 Ta Life. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, 19-year-old Paul Ellington leads the band his grandfather started: the Duke Ellington Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 2/4–2/7: Frank Foster Quartet. 2/8: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra, conducted by Arturo O'Farrill. 2/9: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 2/3–2/8: In the sixties, Herbie Mann's Latin-inflected, smooth (yet somehow strangely piercing) flute excursions earned him a place in the pop-jazz pantheon—on an instrument usually accorded little respect in jazz. He returns with his new band, America Brasil, for some ultra-groovy good times. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—Funky jazz on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

The Homefront—Don't be fooled by its renovated-theater home: The city's newest serious jazz venue (is an opening-night show by Wynton Marsalis impressive enough?) holds just 150 people, so make sure you get there good and early. 2/2–2/8: Peter Eldridge. $10 cover; no minimum. *236 W. 54th St. (800-540-0236).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 2/3–2/8: In various combinations, fraternal hard-bop trio the Heath Brothers have been keeping it fat and funky for five decades. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 2/3–2/8: Young New York trumpeter Russell Gunn is equally at home backing up a fast-talking rapper and heading up a trad-jazz outfit. This week, he's favoring the latter impulse, leading a quartet through some serious, blazing bop moves. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight. $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to conjure the swing era in an unfortunately generic setting. Monday: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesday: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesday: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursday: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Friday: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturday: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 2/3–2/8: Howard Johnson's tuba-pride outfit, Gravity, made its recording debut last year—just 30 years after the band's first gig. Now Johnson and his fellow big-horns are on a roll, making their impatience palpable in the title of *Gravity!!!*'s just-released follow-up, *Right Now!* Though the new album's most noteworthy guest, Taj Mahal, won't be making it to the gig, no fewer than five other tubas will be in the house, setting the scene for a fine romp through the hard-bop pastures. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 2/3–2/8: Educator, composer, producer, and pianist, Barry Harris has a vast command of the jazz canon. One of bebop's foremost advocates, he's played with all the greats, composed dozens of tunes, and brought scores of

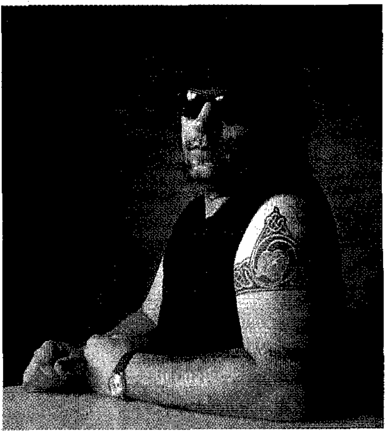
Talent
Schroeder's First

"Toy-piano virtuoso" may sound like an oxymoron. But on Margaret Leng Tan's recent 'Art of the Toy Piano,' the Singapore-born Brooklynite displays legitimate mastery of her subject—performing intricate, ethereal arrangements of the "Moonlight Sonata," "Eleanor Rigby," and Philip Glass's "Modern Love Waltz" on her nine vintage Jaymars and Schoenhuts (brands she calls the "lilliputian equivalents to Steinway and Baldwin"). Headlining WNYC's "New Sounds Live," Tan—also a formidable avant-garde stylist on the adult 88s—will demonstrate once again that toys aren't only child's play. Merkin Hall, February 5.

Photograph by Michael Dames.

Talent

Crime and the City Solution



On Steve Earle's outstanding new album, *El Corazón*, there's a song called "N.Y.C." about a young Southern guy's guitar dreams of making it in the big town. Earle's own relationship with the actual flesh-and-stone city is more complicated. "New York's kind of a weird deal for me," says the ornery 42-year-old, who was born in San Antonio, musically schooled in the seventies Austin of Jerry Jeff Walker and Guy Clark, and lives in Nashville. "I got to the point that I looked forward to going to New York and Amsterdam for only one reason—good, really readily available, cheap, strong heroin. The last few years, before I went to jail, I'd go to New York and run back and forth between midtown and the Lower East Side in cabs all day. I'd make my own show, and that was about it."

He's still a hellion onstage (he plays Tramps, February 4 and 5), but mostly Earle has put his post-rehab nervous energy into crafting three gorgeous albums in two years, ranging across bluegrass, alt-country, and angry rock, all of it connected by a poet's gift for heartbreaking detail. So it makes some sense that the sober Earle has a new New York obsession. "My project right now is trying to go to all the places in *The Bottom of the Harbor,* the collection of Joseph Mitchell stories," he says. He's already trekked to the Fulton Fish Market and the Oyster Bar, and this time plans to visit an old Southern black community out on Staten Island.

Wherever he roams, Earle is never far from thoughts of an early mentor, Townes Van Zandt, the tortured cosmic cowboy who died last year at 52. "Ft. Worth Blues" is Earle's lovely, twanging tribute to him. "Yeah, it still hurts to sing that song," he says. "But that's part of it. That's my job. It's what real writing is all about. Even good journalism hurts to write. You have to learn not to let it eat ya. I got into a lot of trouble, and there's stuff I have to do now to keep it from eating me alive." Making the best music of his career seems to be Earle's thirteenth step. CHRIS SMITH

young jazz hopefuls to Manhattan to gain valuable exposure to the musical climate. His recent *First Time Ever* finds him as subtle and spirited as ever, leading a trio, as he will at this date. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. 2/3–2/7: Bill Charlap; Michael Moore; Ron Vincent. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—The Knicks' No. 1 elbow-thrower and trash-talker lightens up for the NBA all-star game weekend with "Charles Oakley's All-Star Comedy Bash," 2/6–2/7. One caveat: Oakley, we're told, isn't actually going to host the event: He'll simply be on hand to attract other celebrities, and perhaps to crack wise at the talent (Mike B., Mike Epps, Rudy Rush, Dominique, and two "surprise guests") from the peanut gallery. We're holding out for the Penny Hardaway comedy bash. Monday and Tuesday, as always, Eddie Brill hosts "New Talent Night." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 2/2–2/9: Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Macio; Jim Norton. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 and 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 2/6–2/7: Rick Ruben; Eric Kornfeld; Jim Gaffigan; John Bush. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9 P.M., with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 2/6–2/7: Vanessa Hollingshead; Andrés Fernandez; Al Lubell; Eric Kornfeld. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tues.–Sat., Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt's new ten-week run of growling, purring, and other forms of sexy cajoling is halfway over. Not bad for a woman who hit 70 during the show's first month. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—Every Wednesday in January, Julia "My Boyfriend Is a Genius" Douglas plays. Mondays through 2/2, Scott Coulter performs "Remember the Magic." 2/6: Drag vocal outfit 3 Sheets to the Wind, on their "Shut Up and Eat Your Spinach" tour. $10–$15 cover; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15 cover; two-drink minimum. 2/4–2/12: *Loose Lips, 1998. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. Through Valentine's Day, KT Sullivan and Jeff Harnar star in "Two for Tonight." Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

The Park—Beginning 2/3, tenor Chris Barrett serves up chestnuts of the American songbook in this swanky midtown lounge. No cover; no minimum. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. Through 2/7: John Pizzarelli. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays through 2/27: Comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare. $15 cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick-'n'-show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodying was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. $40 cover. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Bars

Dive Bar—Neither ultraglamorous nor off-puttingly grim, this most neighborly of Upper West Side pubs caters to regular, working folks who want to drink some fine beer, eat some greasy grub, and generally avoid hipsters, yuppies, and all other species of New York exotica. *732 Amsterdam Ave., at 96th St. (749-4658).*

XVI—Now that Avenue A is officially over, most pierced pioneers are forging east, establishing outposts as close to the river as Avenue C. But the truly hip know that First Avenue is, in fact, the place to be. Ignore the tour buses parked outside (they're bringing suburbanites to Lucky Cheng's) and belly up to the bar here, along with the smart set. Every night of the week, XVI offers funky drum-and-bass sounds, bubble-jacketed youth, and East Village aristocracy—all just a block from a subway station. *16 First Ave., bet. 1st and 2nd Sts. (no phone).*

Photograph by Senor McGuire.

the mix

Alexander's Bridge...L.A. Intelligentsia

John Leonard's TV Notes

My Sergei (2/4; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS) kicks off the network's Winter Olympics coverage with a docudrama weepie, actually produced by CBS Sports instead of the entertainment division, on the Russian figure skaters Sergei Grinkov, who died suddenly at age 28, and his wife, Ekaterina Gordeeva, who wrote a best-selling book about it.

Billy Wilder: The Human Comedy (2/4; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) dishes up snippets of his more than 50 films, talks to the director and his wife as well as Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, Shirley MacLaine, Robert Towne, Nancy Olson, and William Friedkin, quotes Alfred Hitchcock and wonders out loud (not very profoundly) about irony, satire, and Hitler in this routine "American Masters."

Blind Faith (2/5; 10:20 to 12:20; 2/24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) stars Courtney B. Vance as a fifties Bronx defense attorney, Charles S. Dutton as his older brother the tough cop, Kadeem Hardison as their younger brother the Greenwich Village jazz saxophonist, and Lonette McKee as Dutton's agonized wife as well as the mother of their troubled son, Garland Whitt, who will go to the electric chair for strangling a white boy in Van Cortland Park unless he tells all about why he was there in the first place, which he refuses to do because he's more afraid of his father than he is of death. You can see the big secret coming A-train fast, but the performances are shrewd and persuasive.

Target Earth (2/5; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) pits luckless cop Christopher Meloni, frazzled mom Marcia Cross, and mind-blown child Courtney Crumpler against intergalactic alien invaders with odd boils in their thick necks, one of whom is most certainly Chad Lowe, who likes Mozart more than Hank Williams, and another of whom might even be Dabney Coleman, who seems to be running for president and may also have been, you know, abducted and fiddled with. Mention will also be made of binary codes and Rumpelstiltskin.

The Wingless Bird (2/8, 2/15, and 2/22; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) has Mobil Masterpiece Theatre fun with Catherine Cookson's novel about class and trench warfare in an unmerry England before, during, and after World War I, with Claire Skinner as the Newcastle candy-store shop girl who marries her way into an aristocracy where one brother (Edward Atterton, with tuberculosis) is just as good as another (Julian Wadham, badly burned). Lord Byron will be quoted, *Madame Bovary* will be read, sheep will graze on the stately lawns, and Skinner (*Life Is Sweet*) will make your heart go pitty-pat.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 2/4: The Museum of Modern Art exhibition "Big As Life," an American history of 8-mm. films. 2/5: John Hess on what ails the world; Martin Amis on *Night Train;* Maury Yeston, the composer and lyricist of *Titanic.* 2/10: Cynthia Gorney on *Articles of Faith;* Joseph Wyden on *Conquering Schizophrenia.* 2/11: Carter Wiseman on *Shaping a Nation;* David Gates on *Preston Falls.* 2/12: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser casts a conservative eye on current events; Former Reagan and Bush speechwriter Peggy Noonan on her new book, *Simply Speaking;* the Guerrilla Girls and their *Bedside Companion to the History of Western Art.* Leonard Lopate is the host. WNYC AM; 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 2/7: Edward Hibbert on *Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde;* Rachel Carley, author of *Cuba: 400 Years of Architectural Heritage,* talks with Dr. James Marsten Fitch; Susan Butler on *East to the Dawn: The Life of Amelia Earhart.* WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 2/8: The guest is Maureen Howard, author of *A Lover's Almanac.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

Barry Yourgrau—2/11 at 6:30: Reading from *The Sadness of Sex.* The Salon at é Cafe, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (685-4300); free.

Bill Bratton—2/3 at 7:30: The former police commissioner of New York City (and Boston) reads from his new book, *Turnaround: How America's Top Cop Reversed the Crime Epidemic.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

P. P. Hartnett and Ray Loriga—2/8 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Call Me* and *My Brother's Gun,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Martin Amis—2/5 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *The Information* reads from his latest, *Night Train.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

The Writers Studio Winter Reading—2/6 at 7 P.M.: Readings by students. Eureka Joe's, 168 Fifth Ave., at 22th St. (255-7075); $3 suggested contribution.

Deborah Garrison—2/10 at 7:30 P.M.: The senior poetry editor of *The New Yorker* reads from her new book, *A Working Girl Can't Win,* at Cafe Limbo, 47 Avenue A, bet. 3rd and 4th Sts. (477-5271); free.

Lectures and Panels

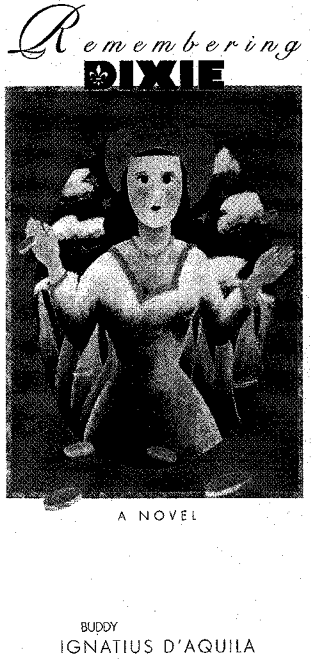
Lawrence Weschler: "The Southern California Idyll of Hitler's Intellectual Refugees"—2/3 at 6:30: Two-time winner of the George Polk Award (and Pulitzer finalist) Weschler turns his attention to those artists and intellectuals exiled from Nazi-occupied Germany who settled in Los Angeles. Among the luminaries he'll consider are Alma Mahler Werfel, Max Reinhardt, Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Arnold Schenberg, and his own grandfather, Ernst Toch. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); $10.

The Politics of Terrorism and Fundamentalism in the Middle East—2/9 at 8:15 P.M.: Dr. Ehud Sprinzak of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem on the rise and evolution of violent religious fundamentalism. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Anna Quindlen and Lynn Sherr—2/10 at 8 P.M.: Sherr interviews the Pulitzer Prize–winning author. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Liz Smith and Richard Johnson—2/7 at 7:30 P.M.: The gossip columnists dish at St. Luke's School, 487 Hudson St. (924-5960); $30.

The Price of a Child—2/5 at 6:30 P.M.: A book discussion focusing on the antebellum Underground Railroad and the writing of



In Print
Pagin' Cajun

There have been two great New Orleans novels written by natives—John Kennedy Toole's 'A Confederacy of Dunces' and Walker Percy's 'The Moviegoer.' And now Buddy Ignatius D'Aquila's 'Remembering Dixie' makes three. His insider study of the Big Easy's caste system is published by Hot August Nights ($22.95).

Lorene Cary. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Fifth Ave. at 110th St. (860-1370); free.

George Plimpton—2/10 at 7:30 P.M.: The editor of *The Paris Review* discusses his new book, an oral history of the life of Truman Capote. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

"How Poverty Affects Children"—2/9 at 7:30 P.M.: Jeanne Brooks-Gunn of Columbia University will discuss the children most vulnerable to poverty in our city. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230); free.

"Single-Sex Education"—2/10 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion on the impact of single-sex education on students of science and math. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230); free.

People Who Decide What's News—2/5 at 8:15 P.M.: A conversation between Leonard Lopate of WNYC's "New York & Company"; Robert Leverone, news director of Bloomberg Radio and Television; Tom Nagorski of ABC; and William Wheatley, vice-president of NBC News. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Ancient Cities of Indus Valley Civilization—2/11 at 6:30 P.M.: An overview of ancient civilizations in this area. The lecture is presented in conjunction with the exhibition "Great Cities, Small Treasures." The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400); $10.

The First Amendment and the New Rating System—2/5 at 6 P.M.: NBC's general counsel talks about the issues at stake. Fordham University's Lincoln Center Campus, James B. McNally Ampitheatre, 140 W. 62nd St. (636-6530); free.

Robert Wilson in Conversation with Mel Gussow—2/18 at 8 P.M.: The composer and the drama critic discuss opera. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

In Print
Early Edition

For those who will never be either square or terribly deep, Willa Cather is merely the bard of butter churning and pioneer moxie. Such detractors, though, constitute a feeble camp. In a tour-de-force essay published two years ago in *The New Yorker,* Joan Acocella pointed out that writers and the general public (not a shabby constituency) have consistently adored Cather. Leon Edel once insisted that "the time will come when she'll be ranked above Hemingway." And Wallace Stevens wrote to a friend, "We have nothing better than she is."

What she was, however, was only embryonic in *Alexander's Bridge,* returned to print this month by Simon & Schuster in a gaudy "deluxe hardcover classic" edition. Cather detested the 1912 novel—her first—and she was not given to fulsome modesty. The problem, she explained, was that at the time of its writing she had yet to draw on "the wisdom of intuition, as opposed to that of intellect." The story of a fatal split in the personality of a middle-aged engineer, the book was produced in the last throes of her artistic apprenticeship, and under the influence of Henry James. Later, she would come to depend on actual as much as literary experience—"the thing by which our feet find the road home on a dark night."

Yet even if *Alexander's Bridge* is bad James more than bad Cather (she practically disowned the book, calling *O Pioneers!* her real first novel), it is worth the time of her admirers. Edith Lewis, her companion of nearly 40 years, reread it and heard, intermittently, strains of Cather's voice "speaking in irrepressible accents of passion and authority." Of course, Lewis was biased. But so are Cather's fans, which is why she need not have worried about posterity's view of *Alexander's Bridge.* Having loved her in the Nebraska novels for what she was, we are highly susceptible to loving her in this book for what she was not. LINDA HALL

Tours

Jazz in the Afternoon—2/1 at 12:30 P.M.: Classified by the 92nd Street Y as a tour, this is really more of a field trip: Enjoy a jazz-accompanied brunch at the Greenwich Village club Sweet Basil. Call 996-1100 for meeting place and tickets; $35 (includes cover charge and meal).

Beatles Tour—2/7 and 2/8 at noon: Celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Beatles' U.S. invasion with a walking tour of the sites they frequented. Call 465-3331 for reservations; $12.

Remembering James Dean—2/7 and 2/8 at 2:30 P.M.: On the anniversary of his birth, a biographical tour of his New York experience. Call 465-3331 for reservations; $12.

Ellis Island—2/7 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds, with a lecture on the history of American immigration. (This is an indoor tour, and the ferry that gets you to the island is covered and heated.) Meet at the flagpole located at the center of the Castle Clinton National Monument. Reservations are requested (439-1090); $15 (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Union Square and Gramercy Park—2/8 at 1 P.M.: Visit the site where fabulous theaters once stood and socialists once rallied, and then make your way to the exclusive enclave known as Gramercy Park, former home of Theodore Roosevelt and a number of apolitical celebrities. Meet at the statue of George Washington located on the 14th Street side of Union Square. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Metropolitan Opera—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Historic Harlem—2/7 at 1: As the center of African-American culture, Harlem has long been one of New York City's most fascinating neighborhoods. This Big Onion tour emphasizes the history, architecture, and residents of Harlem. On this walk you'll see the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, Hamilton Heights, and sites associated with the great writers Zora Neal Hurston and Langston Hughes. Meet at the Schomburg Center, located at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Avenue. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Exhibitions

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672); suggested contribution $5.

"Proudly We Served"—2/5–9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American Veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Navigating the Underground Railroad—Through 3/3: An exploration of the ways slaves interpreted landscape and utilized nature to survive as they traveled to freedom. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Fifth Ave. at 110th St. (860-1370); free.

50 Years of "The Subway Sun"—Through 3/22: An exhibit of the poster series "The Subway Sun," which regularly inspired and admonished passengers on everything from their patriotic duty to proper underground etiquette. New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); $3.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments are no less riveting. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater

Photograph from Culver Pictures.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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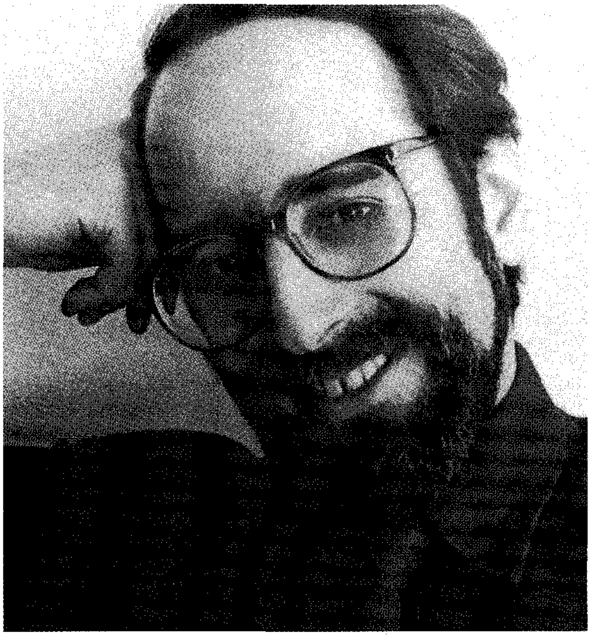
Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silk-screen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.



Happening

Lawrence Weschler is best known (and most acclaimed) for his extended essay *Mr. Wilson's Cabinet of Wonder.* But at the Jewish Museum on February 3 he turns familial, lecturing—with the aid of slides, music, and wit—on the peers of his grandfather, émigré composer Ernst Toch. "The Southern California Idyll of Hitler's Intellectual Refugees" remembers Thomas Mann, Aldous Huxley, Bertolt Brecht, and Igor Stravinsky, all of whom were improbably at home in L.A. (See listings.)

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website pick every day. This week: The hand (or mouse, rather) is quicker than the eye at Interactive Magic; be your own dance D.J. by mixing an original electronica CD online; private details become public domain in the Web Diary of a Swarthmore student; get the best deals by letting someone else do the comparison shopping; and indulge in cyber cuisine with Mauny's cooking tips, reviews, and recipes. While you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and see what else we've got. In addition to selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, find daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," a new neighborhood guide with "50 Ways to Love the Upper East Side" and oh-so-much more.

Sports

All-Star Nix—Because of Patrick Ewing's injury, the Knicks are now in the mortifying situation of hosting a party they're not invited to. The All-Star Game comes to Madison Square Garden this Sunday for the first time since 1968, and nary a Knickerbocker will be suited up for it. And yet the Knicks as a team are playing pretty good basketball of late. They impressively avoided a slump after the loss of Ewing and even managed their longest winning streak of the season so far. The Knicks aren't necessarily a better team without their center, but they are a different team, and that's refreshing in itself. With no expectations, no stars, and no future, the Knicks can relax and concentrate on hoops. After all, it's always easier being the underdog than the Big Dog. *See Game Week for team schedules.*

NBA Jam Session—2/5–2/8: Even if you couldn't score tix to the game itself, there's plenty of other ways to get in on the action of All-Star Weekend. The four-day NBA Jam Session, presented by Fleer, will fill the Javits Center with every hoop-related activity imaginable, from wheelchair basketball to the AT&T Legends Shootout to the Celebrity Slam Dunk Contest. $8–$25. For information and event times, call 888-JAM-5044.

Presidential Race—2/8 at 9:30 A.M.: Thanks to recent events in the White House, this 10K race—billed as "a salute to the office of president"—should see a big ironic turnout. Participants are urged to dress as their favorite presidents, meaning there will likely be more than a few Clintons pursuing Lewinskys. East Drive and 85th Street. $10–$20. Call the New York Road Runners Club at 860-4455 for information.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS	SJ MSG 10:30PM		ANA MSG 10:30PM	LA MSG 10:30PM		PHO ESPN 8PM	
ISLANDERS	PIT SC 7PM		MON SC 7:30PM			NJ FOX 3PM	
DEVILS	OTT SC 7:30PM		OTT SC 7:30PM			NYI FOX 3PM	
KNICKS		MIL MSG 8:30PM	MIN MSG 8PM				NBA ALL-STAR GAME NBC 6PM
NETS		POR SC 10PM		PHO SC 7:30PM			
	2/2	2/3	2/4	2/5	2/6	2/7	2/8

Photograph by Jerry Bauer.

kids

Batoto Yetu...Lightbulb Moment

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Moving and Shaking—Their name means "our children" in Swahili. To the beat of djembe and conga drums, Batoto Yetu—a talented group of children ages 8 to 15—take audiences down a path that changes the life of an Angolan child forever. The troupe are decked out in vibrant dotted body paint, grass skirts, and beads—a combination of ceremonial attires from several African nations. The event, part of the "Just Kidding! Series," is a collaboration between **SYMPHONY SPACE** and the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN.** Following the hourlong dance concert at Symphony Space (2537 Broadway, at 95th St.; 864-5400), families can stroll a few blocks south to a complementary workshop with Batoto Yetu dancers at CMOM (212 West 83rd St.; 721-1234). The dance concert is at 11; workshops are at 1:30 and 3 P.M., 2/7. Tickets to the Symphony Space event are $8 for adults, $4 for children; with ticket stubs from the prior event, admission to the Children's Museum is only $3, a $2 savings.●

Sounds International—**SYLVAN WIND'**s Margaret Steele narrates a program of woodwind music from around the world. The chamber ensemble performs compositions by Rossini, Strauss, Prokofiev, and Joplin. 2/7 at 11 and 1. The Trinity School, 101 West 91st St. (222-3569). Admission is $12, $6 for children under 12 and seniors. ●

Parallel Universe—Animals speak and magic is real in "Long Life, Long Faith," an adaptation of a classic Chinese children's folk tale that incorporates mask work, gestural movement, and other elements of the Chinese Opera. 2/7 and 2/9 at 2. The Abrons Arts Center, **HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT,** 466 Grand St. (598-0400). General admission $6; $4 for students and seniors.●

Behind the Scenes—The **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART** makes a glorious setting for a family party with country line dancing, at the museum's sixth annual family benefit. Kids can try on armor in the Arms and Armor Court as strolling costumed characters meander, and a scavenger hunt for facial features is held in the galleries. 2/9 from 5:30 to 8. Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. $75 for adults, $35 for children. (Tickets can be bought at the door or ordered in advance by calling 570-3948.)●

Inventive—**THEATREWORKS'** current production, *The Young Tom Edison,* is a new musical about the guy who changed everything—despite being a less than stellar student in school. 2/7, 2/8, 2/14, and 2/15 at 12:30 (with an additional 10:30 A.M. performance on 2/8). 162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are $18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription is $145.●

In the Bag—For 40 years now, **THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS** have brought childlike qualities—most notably their trademark boxes-in-to-spaceships inventiveness—to joyous, freewheeling productions for children. Performances continue weekends at 2 through March 8. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15 and $20.

Wherefore Art Thou?—A turn-of-the-century version of *Romeo and Juliet* staged by the Acting Company, with costumes by Tony Award winner Ann Hould-Ward, is at **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER.** Through 2/8. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.●

James and the Giant Peach—Back on the big screen for one weekend: Henry Selick's terrific stop-motion animated movie of the Roald Dahl classic. The plot has it all: eccentric bugs, evil self-destructing aunties, and an orphaned English boy who manages to literally rise above it all and emigrate to New York City. 2/7 and 2/8 at 2 P.M. **WALTER READE THEATER,** Lincoln Center, 165 West 65th St., plaza level (875-5370). Tickets are $3.●

Strung Along—**PUPPETWORKS'** *Cinderella,* adapted from the 1697 French story by Charles Perrault, is set in eighteenth-century France. Weekends through April 5 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations required; $7, $5 children. Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE** presents *Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love,* weekends at 1:30, and another version of *Cinderella,* this one participatory and comedic. Through 3/1 at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

One-Woman Show—*The Land of Smiles,* a puppet play, is written, performed, designed, and directed by former New York City Opera singer Susan Delery Whedon. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at noon. **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER,** 862 Columbus Ave., at 82nd St. (874-3297). Tickets are $5. Reservations required.

The Sky Is Falling!—Billed as "the stuff of preschool legend," *Toby's Tales,* a program that incorporates *Chicken Little, The Bremen Town Musicians,* and *The Three Sillies,* is performed by puppeteer Penny Jones. Refreshments will be served and a post-performance Valentine's Day crafts session will follow. 2/7 at 11 and 2 at the **FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NURSERY SCHOOL,** 12 West 12th St. (691-3432). $9. Reservations recommended.

Giving Back—A grateful crane rewards an act of generosity in Lynne Elson's original play *The Grateful One,* based on the Japanese fairy tale "The Crane Who Said Thank You." The one-hour production—suitable for children ages 6 and up—includes life-size puppets and live music. Saturdays and Sundays, through 2/22, at 1 and 3. Produced by **THEATRIX,** Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (388-7981). Schedule is subject to change. Reservations are required. Tickets are $10.

The Crown of Destiny—**THÉATRE SANS FIL'**s fantastic tale—told with larger-than-life puppets—takes a modern Canadian heroine back to her Scottish roots. 2/6 at 7, 2/8 at 2. **NEW JERSEY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER,** One Center St., Newark (888-466-5722). Tickets are $18 for adults, $7 for children.●

In Print

Umbilically Wired

A year and a half ago, Melissa Wolf spent an anxious weekend conducting online research into a rare genetic abnormality she'd been told might affect her unborn child. In her new book *Parenting Online* (Equinox Press; $16.95), Wolf writes that in the process of becoming "perhaps the most well-informed mom on the planet about this rare condition," she learned "firsthand how transformative the Net can be." (Happily, further tests showed Wolf's son was healthy.) Cyberspace, Wolf reports, is teeming with parental life. SAHMS (Net lingo for "stay-at-home moms") gravitate to sites like F.E.M.A.L.E. (Formerly Employed Mothers at the Leading Edge); the Working Today site offers group rates on health insurance for WAHMS (work-at-home moms) who join its nonprofit advocacy organization. Other sites, on subjects like sibling rivalry, welcome dads and grandparents into the fray. Wolf's compendium is arranged alphabetically in sections from "abuse" to "zine scene," by way of camps, divorce, and nonsexist parenting. (An index would have made the information even more accessible.) Commercial outfits such as the BabyNet are a click away from MedWeb, a "medical search engine," and from BJ Pinchbeck's Homework Helper—put together by a 10-year-old kid in Pennsylvania. If choices overwhelm, "the single richest, juiciest, most helpful" hub of sites, according to Wolf, is ParentsPlace.com, with its fleet of experts—including an on-tap marriage counselor. One of Wolf's favorite haunts is Stepmoms' Retreat—a help in her ongoing offline challenge not "to sweat the small stuff" with her Brooklyn family of four. *Melissa Wolf—a.k.a. CyberMom—can be contacted directly, either at http://parentingonline.com or through "Ask the Pros" on AOL's Moms Online forum.*

BARBARA ENSOR

Illustration by Tim Carroll.

in concert

Andre Previn Conducts the Philharmonic

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 3

Keyboard Conversations—Pianist Jeffrey Siegel performs Scriabin, Ravel, and Liszt, interspersed with discussions about the composers. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Rossini, Mozart, Tomasi, and Ravel in its only New York appearance; Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Wednesday, February 4

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Performs Schoenberg and Beethoven in its only New York appearance; Hans Vonk, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

New World Symphony—Performs works by William Kraft, Mozart, Bizet, and Bach; Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7; $20–$75.*

Thursday, February 5

Any Art Festival—Five Austrian-born composers based in New York—Peter Herbert, Lukas Ligeti, Franz Hackl, Gerold Amann, and Wolfgang Muthspiel—present new works. *St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (718-388-1809), at 8; $12.*

Nancy Allen Lundy, Soprano—Performs Debussy, R. Strauss, and Ravel. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 2; $5.*

New Sounds—New works by Dary John Mizelle, William Duckworth, Julia Wolf, and Toby Twining, presented by performance artist and toy-pianist Margaret Leng, as well as the New York premiere of a work by composer Elodie Lauten, performed by a Baroque-style chamber ensemble. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $17.50.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Copland, Elgar, and Rachmaninoff; Andre Previn, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Rachmaninoff and Schumann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Interpretations—Brenda Hutchinson, performance artist, premieres a work co-written with Johnathan Kramer. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $10.*

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—See 2/4.

Friday, February 6

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs piano quartets by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25–$35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Skampa Quartet—Performs works by Haydn, Eben, and Dvořák. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Any Art Festival—See 2/5.

Saturday, February 7

Collegiate Chorale—Performs Verdi's *Nabucco*, with Lauren Flanigan, Donnie Rae Albert, and Simon Estes. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$65.*

Franz Hawlata, Bass—Performs songs by Loewe, Wolf, Reutter, and J. Strauss. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Beethoven. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/5.

Any Art Festival—See 2/5.

Sunday, February 8

Opera Orchestra of New York—Performs Verdi's *Jerusalem*, with bass-baritone Samuel Ramey. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

Linda Russell & Company—Performs music from the nineteenth century, on mountain and hammered dulcimers, guitar, harp, and flute. *St. Bartholomew's, Park Ave. at 51st St. (378-0248), at 2; $5.*

Pinchas Zukerman, Violin/Viola, and Marc Neikrug, Piano—Perform works by Mozart and Schumann for their only New York recital this season. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 3; $15–$35.*

Sanford Sylvan, Baritone—Performs American music, including works by Barber, Leisner, and Kim. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; $32.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/5.

Monday, February 9

Daniel Barenboim, Pianist—Performs Beethoven and Debussy in his only New York piano recital of the season. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 2/3 at 8 and 2/7 at 7:30; Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 2/4 at 8; Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, 2/5 at 8; and Mozart's *Die Zauberflote*, 2/6 at 8 and 2/9 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

Dance

Martha at Mother—Performances by Rob Besserer, Sean Curran, Lance Gries, Lawrence Keigwin, and Gus Solomons Jr. at this monthly dance event. This installment: *The View From Mount Olympus: Martha's Men*, 2/4 at 8 and 10. *Mother, 875 Washington St. (642-5005), $12.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Tim Martin and Doug Merrifield—Perform a new work entitled *Beautiful Rage/Cybertech*, 2/6 and 2/7 at 8. *Clark Studio Theater, 70 Lincoln Center (613-9094); $15.*

Cathy Weis—Performs *Gravity Twins*, 2/5–2/8 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793); $15.*

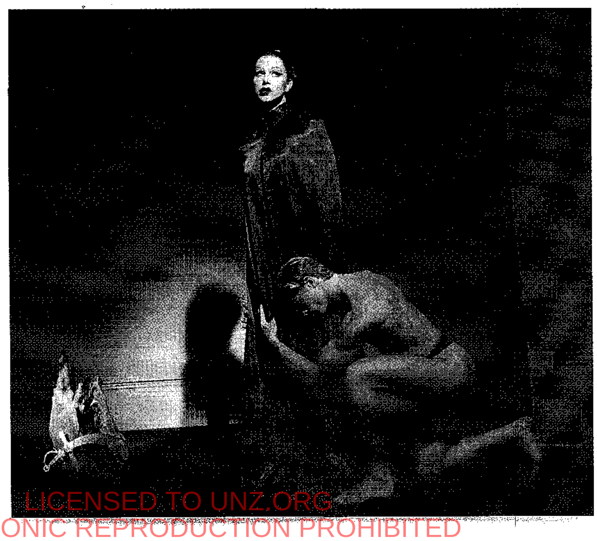
Fridays at Noon—New choreography by Rae Ballard and Kristi Spessard. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.*

Jane Comfort—Performs *Underground River*, 2/5–2/8. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288); $15.*

Previews

Martha Dearest

Mother, the meatpacking-district basement club best known for slightly debauched parties like Click and Drag and the Clit Club, has more recently gained favor in the dance world as host of the Bessie-award-winning "Martha at Mother," a night of new works by various New York choreographers, like Lance Gries and Sean Curran. To introduce the pieces, choreographer and nightclub impresario Richard Move (in red robe, below) channels the spirit of modern dance's terrifyingly temperamental grande dame, Martha Graham. This week, Move—as Graham—performs a duet with ballet star Rob Besserer as Erick Hawkins, the first man in Graham's company and her former husband. We hope she's in a forgiving mood. On February 4.



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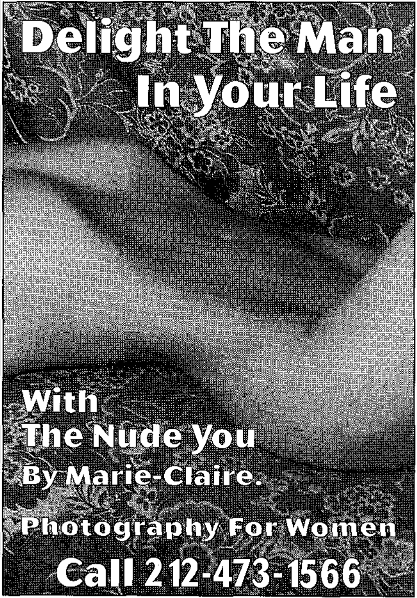

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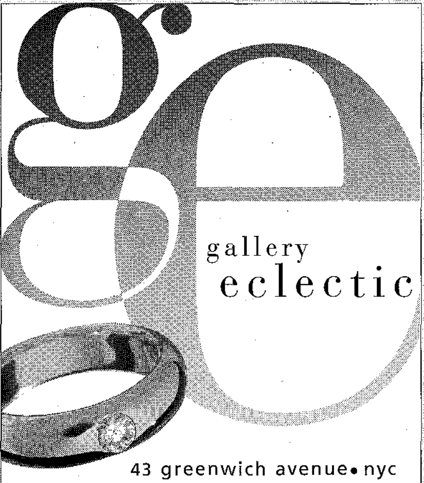

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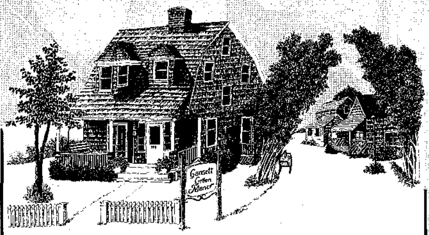

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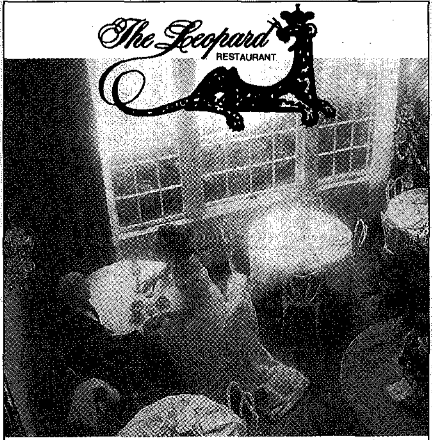

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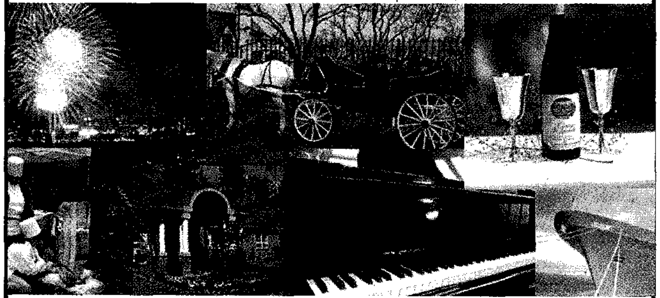

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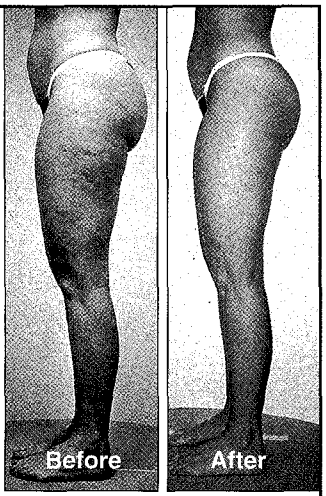

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Blond Southern Belle—Former model, divorced, no children, would like to meet marriage-minded CEO type who wants a loving, sensual wife for a fabulous life style. Phone/photo. 1670 ✉

A Rare Find—And she's so pretty (really!). My friend, she's truly all the "s" words a gentleman could wish for: secure, sophisticated, sexy, sincere, smart, successful, sweet, sensitive, soulful, selective, and she's a so-pretty brunette with the most beautiful green eyes. If you're a special someone with old-fashioned values, 50-60, please respond. 1671 ✉ ☎

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Ailurophiles—Manhattan veterinarian, 40, into classical music, rock, ballet, seeks *passionate female (not allergic to cats)* for permanent relationship. 1713 ✉☎

Help Me Find You!—I've looked for you at the gym, the beach, bookstores and even Chinese restaurants. Me: divorced Jewish female, 5'2", long blond hair, big blue eyes, slim, very attractive, affectionate. You: professional male, 38-50, handsome, down-to-earth, commitment-minded. Send clues, please! Note/photo. 1721 ✉ ☎

I Can't Wait To Meet You—Intelligent, creative and very successful entrepreneur who is caring, kind, generous and funny, seeks an attractive, 30-50, independent woman who desires a joyful and loving relationship. Besides having a warm heart and a great smile, I am 49, 6', and I love to laugh, learn, travel, cook, play guitar, take photos, visit museums, swim and spend time with my friends. Please include a recent photo, since appearance is a part of chemistry. I'll be happy to exchange. 1702 ✉

Come Share My Life—Loyal, stable, professional Jewish male with traditional values, seeks down-to-earth female to 40, to enjoy family life. Photo. 1698 ✉

Pretty Photographer—Seeks cool guy, 35-45. I'm a downtowner, active, Jewish, gregarious, with a trace of old hippie. Ready to settle down with a smart, fun and wise soul. Photo, please. 1634 ✉ ☎

Jewish Male—63, 5'10", athletic, secure, seeks compatible female, 45-60. 1657 ✉☎

Beautiful Redheaded Psychotherapist—Book author - mildly intellectual, loves to ponder the human condition. Seeks a man, 50-60, who is warm and likes who he is. 1613 ✉ ☎

Let's Play For Keeps—Lovely, slim, whip-smart brunette, 30, successful, unpretentious, Wasp, world traveler, with warm heart and a wicked sense of humor - enjoys dining, conversation, movies, arts, the outdoors. Seeks kind, funny, handsome, accomplished man with a soft spot for kids and dogs. Photo. 1714 ✉

Handsome Executive—50, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, *nonsmoking Jewish gentleman...* seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo, please. 1689 ✉

First-Time Ad—Single white female, 44, *straightforward, low maintenance,* intelligent, competent skier, budding sailor, financially responsible, decent cook, modest. Seeks funny, smart, value-oriented, steady regular guy. Extra credit if you can drive a stick and change a flat. 1647 ✉

Handsome Italian-American—Successful professional, CT, 50, sincere, warm, caring, passionate, affectionate and considerate. Seeks pretty, attractive, sensuous, sincere, traditional special lady, 38-48, for loving relationship. Italian, (203) or (914) a plus. Note/photo. 1638✉

Great Guy—47, terse. Photo, please. 1632 ✉ ☎

Cutest Female In NYC—35, seeks brilliant, fun white male who has never been married. Note and recent photo a must. 1674 ✉

Recipe For Love—Take this petite, Jewish, pretty, 5'1", bluish-green eyed, brown-haired, fun, outgoing, open-*minded, down-to-earth, 26-year-old pro*fessional. Add: very handsome, fit, driven, fun, romantic, sincere, honest, passionate, successful man under 32. Throw in some good times...and see what happens. Note/photo a must please. 1643 ✉

Attorney, 28, 6'1", 175 lbs—Handsome Jewish male, sincere and funny, with varied interests, seeks caring, attractive professional female for true romance. Note/photo. 1665 ✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—38, 170, 5'10", blond/blue, soft-spoken gentleman. Midwestern values. Kids okay. 1691 ✉☎

Single Black Female—33, beautiful, playful, sensual and energetic, seeks a single black male. If you are a handsome professional man, 30-40, fun-loving, warm and caring, please repsond with a photo and phone number. 1703 ✉

Ever Wonder—How a uniquely attractive, witty, creative, spirited, caring, successful Jewish woman, 51, can come to this? 1626 ✉ ☎

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captivating smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skating and tennis), very successful - seeks tall, trim, educated, monogamous, optimistic male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship and romance. Recent photo required. 1662✉☎

Tall, Handsome, Trim—Seeks slender, classy lady, 50s. Note/photo. 1707 ✉

Pretty, Jewish English Teacher—33, 5'2", slender brunette, seeks professional Jewish male. Note/photo. 1699 ✉ ☎

CT Woman Seeks Friendship—Hugs, long talks and love. You are Jewish, intelligent, financially secure, tall, 48-60. Letter. 1669 ✉

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Bi Female Lost In-Between—37, blond/blue, pretty all-American real girl, great shape, needs a real girl, 28-42, for special friends for life. Find me! Note and photo, please. 1682 ✉

Let's Meet—Successful, secure man wanted. You: 48-60, intelligent, vibrant, fit and fun. Me: vivacious, independent, pretty, with wit, warmth and class. 1693 ✉

Single Black Female Desired—By divorced white male for serious relationship. Successful Wall Streeter who'd *rather be writing a novel,* age 36, 6'1", 190, salt-and-pepper hair. I'm attractive (I think), smart, funny - and you should be the same. Interests include good books, film, working out and travel. I enjoy nights on the town as well as nights at home. Take a chance - become my partner in crime. Sense of humor a plus. Note/phone/photo, please. 1619 ✉

Very Pretty Catholic Female—33, elegant, warm and engaging, seeks professional Christian male who is clean-cut, affable, traditional and marriage/family-oriented. Note/photo, please. 1633 ✉

Nature Has Been Good To Me!—Enchanting, attractive, petite, single black professional, 42, female. Seeks healthy, professional, successful Christian gentleman of good character. POB 1555, New York, NY 10163

Knockout Beauty, Breeding, Brains—Ivy MA, great figure, affluent, sexy, seeks same in man, 45 plus. Photo. 1678 ✉

Attractive Male—In good form, 32, 5'10", sandy hair, Christian background, Ivy educated, is seeking an unattached woman, 24-32 - strong sense of reality a plus, warm personality a must. 1652 ✉☎

Man Of Quality—Jewish, 73 young, *attractive, honest, intelligent, romantic,* affectionate, emotionally and financially secure, in search of lady, 60-65, for monogamous relationship. 1654 ✉ ☎

Sensitive And Intelligent LI Woman—Scandinavian background, 34, blond, tall, slender, well-educated professional, nonsmoker, seeks warm and loving man for lasting relationship. Phone, note and photo. 1656 ✉ ☎

In Danger Of Becoming Archaic—Pretty woman values loyalty, integrity. Seeks caring, unpretentious man, 60 plus. Let's meet...rest is up to heaven. 1712 ✉

Caring, Attractive—Professional woman, 45, who enjoys traveling, movies, fine food and good conversation, seeks successful, warm, sincere Jewish male for serious and fun times. Note/photo, please. 1630 ✉

Bubbly, Beautiful Blond—45, 5'6", *trim, fun, unencumbered, travels, seeks* very intelligent top executive/professional man (smoker or non-) for theater/dinner date. e-mail: blondi19@juno.com. 1710✉☎

Gay White Female—37, attractive (light brown hair/green eyes), witty, charming and fun. Seeking same in a feminine gay white female, 28-38. Note. 1711 ✉

Savvy, Smart, Sensual Woman—53, seeks cultured, secure, athletic man, 50s, who looks and thinks 40s. 1655 ✉ ☎

Doctor—30, handsome, successful, seeks special Jewish woman, intelligent and kind. Photo, please. 1660 ✉

Jewish-American Princess—With big heart (oxymoron? I think not!), 33, very pretty, thin, dark hair, green eyes, sweet, professional, MBA, independent, fun. Emotionally and financially secure. In search of Jewish-American prince. Please send note with photo. 1666 ✉

Attention Swashbucklers!—If you have got an appetite for life, this fetching gentlewoman would love to join you for an evening's respast. If you are truly a daring adventurer (maybe with a touch of gray), write to me and describe a fantastic voyage we could take together. Please include self-portait of your choice. 1697 ✉

I Am An Interesting, Attractive—Professional, divorced Jewish woman, 50, with an 8-year-old son. I am looking for a fine, Jewish, nonsmoking man who wants a good family life. 1653 ✉ ☎

Man, 47—Good-looking, easygoing. Likes Dreiser, Dickens, music from pop to rock, baseball. Seeks attractive Christian woman who likes the arts. 1680 ✉

32-Year-Old Single White Male—Professional, seeking single white female, 28 plus, who likes travel, music, film and good conversation. Wouldn't mind leaving work a little early to meet with compatible female over coffee. Responses with snapshots a plus. 1715 ✉

Gay Woman, 49—Lives on Upper West, stable, likes tennis, theater, New York humor and lots of other stuff - seeks complement. 1718 ✉ ☎

London, England—Slim, blond, very attractive female attorney, lively, enthusiastic, sensitive, late 40s, Jewish, seeks warm and loving relationship with successful American man to share TLC and many intellectual, artistic and sporty interests - to live here, there or both! Please write, with photo preferably. 1729 ✉

Classy NYC Lady—60s, seeks man of means, 70s, for sincere union and to share common pleasures and concerns. 1659 ✉

Confirmed Bachelorette—Loves living alone but also loves male companionship. I'm brainy, blond and beautiful. I have one wonderful grown son, am somewhat of a workaholic but could always make a little time for movies, theater, dinner or just plain schmoozing with a great guy. If you're sane, kind, funny, smart and 45 plus, please write/photo included. 1664 ✉

Pretty Woman—Pretty smart, pretty artistic, well-read and traveled...desires creative, caring man over 55, over his mid-life crisis, over hating his mother, over dating chicklets and over 5'7", for friendship, adventure and romance. Male pattern baldness no obstacle. Pic preferred. 1624 ✉

Pretty Woman—40, energetic, outgoing and trim, loves spending time with friends, going to the theater and dining out. Seeks a special guy with personal charm and similar interests, to share love, laughter and a happy life. Note/photo/phone. Nonsmoker. 1716 ✉

And Now This Brief Message—Single white male, professional, secure, athletic, tall, reasonably attractive (I'll defer to your assessment), with strong sense of humor, prolific creativity and 40th-birthday resolution to end pointless (albeit pleasant) dating to concentrate on search for life mate. If you are a single female, 25-39, and share some or all of these attributes (or are just curious), please respond with a photo (preferably of yourself) and some advertising of your own. 1677 ✉

Tailored Woman, 58—Thoughtful, humanistic values, opera lover, seeks commitment minded, caring gent. Note. 1695 ✉

Shapely Chinese Female—Well-educated, seeks well-educated professional male, late 40s-mid 50s preferred. 1623 ✉

Black-American Princess—Seeks Count Chocula. Ivy-educated JD, 34, 5'6", slim, athletic and fine, needs a handsome chocolate prince (black, single professional, 30-38, with a tight body). If your favorite Clinton is George, your elements are "Earth, Wind and Fire", your dog is atomic, and you wanna' be startin' a little sumthin', sumthin', send photo. 1688 ✉☎

I'm Ready—Tall, athletic, pretty, successful businesswoman, Jewish mom, kind, affectionate and caring. Enjoys baseball games, movies, music, theater, reading, cooking, travel. Seeks a financially secure, open-minded, intelligent businessman for a lasting relationship, possibly marriage, 40-55, active, tall, handsome, family-minded only. Must love kids. Note/photo. 1628 ✉ ☎

Wonderful, Willowy—Smart and sassy - likes theater, conversation, books, music, friendship and food. Wants great man with fire in his belly and love in his heart, 40-55, youthful but grown-up. 1646 ✉

East Side Inventor—Very handsome, athletic, sensitive, secure, 44, 5'10", trim. Seeks monogamous relationship with very bright, curious, sexy woman. 1725 ✉

Are You A Loving Man—Who respects women, who loved his mother...maybe a widower with good memories? Could you love a widow who is handsome, passionate, educated and could be devoted to a good man, 70 plus. Note/photo. 1673 ✉☎

Divorced White Female—Considered very pretty, elegant, slim, empathetic, late 50s, NYC, seeks attractive, fluent, unattached male intellectual/music lover/humanist. Photo/details? 1675 ✉

Retired Man—Willing to audition for discerning Manhattan woman. Kindly supply note and photo. 1686 ✉

North Shore Beauty Sought—By upscale Jewish banker, 40, 6'2", GQ looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm, who knows how to treat a lady. Note/photo. 1625 ✉

No Game Players (Except Scrabble)—Most of my dates feel like Trivial Pursuit or Double Jeopardy. Beautiful brunette, mid 30s, has life and careers but wants to play The Dating Game to win. Long-term goals: The Newlywed Game. No cheaters, no poker faces, no bluffers. Let's Make A Deal: To enter, send note/phone/photo. Void and prohibited outside (212). 1648 ✉

International Arts Consultant—Slimly elegant, Rossettiesque, spirited redhead seeks accomplished, sophisticated yet unjaded, 50-65, upbeat guy. 1612 ✉

Tall, Leggy, Blond Professional—35, has a balanced flair for creative living and intellect. Seeks athletic male nonsmoker, 28-40. Note/photo a must. 1717 ✉

Independent Male—Healthy, clean, handsome, successful, lean and fit, early 40s, seeks independent, secure, self-actualized and nondemanding female for friendship and passion. Not seeking marriage. Note/photo? 1617 ✉

Bright, Attractive—Athletic woman, 40, with passion for social justice, seeks man, 36-48, who knows what relationships are all about. Note/photo. 1684 ✉

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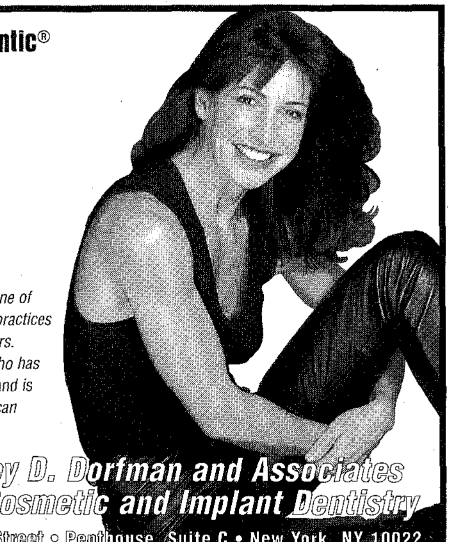

Very Handsome Male—Green-eyed blond, Protestant, 43, athletic, professional - seeks committed relationship with woman of substance, under 38, for living, loving and laughing. 1687 ✉

Julia Roberts Look-Alike—31, Israeli, seeking successful Jewish man. 1615 ✉

Attractive 70-Year-Old—Clear-eyed, clear-headed, silver-haired, foxy grandmother, lots of vitality and spirit, exciting to be with - enjoys travel, dancing, music, museums, theater... In sum, a great companion and lover, financially sound. So should you be. Nonsmoker. If your interests are the same, and you wish a long-term relationship with lots of adventures, please write. 1645 ✉

European Woman—Or Europe-oriented American woman, sought by successful attorney, 46, who believes that New York teaches you how to be a success but Paris teaches you why to be one. 1620 ✉

Grace Kelly Looks—Sensuous Jewish soul. Ivy finance professional, 40s. Literate, loving. Likes music, theater, arts, animals, good conversation. Seeking smart, successful, secure gentleman. Photo, please. 1690 ✉ ☎

A Diamond In The Rough—28, tall, athletic, attractive Jewish MD, seeking beautiful woman, 22-30, with spunk. Photo, please. 1661 ✉

Attractive Black Female—Professional, 40, slim, physically active - enjoys NYC, movies, music (jazz/R&B), travel, Caribbean beaches, etc. Seeks professional man, 30s-40s, fit, active, tall (5'8" plus), nonsmoker, honest, reliable, likes to laugh and have fun, for committed relationship. Race unimportant. 1672 ✉ ☎

Beauty/Brains—Turquoise eyes, 5'1", slim, blond, sophisticated, well-traveled, fun, sane, eclectic interests, searching for man, 50 plus, positive and practical, affectionate and passionate. 1720 ✉ ☎

Asian Beauty Sought—By well-traveled, good-looking, athletic professional man. If you possess warmth and humor, and love the beach, skiing, a good massage, travel...as well as those quiet romantic times, please send note/photo to this blue-eyed, fun-loving gentleman who seeks a true partner in life. 1616 ✉

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Sensuous, Slim, Attractive—Professional, warm, seeks intelligent, caring man, 55-60s, for friendship plus. 1694 ✉ ☎

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Chinese-Jamaican Beauty—35, Ivy, seeks successful, handsome, warm man, 29-40, with a sense of humor. Photo. 1667 ✉☎

Pretty, Passionate, Educated—Slim, Spanish, 40s, seek 45-55, white, cute, secure, in-shape man. Photo. 1651 ✉

Blue-Eyed Psychologist—37, 5'10", fit, attractive, Jewish. Seeks kind, pretty, literate woman, 25-36. Note/photo. 1658 ✉☎

Put Pen To Paper—*And send off a note* to a sincere and successful Jewish man, PhD, 41, 5'8", who seeks a down-to-earth, attractive woman with style, verve, grace and humor, for a long-term relationship. Photo/phone. 1663 ✉

I Know You're Out There—Attractive, petite Jewish woman, 41, wants to share life, laughter with sincere, successful man, 40-50. Note/phone/photo. 1618 ✉

Attractive, Youthful, Vivacious—Self-made businesswoman, early 50s, looking for unpretentious, good-natured, kind-hearted professional man who enjoys a relaxed, comfortable life style. Good sense of humor essential. Phone/photo. 1676 ✉

A Creative And Successful—Professional man, good communicator, warm, assertive, with independent kids, 59, 6', youthful, fit and Jewish. Looking for an appealing and interesting woman, to 50, to be close with, enjoy and pleasure. Photo and note a must. 1629 ✉

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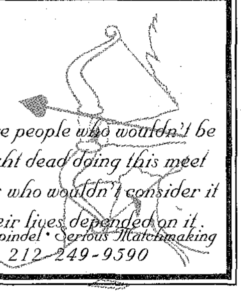

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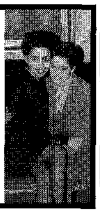

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Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Seconds + Housing = SHLOCKHOLMES, London Realtor listing Baker Street irregulars.
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

Cigarettes + Poet = TOBACCOLAUREATE, invocation to graduates of John Greenleaf Whittier College, "Shoot if you must this Old Gold head / But spare your country's fag, she said."
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Lover + Sugar = CASANOVACANE, ladykiller who numbs you with sweet talk.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Progeny + Sack = HEIRBAGGY, miniature safety device for child car seats.
Terry Bussell, Las Vegas, Nev.

P.E. Class + Flower = GYMPANSY, sissy on the monkey bars.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

Larger than Life + Tethered Rodent = BIGAMOUSE, Microsoft's latest proprietary device.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

English School + Bird = ETONCROW, public humbling of a sixth-former.
Penny Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

Dance + Avoiders = PROMESCAPERS, organization for men with a morbid dread of ballrooms.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

Forties Star + Theater = LAMOURATORIUM, roadhouse.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Material + Expenses = MATTERMONEY, the high cost of loving.
Frank S. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

Deer + Odor = DOESCENT, musk cologne for museum guides.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

Hizzoner + Blame = MAYORCULPA, Giuliani apologia: "New York means never having to say I'm sorry."
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Tooth + Tidy = CUSPIDORDERLY, spittoon attendant.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Rotisserie + Animation = SPITTOON, Porky Pig's funeral.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Priest + Bell = LAMADINGDONG, Tibetan door chimes that play "Hello, Dalai."
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

Doll + Line = BARBIEQUEUE, customer headache at Toys 'R' Us.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

Clothes + Boast = WEARWOOF, one who puts on the dog.
Jens Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

Wednesday + Lots and Lots of Days = HUMPAGE, www.mindspring.com/~rfdean
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

Nixon + Judith = LEADERKRANTZ, best-seller, *All the President's Cheese.*
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

Mediocre Grade + Fabric = C-SPANDEX, mass-produced skiwear for routine congressional junkets.
Leslie C. McAneny, Princeton, N.J.

Top Doctor + Bottom Doctor = PSYCHOPROCTOLOGIST, physician who specializes in the diagnosis and treatment of buttheads.
Jonathan E. Silbert, Guilford, Conn.

Long Car + Long Pants = LIMOJEANS, rock-star cars.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Heartburn Cure + Cornmeal Cake = ALKAPONE, "Breakfast of Bootleggers."
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

Swedish Singing Group + Marcel Duchamp = ABBADADA, absurdist performance art.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

Flowering Shrub + Spongy Tuber = RHODOROOTER, landscape specimen for poor drainage areas.
Howard Priebe, Meriden, Conn.

Shell + Anchor = PAUABROKAW, Hawaiian tradesman.
Stella Maris, Maui, Hawaii

Building Janitor + Large Sandwich = SUPERHERO, lunch fixings.
Judy Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.

Classic Dress + Thighbone = BLASSFEMUR, one who is irreverent to designer pants.
Pauline Dobrawsky, N.Y.C.
similarly: Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Canned Meat + Cowboy = SPAMTEX, new miracle jeans fiber.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Envoy + German Industrial City = DELEGATESSEN, U.N. eatery.
L. Klein, N.Y.C.

Automobile + Mausoleum = KHARTOUM, wheels to die for.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

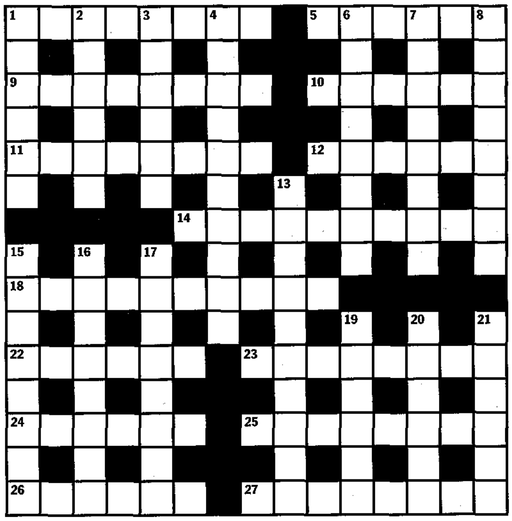
Victor + Breakfast Roll = WINNERBAGEL, recreational vehicle.
Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

Spielberg Film + Sondheim Play = AMISTODD, new musical about mutinying slaves who kill their captors and bake them into meat pies.
Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 902, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by February 13. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 9 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Taxi overturned by a cart conveying game. (8)
5 Overtime alternative for journalist. (6)
9 Dance for two musical instruments. (8)
10 Assembled in sound part of ship. (6)
11 Instrument Mr. Heath ruined? (8)
12 Cross-bench? (6)
14 Make difficult work of a sentence. (4,6)
18 Not a single variation nevertheless. (3,3,4)
22 Parent in ecstasy? (6)
23 Hats ordered by county town of Uzbekistan. (8)
24 Nine want vacillating dean to support measure. (6)
25 Natural ability tied up at outset. (8)
26 Isn't at risk from giants. (6)
27 Watchful hero encountering drawback at this place. (8)



DOWN
1 Act as auxiliaries. (6)
2 Dickensian container. (6)
3 A quiet chime-call. (6)
4 Sufficient reason for a politician to use lace trimming. (5,5)
6 Draw on defunct form of energy. (4,4)
7 One willing to try and bring back routine. (8)
8 Bird of colourful origin. (8)
13 Part of body that goes very soft in water. (5,5)
15 Window when set in mortar. (8)
16 Ill-conceived article about first navigational instrument. (8)
17 Clergyman outspoken after tea. (8)
19 Bird's agonised shriek. (6)
20 Man put on island by Trojan queen. (6)
21 Be present at a race-finish. (6)

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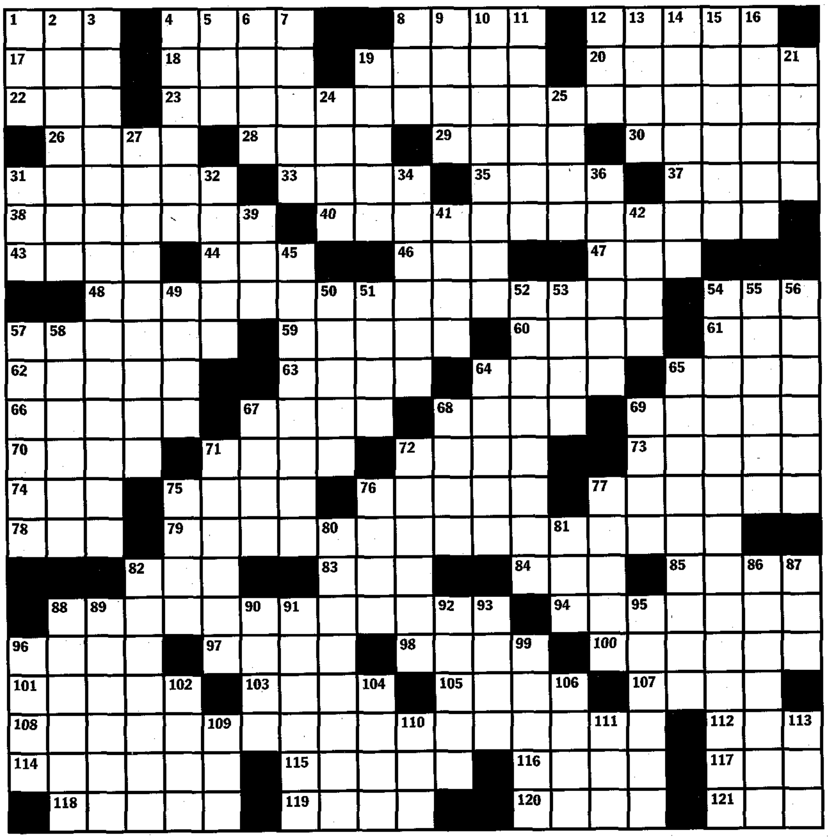
'I Go For You': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Greeting from Sandy
4 Taj Mahal location
8 Top film of 1975
12 Irwin and Artie
17 Kauai keepsake
18 Mechanic's need
19 Buckwheat mash
20 Deli buy
22 Leather punch
23 Liquor salesman's offer?
26 Mont Blanc, par exemple
28 Sock's slangy suffix
29 Songstress James
30 Dentist's digger
31 Using a crowbar
33 Campus ordeal
35 Pierre's head
37 Gibson, et al.
38 Capture by artifice
40 Archaeologist's forte?
43 After 65-Across
44 Rarebit ingredient
46 Originally known as
47 Free of
48 What happens when police absenteeism goes up?
54 Second addendum: abbr.
57 Pitchmen's come-ons
59 Makes a stab at
60 Interlock
61 Parking field
62 Watches the birdie
63 Rock's partner
64 Restorative resorts
65 Words in the Elba palindrome
66 Soldier's firearm
67 Schooner sight
68 Newcastle export
69 Maternally related
70 Consort of Osiris
71 Mother Hubbard's quest
72 Sic
73 Surgeon's beam
74 Ballerina's prop
75 Founder of McDonald's
76 Zoo trenches
77 Trees of the birch family
78 Windup
79 Squaw's defense of her dogs?
82 Pull along
83 One: prefix
84 Part of a franc
85 Wheel shaft
88 Question in a fish store?
94 Lace city of France
96 Bloody Mary's daughter
97 Last word of "For Colored Girls . . . ," *1976 play*
98 Brilliants
100 Stimulate emotions
101 That Loos woman
103 On in years
105 Applied frosting
107 Nudnik
108 Halls of Congress?
112 Elongated fish
114 Curls the lip
115 Tither's fraction
116 Saint's likeness
117 Kin of a CAT scan
118 Copters' cousins
119 Wife of Esau
120 Loving
121 *Hurricane center*

DOWN
1 Between chicken and king
2 Repeats a caution
3 The young gray mare, after eating?
4 Parthenon goddess
5 State of India
6 Be a vagabond
7 At the ready
8 Peerce of the Met
9 "—— go marching on"
10 Certain woodworker
11 Like some peanuts
12 *Mach 2 plane*
13 No picnic
14 Cried wolf
15 Having more undulations
16 Odoriferous
19 Newsstand structure
21 Ailments
24 "Anything ——"
25 Notes of the scale
27 Wind toys
31 Architect I. M. ——
32 Lawn covering
34 Yule tree decoration
36 Way out
39 Tony-winner Wallach
41 Summer zodiac people
42 Memorable Lillian
45 Opposite of 36-Down
49 Or —— (ultimatum)
50 Stein's repetition
51 Sprightly cadence
52 Stalemates
53 Close the envelope
54 Request to Dr. Kevorkian?
55 Luggage bearer
56 Guides the ride
57 Leprechaun, e.g.
58 Fatal food
64 The Confederacy
65 Up front, as a payment
67 Satellite
68 Internet "room"
69 Miss Cinders of old comics
71 Window-shop
72 Gun-—— (armed)
75 Shoelace annoyance
76 Quant's skirt
77 As —— (normally)
80 Tossed about
81 Squeezing snake
82 School stoolie
86 Sweepstakes
87 Compass pt.
88 Providing with spirits
89 "Airport" author
90 Nylon mishap
91 "There —— be a law"
92 Whinny
93 Village People hit song
95 Spread out further
96 Chem. workplaces
99 Calligraphy line
102 Ethnic coif
104 Actress Merrill
106 Revived art style
109 Edition: abbr.
110 Indefinitely large degree
111 —— sequitur
113 Worse than a fib



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 142.

"AS VIVID AND EXUBERANT AS A NEW YORK TABLOID!"

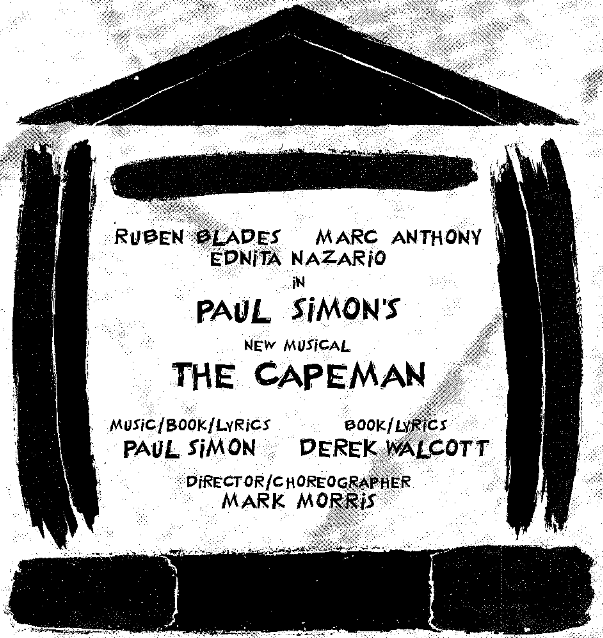
-*Entertainment Weekly*

"A HIT! 'THE CAPEMAN' EXPANDS THE BROADWAY MUSICAL FORM, ADVANCING IT BEYOND THE LANDMARK 'TOMMY' BY PETE TOWNSEND."

-*NY Post*

"TRIUMPHANT! PAUL SIMON HAS PEEKED INTO A CITY'S SOUL, PEELED AWAY THE HYPOCRISY SURROUNDING RACE AND CRIME, AND HE HAS DONE IT WITH CAPTIVATING MUSIC, A COMPLEX DRAMA AND THE ELEGANT LYRICS OF A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING POET, DEREK WALCOTT."

-*NY Daily News*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EDNITA NAZARIO
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THE CAPEMAN
MUSIC/BOOK/LYRICS
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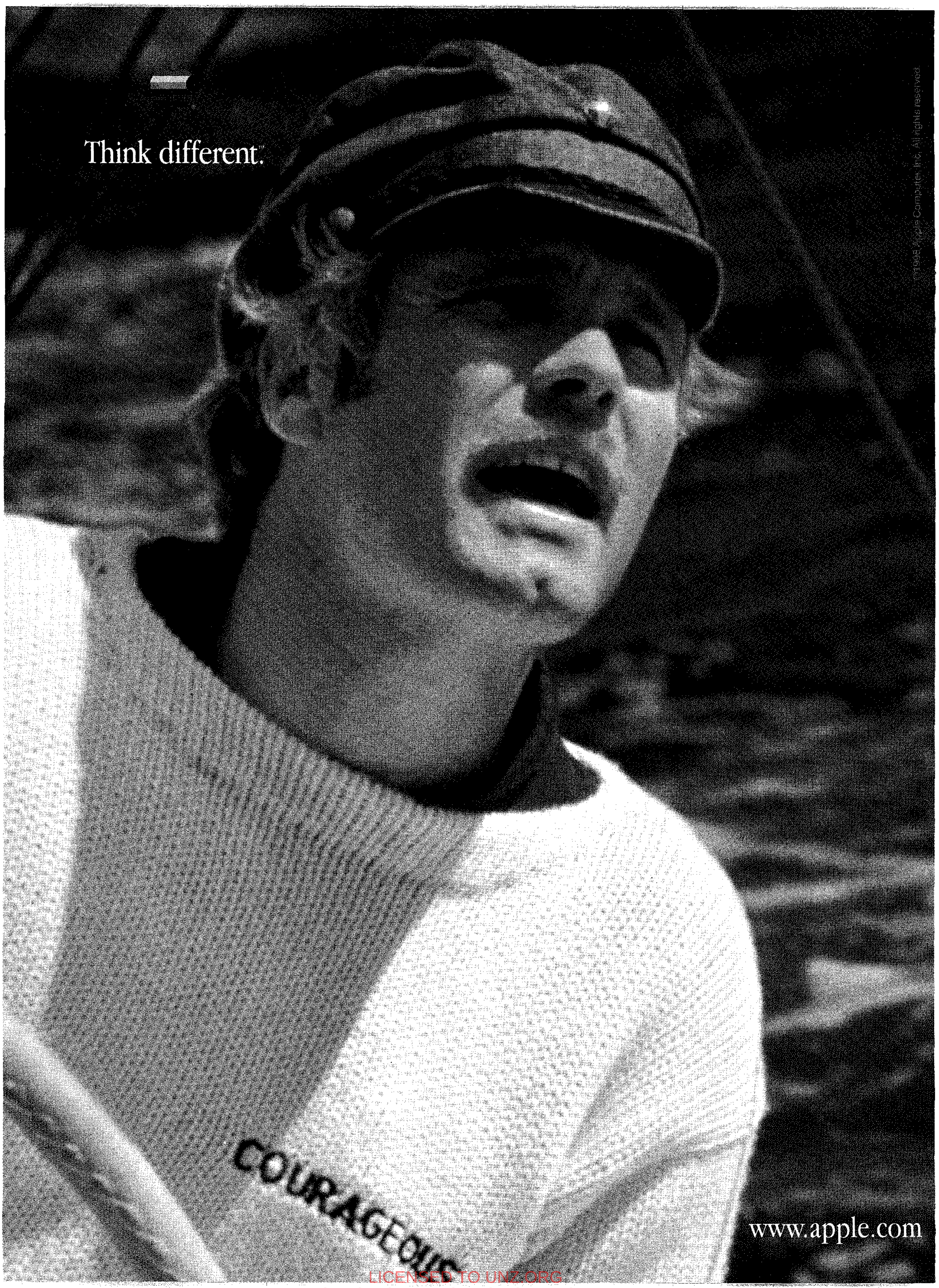
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